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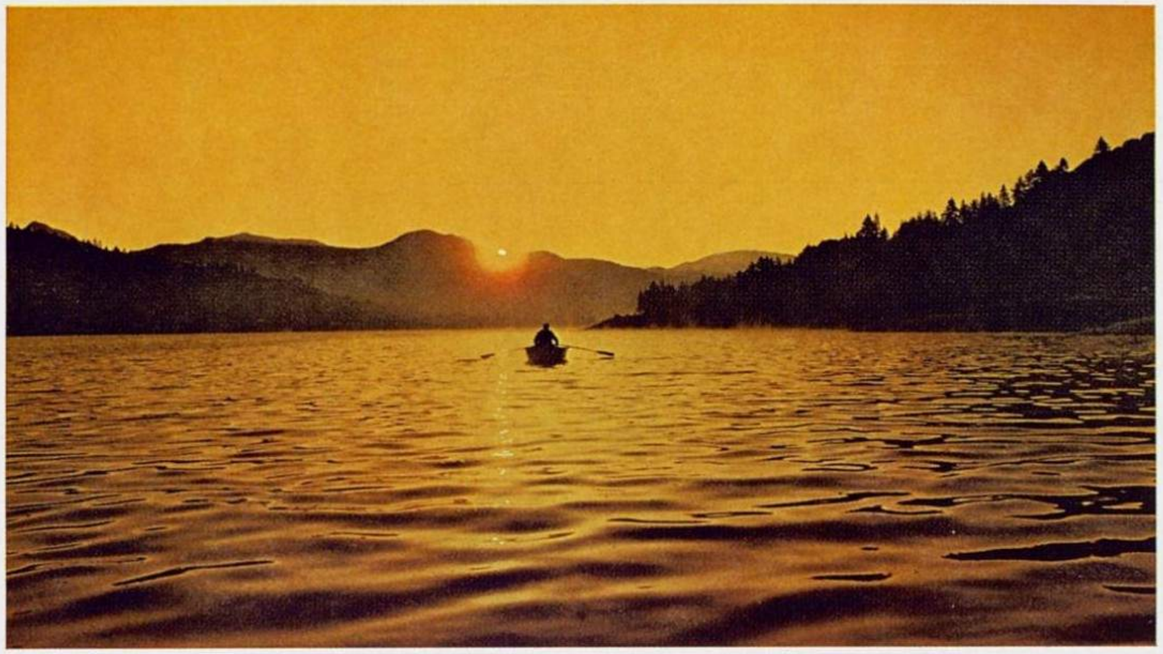
OCTOBER 1975 • $1.25

PLAYBOY

SAPPHO
STUNNING PORTRAITS OF WOMEN IN LOVE

NELSON ROCKEFELLER TAKES OVER • CHARLES BRONSON TOUGHS IT OUT
SEX ON CAMPUS '75: COLLEGE COEDS TALK ABOUT WHAT TURNS THEM ON



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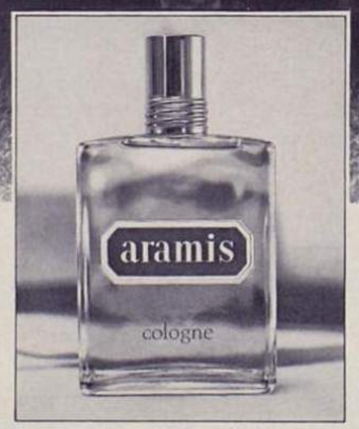

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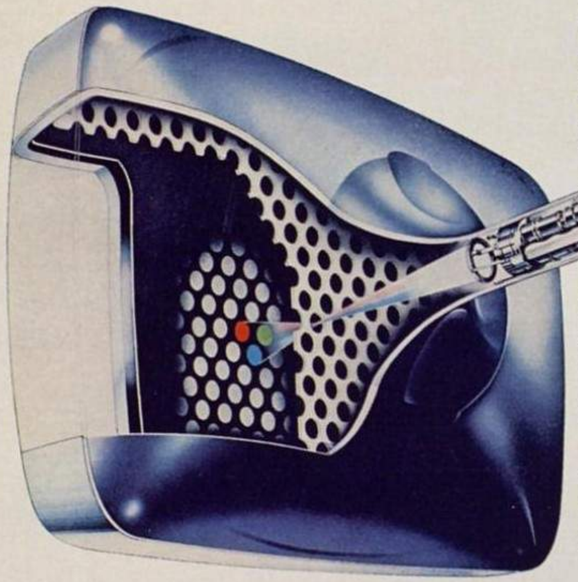

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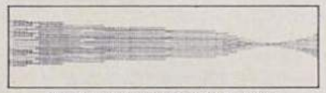

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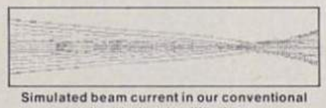

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PLAYBILL

THEY SAY that into every life a little rain must fall (yes, they really do say that) and, with this in mind, we sent ***Robert Scheer*** out after ***Nelson Rockefeller.*** It wasn't malicious on our part, mind you, since anybody whose name is Rockefeller is news. It's just that Scheer has spent the better part of a lifetime working in opposition to Rockefeller and everything he stands for. In fact, Scheer was one of the first journalists to lift some covers off the CIA, which he did when he was the editor of *Ramparts* during its glory days. We didn't know that there would be a full-dress CIA scandal when we sent Scheer off to write about Rockefeller and we certainly couldn't have guessed that Nelson himself would be named to investigate that scandal. But that's the way things turned out and we aren't complaining.

At any rate, we sent Scheer off to the dangerous East in search of the true Rockefeller, not really expecting to hear much. Nelson wouldn't, after all, talk to a real Marxist, would he? Well, it turns out he did. And so did his friends. So Scheer hung around for over a month, watching the man at work and listening to others in power talk about him. Scheer even found himself slipping from time to time. "Hell, it's hard *not* to like the man when you're around him. And some of those people were really great to me. Especially Hugh Morrow [Rockefeller's press secretary] and Joan Braden [read Scheer's article to find out who she is]. They were very cooperative and I liked them." But journalism is journalism and Scheer finally went home to Berkeley and wrote *Nelson Rockefeller Takes Care of Everybody*, which spares no one. We recommend the article and we recommend that the Vice-President be a little more careful about whom he talks to in the future. One final note: Scheer's most recent book is called *America After Nixon* (McGraw-Hill) and it is out in paperback. We also recommend it.

If Rockefeller is a pushover for journalists, then ***Charles Bronson*** is the very other thing. He doesn't much like them and would just as soon not have anything to do with them. So when we decided to do a story on *him*, we had to look for somebody we figured Bronson would find *simpatico*. We didn't have much trouble deciding on ***Harry Crews.*** For one thing, Crews (karate, etc.) is about the only writer we know who could stand up to Bronson if push came to shove. Naturally, it didn't. They liked each other. But Crews still wrote one hell of a story about the filming of *Breakheart Pass* (which you'll get a crack at after Bronson's *Hard Times* comes out). The picture you see was taken during a break in production. The animated guy is Crews.

Now for the sex in this issue. (Thought we were never going to get there, did you?) First, there is *Sappho.* ***J. Frederick Smith*** took the pictures and after you've looked at them, you'll probably agree that there isn't much left to say. The text consists of verses by Sappho and we think the combination is about the best thing ever done on women in love, with apologies to Mr. Lawrence. Around November, there will be a book called *Sappho, the Art of Loving Women* (Chelsea House), which will sell for $25. Odds are you'll want to buy it.

Speaking of sex (we were, weren't we?), we went around and asked a number of college women how it is with them. They had a lot to say and we're publishing most of it under the title *Who's Been Sleeping in My Dorm?* The bas-relief illustration is by ***Frank Root.***

Johnny Carson usually manages to ask his viewers how they are suffering from the recession. (How did we get from sex to the economy? What else do people talk about these days?) Well, there is no denying that things are bad all over. But have you ever considered unemployment? It isn't easy, you know. There's all that standing in line and all the opprobrium of your working-class friends. But if you have the stuff, you might find that

SCHEER

ROOT

GREEN

CREWS BRONSON

WIEDER

SMITH

hanging around the unemployment lines beats whatever it is you're doing for a living now. And it does have it all over starving. Take a look at ***Robert S. Wieder***'s *There Is Such a Thing as a Free Lunch* and see if you can hack it. (For an in-depth look at how the gainfully employed get along, catch our interview with ***Cher***, a lady whose navel has supplanted the CBS eye and the NBC peacock as television's most widely recognized symbol.)

There's more, of course. There always is. ***Robert L. Green*** surpasses even himself with this year's *Fall and Winter Fashion Forecast*, photographed by ***Helmut Newton. George MacDonald Fraser***'s Flashman is back for Part II of *Flashman in the Great Game*. (The book will be published under the Knopf imprimatur in November.) There's food, drink, cars (***Brock Yates***, in *Playboy Hots Up a Honda*, shows you how to take a nifty little mass-production automobile and turn it into something special) and, yes, more girls (eight pages on Ken Russell's new movie, *"Liszto-mania,"* for instance, including several pages on one of the film's standout attractions, ***Fiona Lewis***). So get a move on into the rest of the magazine. In times like these, you owe it to yourself.

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Russell's Liszt P. 84

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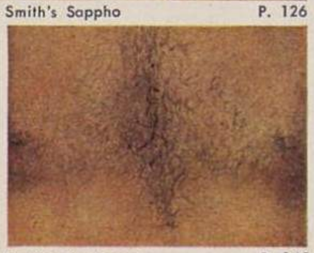
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PLANE TALK

Laurence Gonzales' article *You Gotta Believe* (PLAYBOY, July) justly castigates the ineptitude of the Federal Aviation Administration. The Aircraft Mechanics Fraternal Association particularly appreciates your coverage of some of the maintenance-related issues that directly enter into the operational scheme of things with the airlines today. The basic problematical air-safety issues that have been raised are symptomatic of backsliding of the FAA's regulatory role over the years. According to the FAA regulations, only certain items of maintenance are to be reported daily to the FAA. The airlines have complete control over the information that they give to the FAA. Then, according to the Systems Worthiness Analysis Program, the FAA in turn reacts by inspecting the airline. And, as we all know, both airlines and manufacturers have a periodic tendency to withhold important information and, in turn, never alert the FAA—leaving the FAA out in left field.

James Douglas Sparling, Director
Safety & Standards
Aircraft Mechanics
Fraternal Association
Flushing, New York

Many of the points that Gonzales brings out are true and we in the Congress who are interested in aviation are trying to do something about them. Many of the technical points that he makes show a lack of understanding on his part as to what takes place in an airplane, en route and on the ground, and what happens in the controlling of the aircraft. I think you have to keep one thing in mind, that as long as people travel in machines operated by men and women, there are going to be accidents. I have been flying for 45 years as a pilot and I'm rated in everything but hot-air balloons, and my wife says I'm automatically rated in those, being a politician, and I feel safer flying than I do walking across a downtown street in Washington. I think Gonzales' article will bring out quite a bit of controversy and quite a bit of agreement, but I would strongly suggest that you get someone to clear up those parts of his article that are slightly wrong.

Senator Barry Goldwater
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

Gonzales has pointed out a large number of unnecessary faults, permitted to exist because of sly, dishonest and quite often illegal "collusion" between the different Government departments and the air operators. President Ford has said certain things will be done to correct the disgraceful state of affairs endemic to the air industry. The only definitive thing the President has done thus far is to sack Alexander Butterfield for his part in the flying-coffin affair—the most disgraceful of all crashes, which killed 346 innocent people near Paris. Your article includes a quote from the very person who *should* be made the new administrator of the FAA: former National Transportation Safety Board supersafety man Charles O. Miller. But please do not think America is the worst. Far from it. Britain, France, Italy, Holland and Switzerland are even more, shall we say, "oblivious to the facts of life."

John Godson
Meyrin, Switzerland

Godson is the author of several books on air travel, including "Unsafe at Any Height" and "The Rise and Fall of the DC-10."

As a controller (we call ourselves just plain old controllers, not A.T.C.s), I, too, am afraid of flying and resign myself to a speedy death (hopefully instead of an agonizing death by burning) whenever I get into one of those airborne taxicabs. My main bitch about the Air Line Pilots Association and most crews is their claim that their fantastic salaries are justified by the knowledge necessary for only one percent of the time when only man can resolve the situation. Yet what about the ones who didn't have the knowledge when it was critical, such as the Florida Everglades crash and others where that man wasn't quite up to par and the passengers paid right along with the crew?

Lee Smialek
Honolulu Control Tower
Nanakuli, Hawaii

Laurence Gonzales' article is generally excellent, but one section seriously impugns his judgment and credibility: the interview with an O'Hare A.T.C. while the latter was "controlling ten or more planes, carrying on six conversations at once, in addition to explaining his job." "Lose concentration for just a second and your

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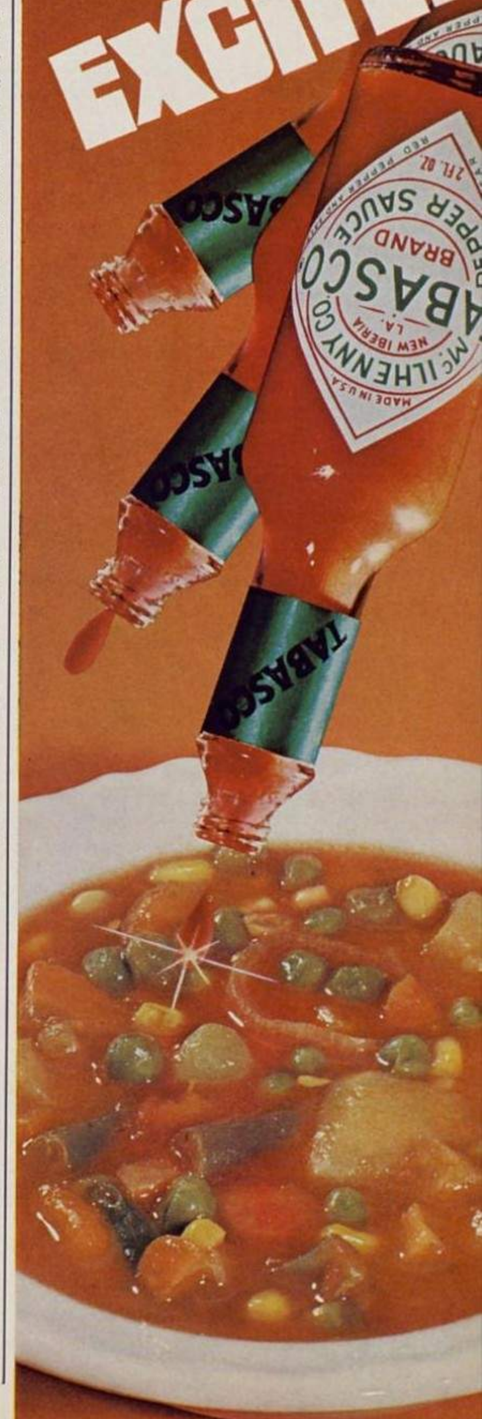

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whole system breaks down," the A.T.C. says. If that's not just so much malarky, then Gonzales was endangering lives by interviewing him on the job instead of when he was off.

Paul A. Gardner
Ottawa, Ontario

Gonzales' article is a mishmash of gossip, biased opinions, obsolete problems and general bullshit about airline flying. I would rate it alongside the ever-growing fable of the Bermuda Triangle, with hardly more solid fact.

James D. Tilford, Jr.
West Palm Beach, Florida

You Gotta Believe, by Laurence Gonzales, is the most distorted, ill-conceived and damaging piece of sensationalist journalism I have ever read. As an air-traffic-control specialist, as well as a commercial pilot, I feel qualified to comment. Through the efforts of many knowledgeable and dedicated professionals within the aviation industry, a rapidly increasing number of people and organizations are recognizing air transportation as the safest, most efficient and most economical means of moving people and cargo.

Robert L. Kingery
Goleta, California

Gonzales obviously spent at least 20 minutes in a crash pad talking to an alcoholic ex–B-29 pilot, an A.T.C. school dropout and a Ralph Nader gee-whiz kid, then topped it all off with a quick phone call to George Meany. Such adolescent prattlings of hyped-up hysteria are usually found on the front of *The National Tattler* or *Midnight*, but now PLAYBOY sees fit to sink to those depths. Never mind that the airline and aircraft industries of this country have the most enviable safety records, the highest training standards, produce the most sought-after aircraft and pay the highest wages in the world; ignore the fact that at this very moment the A.L.P.A., NTSB, FAA and CAB are engaged in an all-out effort to make the entire industry even better. I'll stake my own life on the ability of our domestic air-transport-industry people to outperform any others in the world at any time, in any place, under any conditions!

Alfred P. Di Censo
Williamsport, Pennsylvania

Gonzales says that Frontier has a female captain. Check the facts, if you will. It has only one female flight engineer, Boeing 737 type. That's a long way from captain. Later he says that no one can stop you from getting off the plane as long as it has not been cleared for take-off. Have you ever tried to get off an airplane that was not at the gate? It's a long way to jump to the ground. Plainly put, whether you get off or not is subject to the captain's discretion. And, again, Gonzales says that Ralph Nader won a $50,000 judgment against Allegheny Airlines. What he fails to mention is that a higher court reversed the decision in favor of Allegheny just a few months ago. Consequently, Nader will not receive one cent. Your seat, even though confirmed, is subject to sale to a stand-by passenger if you fail to show up at the gate at least ten minutes prior to departure time (a CAB rule). There are a few correct statements in the article, but I suggest that the author research his material more thoroughly.

H. L. Allen
Hendersonville, Tennessee

You Gotta Believe is a terribly overdrawn and grossly distorted picture of aviation safety that does serious injustice to the aviation industry, airline pilots and the Federal Aviation Administration. I take particular exception to Gonzales' gratuitous remark that generally "the FAA won't issue an 'airworthiness directive' (which has the force of law) until something terrible happens." As a matter of fact, the FAA issues or revises around 200 airworthiness directives every year as a result of its regular surveillance program, and these represent only a portion of the safety-rule-making activities of the agency. Every two years, we review—with the general public and the aviation community—all of our airworthiness requirements to make sure they are current with new developments in aviation technology and represent the highest standards of safety. These and other programs support the primary mission of the agency, which is to prevent aircraft accidents, not wait around until one happens. So, as the acting head of an agency of conscientious, competent professionals whose overriding concern is safety, I resent Gonzales' flip caricature of the organization. I have been with the agency for more than 30 years and can honestly say that no administrator I served or employee I supervised has ever, by word or deed, given aviation safety a secondary role.

James E. Dow, Acting Administrator
Department of Transportation
Federal Aviation Administration
Washington, D.C.

Author Gonzales replies to his critics:

Re Mr. Gardner's letter: I wasn't "interviewing" the A.T.C. He was talking. I simply stood there and took down what he was saying. One of the "obsolete problems" Mr. Tilford refers to is believed by experts to have caused the worst air disaster in the United States when Eastern flight 66 crashed at Kennedy. Mr. Kingery calls air transportation the safest, yet even the A.T.A. can't prove that with its own statistics. In its terms, air travel is second to trains. The research for the article took about a year and a half and it was read by aviation experts, including major-airline captains, before going to press. So far, no one has been able to point to any significant factual errors in the piece. Mr. Di Censo's letter implies that the research for "You Gotta Believe" was shoddy, yet he fails to mention any specifics. Aside from two minor errors (the Frontier female flight-deck crew member was not a captain and the airlines, not the mechanics, write reliability reports), no one has found any inaccuracies in the piece. And as far as any "all-out effort" is concerned, why haven't airlines installed fuel-explosion-protection systems, which could have saved lives as recently as the June 1975 Eastern crash at Kennedy? When the windshields for a 747 cost $40,000, it doesn't seem much to ask. Re Mr. Allen's remarks: Frontier Airlines has one female flight-deck crew member. She has flown as second officer on 737s and as first officer on Convair 580s. Our original information came from A.L.P.A. The question of getting off a plane that has left the gate but has not been cleared for take-off has never been tested. But there is written documentation of people demanding to be let off and being allowed to get off (see "The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby," by Tom Wolfe). The Ralph Nader decision was made after our July issue went to press. Nevertheless, the case has been sent back to a lower court, so there may be further proceedings. Properly put, the decision was "reversed and remanded." There has been no final decision. The CAB rule mentioned does not exist, according to the CAB. As for Mr. Dow's statements, let me just say this: The picture of airline safety was brought into shocking focus shortly after the July PLAYBOY appeared by the fatal crash at Kennedy, in which a 727 was flying on the edge of a thunderstorm. Once it crashed, the faulty seats came loose, killing people. A coroner's report stated that many persons' heads "burst" on impact. Where are the A.W.D.s covering the hazards of flying into wind shear and of weak seat moorings? Further, those who survived were faced with an enormous fireball of jet fuel. There was no system to prevent this explosion and there isn't one today. If the FAA's record for issuing pertinent A.W.D.s means anything, there never will be such a system. As for the review of safety every two years, that was carried out for the first time ten months ago. We will have to wait and see if it has any effect. If it is anything like the Systems Worthiness Analysis Program (SWAP), it will fall by the wayside.

DR. STRANGELOVE

As a hypnotist and also a disciple of Dr. William Jennings Bryan, Jr., I was thoroughly appalled at Roger Rapoport's article *The Good Doctor* (PLAYBOY, July). Not only will this article give the reading populace a distasteful and fictitious view of sexuality and hypnosis but

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it shows Dr. Bryan to be an entrepreneur rather than the brilliant therapist that he is. If one feels that Bryan's sexual promiscuity is a true example of "what sex is all about," then this article makes the rest of us feel rather mediocre and sexually inadequate. Bryan would refer to this as negative suggestion. (I may as well have my vagina sewn up.) No one likes a good laugh more than I do, but somehow I hold the hypothesis that the funnier the article, the more there is to be learned. The only part of this article that made it relevant for me is that my name also is Brenda. If PLAYBOY ever attempts another article on Bryan, I sincerely hope it will focus on him as a great teacher and humanitarian.

Brenda R. Fogelman
Montreal, Quebec

I have been a student of Dr. Bryan's on a number of occasions, and whenever I describe this man to other people they usually doubt my sanity. This excellent article will help re-establish my credibility. In spite of his eccentricity, exaggerations and egotism, Bryan is a genius of our time in his field. I'm envious of his knowledge.

R. T. Whitehouse, D. O.
North Miami, Florida

I was the first medical doctor to train with Dr. William J. Bryan, Jr., in his clinic in Los Angeles, in 1968. I therefore feel more than qualified to review your "tongue-in-cheek" article *The Good Doctor*. The meeting was the typical three-ring Barnum & Bailey extravaganza that has become typical of Dr. Bryan. The A.I.H. has not taken hypnosis out of stage shows; it has simply produced one of its own, available supposedly to physicians only but actually to anyone who can pay and is willing to watch and listen. Despite the inference in the article, Bryan was hardly even practicing hypnosis in 1956 when the petition was presented to the A.M.A. to approve hypnosis, which it did in 1958. While he had little to do with its beginnings, he is surely trying in every way to have everything to do with its demise.

Emil V. Spillman, M.D.
National Academy of
Medical Hypnosis
Atlanta, Georgia

RABBIT HUNTING

Your July cover with Playmate Lynn Schiller is absolutely breath-taking, except for one small problem: Where the hell is the Rabbit?

Lance Cooper
Austin, Texas

After examining the July issue from many angles, I am unable to ascertain the location of the omnipresent Playboy Rabbit on your cover. Maybe I have been blinded by the tacky "Hit Man" flash in the upper-right-hand corner. Or maybe you have become senile in your old age and have forgotten what it looks like. In either case, could you please let me know where it is?

Pat Michalek
Los Angeles, California

Right in front of your noses, fellas.

SHIP TO SHORE

The Playboy Land Yacht (PLAYBOY, June) has all the luxuries one would need, but several technical things disturb me. First of all, I've never heard of a flat-eight diesel—I'd think that a flat-configuration diesel would be tremendous in weight and would bulk down the land yacht. Secondly, no mention is made of what specific type of suspension, tire or wheel size would be used. I assume the brakes would be big M.F. disks.

Michael J. Romaniuk, Jr.
Mattapan, Massachusetts

"Land Yacht" designer Syd Mead replies: The tire size is O.D. 33" x 12" and the wheel size is standard truck 16.5" x 8.75". These dimensions match available wheel and tire sizes used by the industry. Suspension is air bladder, with torsion rods, used for their small volume as matched to capacity, plus (for this application) height and ride adjustment. General Motors Diesel Division informed me that it terms "flat" any application in which a standard, in-line diesel is laid down to fit package dimensions. The vehicle has front-wheel drive with auxiliary electric traction motors on all four rear wheels. The rear suspension is trailing, in-line wheel carriers. The motors also serve as brakes and reverse generators on downgrades.

SCREENING COPPOLA

Your interview with Francis Ford Coppola (PLAYBOY, July) is truly refreshing. I was most impressed with his attitude toward the Oscar. Unlike some nominees who lend undue importance to the Academy Awards by rejecting them or boycotting them, Coppola, it seems to me, exhibited the most sensible reaction—he just had a good time, was glad to get the awards for *Godfather II* and didn't make a Federal case out of it. After all, it's only an award.

Herman Dobbs
New York, New York

THE SILVER LINING

In *How to Make Money When All About You Are Losing Theirs* (PLAYBOY, July), Lee Berton has painted a gloomy picture with rays of sunshine, a socio-economic portrait of America that needs to be told. The nation's financial woes, the loss of moral fiber and the breakdown of our most cherished traditions have frightened many. Psychologically, we seek refuge in more secure ports of call; namely, a return to our childhood—the Thirties. As bad as those years were, we could still dream about better times. Have we lost our ability to make our dreams come true? Obviously, we haven't, for Berton tells us in a most incisive and comprehensive way that the entrepreneurial spirit is alive and flourishing. There are those who have the daring and the foresight to make the best of difficult times. In fact, they probably never had it so good. Thanks to the author and to PLAYBOY, we at least know we are not the only ones struggling and, in fact, should be inspired by those enterprising souls who have succeeded in making the best of bad times.

Mel Tarr
New York, New York

Berton succeeds in helping restore faith that there are Americans with a spark of imagination and creativity and that they are putting these ideas into action and not just plain talk. The astute financial journalist does us a service in demonstrating that the work ethic is alive and well in so many parts of this nation.

Andrew S. Edson
Fort Salonga, New York

It was most refreshin' to read about the recession without sinking into depression (excuse the expression).

Ron Gold
New York, New York

ODDS ON *THE GREEK*

Although many professional gamblers would not agree entirely with the Greek's odds and playing advice, Mike Rich's article *Jimmy the Greek's Crash Course on Vegas* (PLAYBOY, July) is important for people who come here as tourists. The motto of Las Vegas is "The entertainment capital of the world," and if more people would approach the tables as entertainment, gambling could be better understood. When the Greek tells us to bet our limit, then walk away from the tables—which is what the hotels advise as well—he is offering the most needed

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Arizona Pioneers Historical Society

Butch Cassidy
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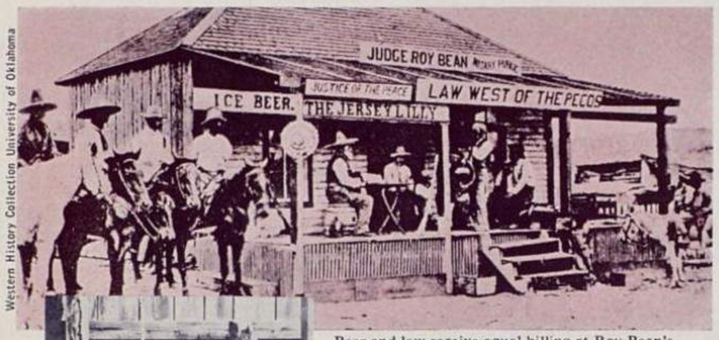
Frank Canton
Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma

Clay Allison
Barney Hubbs Collection

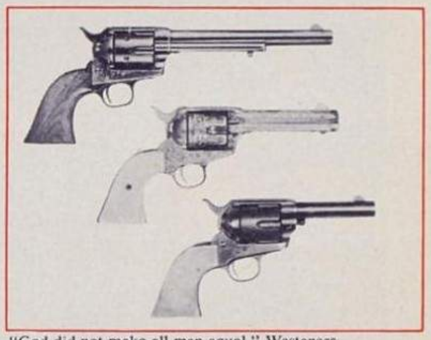
Billy the Kid
Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma

Bat Masterson
Boot Hill Museum Inc.



Western History Collection University of Oklahoma

Beer and law receive equal billing at Roy Bean's saloon-courthouse in Langtry, Texas.



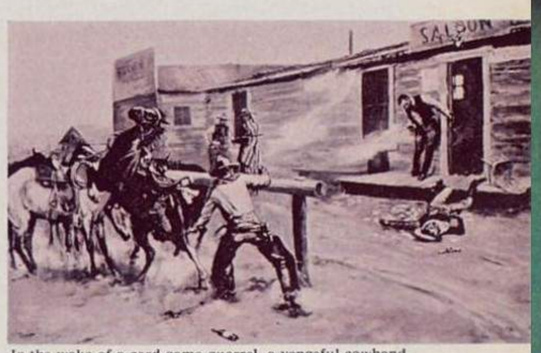
"God did not make all men equal," Westeners were fond of saying, "Colonel Colt did."

Montana Historical Society

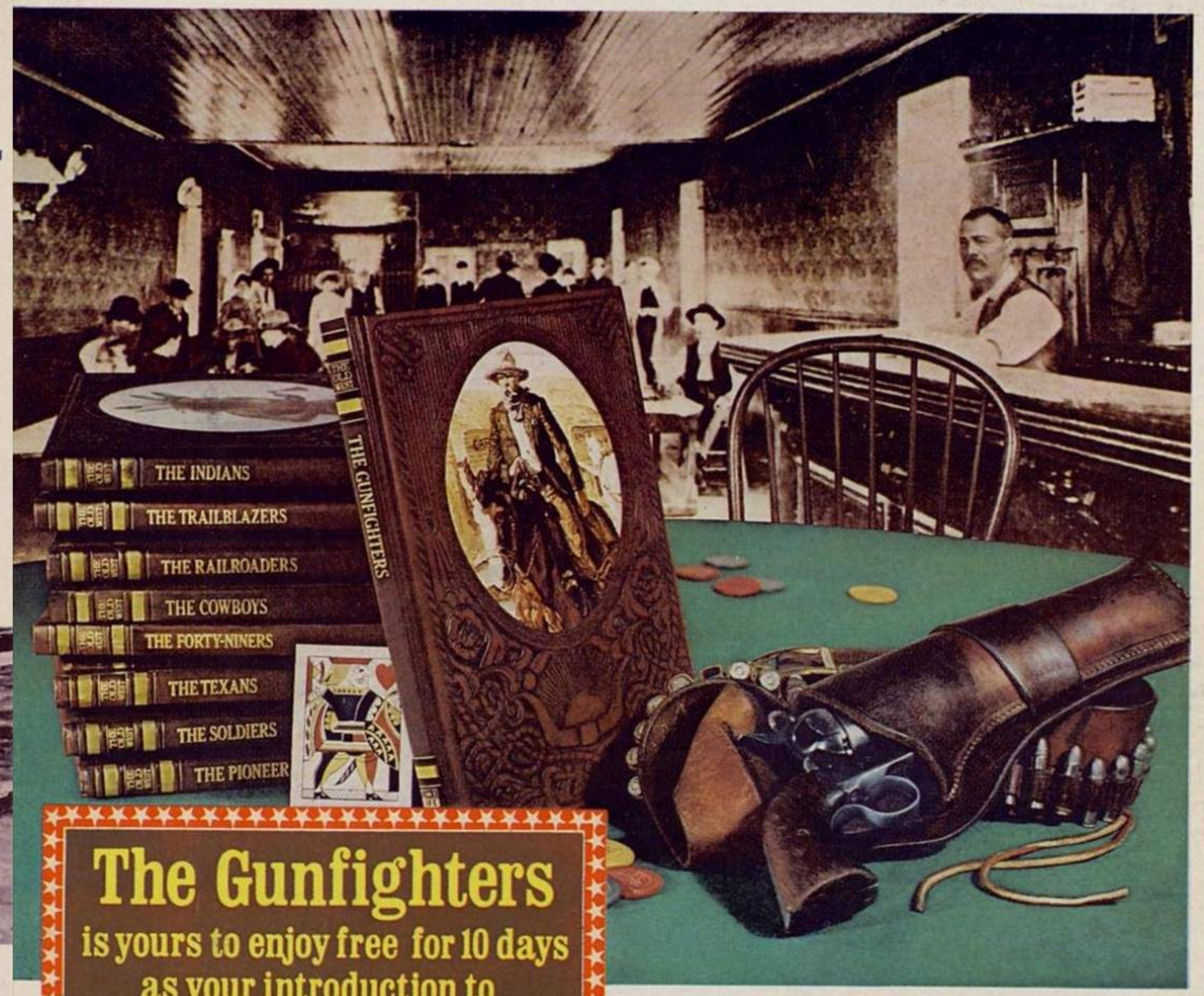
Hangings were often heralded by invitations to the press and other interested parties.

Pinkerton's Inc.

A grim squad of Union Pacific riflemen rides in a special train, hunting Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch.



In the wake of a card-game quarrel, a vengeful cowhand dispatches one player and mortally wounds another in C. M. Russell's *Death of a Gambler*.



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kind of advice for most of the 9,000,000 or so tourists who come here each year.

Thomas W. Martin
Las Vegas News Bureau
Las Vegas, Nevada

Being a "retired" professional dealer, I read with interest your article on Jimmy the Greek. His attitude toward players is candid and straightforward and, being the professional that he is, his advice is sound, especially that of gambling only for entertainment.

Terry Krystofiak
South Lake Tahoe, California

Mike Rich's article on Jimmy the Greek is more than merely interesting. It is significant. I was astounded at the clarity and preciseness with which the Greek interpreted and defined Las Vegas. The poker segment naturally had more appeal for me than any of the other material. As an author of books and other writings on the subject, I unhesitatingly subscribe to the Greek's admonition that a poker player play only in games in which his capital is adequate; in other words, don't play with short money unless you are willing to take much the worst of it.

Allen Dowling
New Orleans, Louisiana

I believe that Jay Allen's answer to question 17 of the July gambling quiz is incorrect. As far as I can see, 18 rolls will give even-money odds, because if you multiply 18 by the odds of rolling a 12 (1/36), you'll come out with ½, which is the correct ratio for an even-money bet. How did Allen arrive at his answer of 24 rolls?

Larry B. Childress
Seymour, Missouri

The reason the bet is not even until the 24th roll is as follows: The probability is 1 in 36 that the roll will be 12, but the laws of probability prove true only in the long run for large numbers of trials—in the tens of thousands. What happens in the first 36 trials for a roll of 12 is a little different and was a problem that interested Blaise Pascal during the 17th Century. He developed a formula for this problem, and our author, Mr. Allen, recently asked a computer to give him the answer. The computer replied: On the 18th roll, the chances are .397745 that 12 will come up; on the 20th, they're .431739; on the 24th, they're .491403. Since .491403 is so close to .50, Mr. Allen advises that the 24th roll represents an even bet, although the true even bet is on the 24½ roll. It's up to the reader to decide whether to go with 24 or 25.

INVESTIGATING *SHERLOCK*

What ho! And what ho-ho in the July PLAYBOY's *Adventures of Sherlock Jones!* The wonderfully demented Sol Weinstein and Howard Albrecht are delightful, as usual, with their hilarious, glowing grotesqueries of wordplay. It would seem that Sol and Howard may be atop the mountain of paronomasia, now that S. J. Perelman, Frank Sullivan and Shirley Temple Black are not writing as much as they used to.

Gary Owens
Hollywood, California

SARTORIAL PLEASURES

Your July fashion spread, *Wilt Not!*, by Robert L. Green, is stunning, but in this day and age, who can afford such garments? After all, we're living in a depression, right? There must have been something light, airy and chic, yet inexpensive, that we more destitute fashion plates might have sported this past summer. How about a few tips?

Randolph Klein
New York, New York

This attention-getting informal dress suit would have been ideal for the man

about town. Made of tough, durable woven bathroom tissue, it can be molded to fit any form. Notice the chic squarish shoulders, the tight tapered-pants effect and stylish buttonless collar. The ultimate in casual attire! Available in many colors, the entire suit retails for 25 cents.

CORRECTION

Norman Mailer's article *The Fight* (PLAYBOY, May and June, 1975) contains a regrettable error of fact for which this magazine would like to apologize. The article states that Elmo Henderson, a sparring partner of George Foreman's, had been "not too recently released from Nevada State Hospital for the insane." That is not the case. The statement was based upon information believed at the time to be true but that subsequently turned out to be inaccurate. PLAYBOY and Norman Mailer deeply regret this inadvertent error and any intimation that Mr. Henderson has been mentally ill.

LEG WATCHERS

I have been reading PLAYBOY for several years now and have enjoyed all your features, but *A Long Look at Legs* (PLAYBOY, July) is one of the best, especially the photo by Richard Fegley.

Ric Freidline
Iola, Kansas

Thanks, PLAYBOY, for your July special on legs. Speaking on behalf of foot and leg fetishists all over the world, more of the same emphasis placed on those delectable supporting columns would be appreciated.

P. A. C.
New York, New York

SURFER GIRL

Your July pictorial on supersurfer Laura Blears Ching, *Super Surfer!*, is the best pictorial I've seen in PLAYBOY in some time. She is a beautiful woman and definite proof that athletic endeavors don't destroy a woman's femininity. I urge PLAYBOY to consider using other female athletes as future pictorial subjects.

Bernard Short
Vienna, Virginia

That photo of Laura Blears Ching barefoot on a surfboard riding a wave, concentrating her whole body to keep her balance, is impressive. Superb control. Energy well applied. Nothing wasted. What equilibrium! Bare as a surfboard. Blonde hair wet and dark. I hope to see her next surfing on the back of a dolphin.

Shawn Thompson
London, Ontario

GUTS REACTIONS

Bravo, *¡Olé!* and just plain hurrah for Gerald Green's revelations in *Johnny Guts* (PLAYBOY, July). As one who has suffered the slings and arrows of outrageous mechanical services, I applaud the humorous exposé. Little comfort in knowing that we have all been taken.

Stanley H. Klein
Jamaica, New York

I have just read Gerald Green's *Johnny Guts* straight through. It's right on line in excitement and authenticity with *The Last Angry Man* and *The Lotus Eaters*. We have so few really great storytellers, we ought to cherish them.

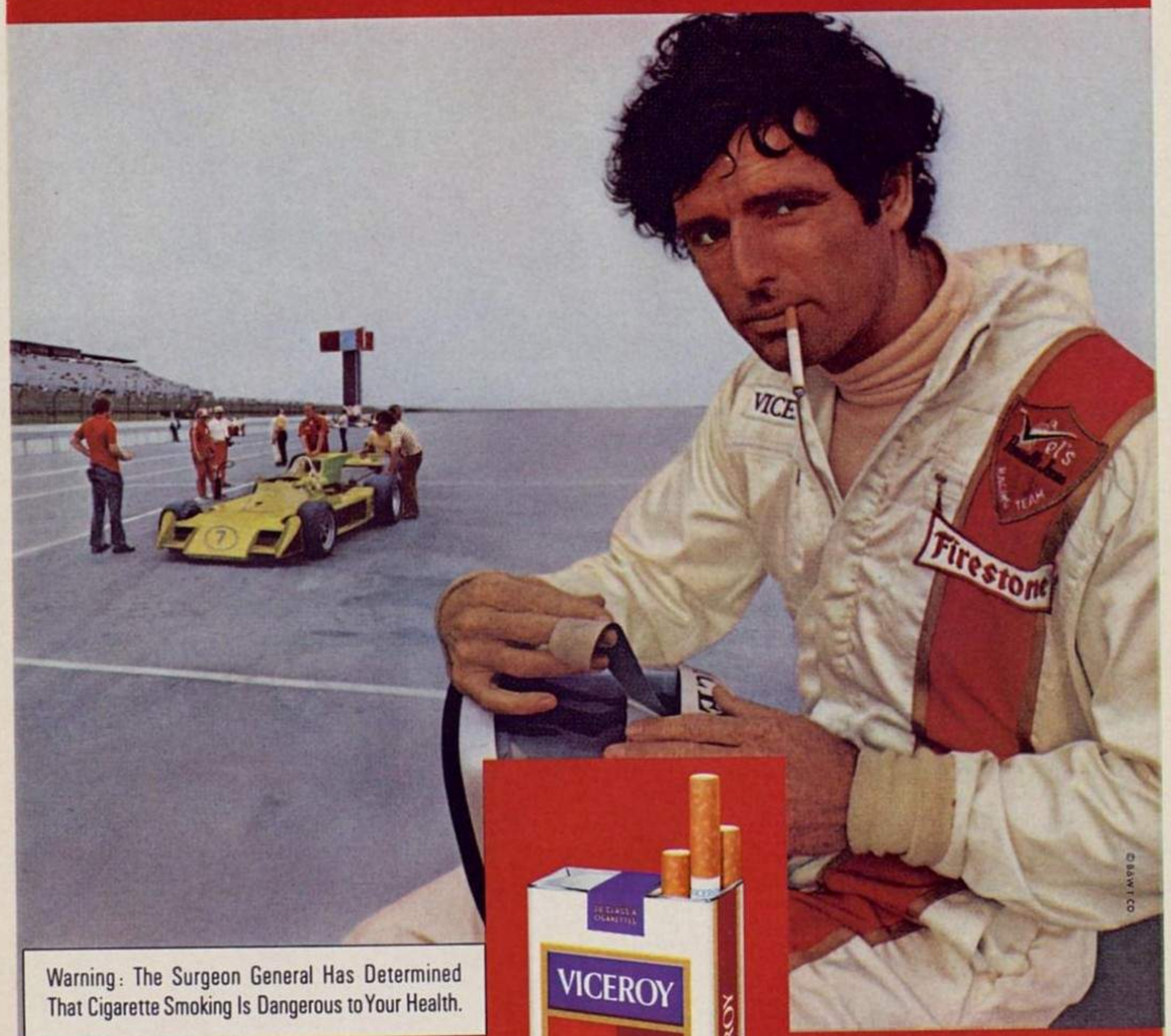
Jack N. Arbolino
New York, New York

CRACKING UP

Dunlup Crashes In, by Larry McMurtry (PLAYBOY, July), is funny, funny, funny. Laughed all the way through it. McMurtry should forward the story to film producers in Hollywood, then sit back and await the offers.

Joseph Santiago
Sausalito, California

"Why Viceroy? Because I'd never smoke a boring cigarette."



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JOE AND JOHNNY GONZALES

HOME: Los Angeles, California

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: They created an art studio and gallery which gives training and exposure to hundreds of Chicano artists from the East Los Angeles barrio. The gallery's shows have been seen worldwide.

QUOTE: "Today's Chicano is awakening to the realization that he is a person with a strong cultural heritage. Slowly he is communicating this to others and strengthening his sense of values . . . Our challenge is to attain for Chicano people a brighter tomorrow which is the realization of our dreams."

PROFILE: Their ambition is to transform their community, a job they've started with the gallery and numerous murals around the barrio. Their enthusiasm has made them a real force in East Los Angeles in just a few years.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

One of the most bizarre stories of the year reached us through *The Bangkok Post*, which reported that an 18-year-old Thai housewife, angered at her husband's infidelities, cut off his penis as he slept and threw the organ out the window. A neighbor heard the man's yells and rushed him to a local hospital, where doctors asked the neighbor to go back and retrieve the severed penis. The neighbor returned and was just in time to spot a duck waddling down a path—with the penis in its beak. Police detained the wife for questioning. The duck was released.

•

Planning for the future in San Diego: A map of the UCSD campus shows that things are getting better all the time. It designates building 15 as Married Student Housing and, parenthetically, Future Home of Student Affairs.

•

Behavior-modification therapy is being used to treat obesity, reports the *Medical Tribune*. A female psychologist attempted to treat her obese husband by using her availability for sexual intercourse as a reward. In three weeks, her husband gained ten pounds.

•

Giving 'em the slip: A Connecticut man charged with murder smeared himself with butter and slipped through barred windows in a new maximum-security jail. He then lowered himself to a courtyard and disappeared. State and local police with bloodhounds searched the area but lost the scent.

•

After trespassers repeatedly ignored his sign TRESPASSERS WILL BE SHOT, a farmer in Bonne Terre, Missouri, put up a new one that worked admirably. It read: MISSOURI COPPERHEAD SANCTUARY.

•

Classified disclaimer: A "Personals" ad in *Saturday Review* explains, "Through an untoward happenstance I am unable to understand, a packet of 17 torrid love letters was placed in my overcoat pocket while it hung in the clothes rack on American Airlines flight 489 from Dallas to Columbus, Ohio, on March 21. My home situation would be greatly improved if the person who mistakenly deposited this packet would step forward and claim same. By an abominable coincidence, my name is also Irving."

•

After three months of field work with hard-hats working on a site overlooking

a large hotel, sociologist William Fiegelman found that voyeurism was commonplace. His findings suggested that rather than being pathological, the workers' scrutiny of naked women and amorous couples was a sort of fringe benefit that had a healthy influence on worker sociability and morale.

•

PLAYBOY's 14 winning entries in the Chicago '75 graphics show included eight items that were not hung with the show in the mezzanine of the towering John Hancock Center (known to locals as Big John). Although Chicago '75's theme was "Win an award for Mom," the censorship was perpetrated by the Hancock management, who feared the art would offend children. Headlined the *Chicago Tribune*: "PLAYBOY ART FLUSHED OUT OF BIG JOHN."

•

The Trojans are coming! *The Boston Herald American* quoted an angry woman giving testimony at a legislative hearing on reform of rape laws: "If you're going to let these people out on the streets, you're going to be condoming what they do!"

•

Ah, the tropics! A U.P.I. dispatch reported: "An intrepid yachtsman attempting to navigate solo around the world and feared lost in a violent Pacific storm was found safe and cheerful despite the loss of his tiny craft. He had been shipwrecked on the shores of an uninhibited island."

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The London *Times* reported that a group of British scientists has taken the ultimate step in waste recycling: It has sampled biscuits made from sterilized and cooked human feces. "The result," said one of the scientists, "when feelings of revulsion have been overcome, is not unpalatable. I don't suggest anyone try it except in famine. It is rather a shaker to use feces, isn't it?" No shit, Sherlock.

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A holdup man in Auckland, New Zealand, found there was only one cashier on duty in a bank and was able to get away with $100,000. Turned out the two other cashiers were attending a course on crime prevention.

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An American-International Pictures horror movie called *The Day the Dogs Ran* is described as follows in a press release: "The story concerns a pack of vicious dogs which first attack Hollywood film makers and then go after members of the human race."

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What was I saying again? During a discussion of sex as communication at a Masters and Johnson lecture series, a member of the audience asked, "If

we agree that sex is a form of communication, then can we also agree that masturbation is sort of like talking to yourself?"

•

Surprise ending: Bill Smith spent a lifetime in Australia as a seaman, miner, jockey and horse trainer and was described by friends as a "hard-swearing old roustabout." But when Smith died, the obituary read: "Wilhelmina Smith, 88." Ms. Smith's sex, kept secret even in locker rooms and aboard ship in crew's quarters, was discovered in a hospital near Brisbane a few weeks before her death.

•

Citizen's arrest: A late-night caller to the Eureka, California, police station directed officers to a street corner where a noisy, drunken man was creating a disturbance. The caller described the nuisance as six feet tall, weighing 190 pounds, with blue eyes, wearing a white hat and red coat. The policeman responding to the call found a drunk, sitting in a telephone booth awaiting his arrival. The officer said the man had described himself quite accurately.

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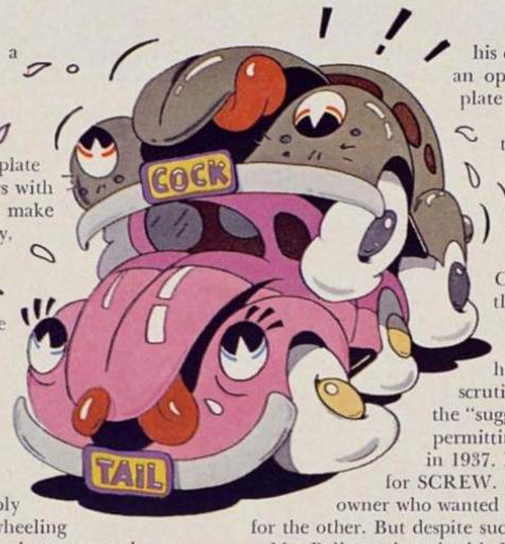
Blooper of the year, courtesy of a coast-to-coast station break on Canadian TV: "This is the Canadian Broadcorping Castration."

POETIC LICENSE



License plates are more than a jumble of numbers used to identify the car—they often cryptically identify the driver as well. As readers will remember from a piece in PLAYBOY (February 1968), license-plate codifiers have long adorned their cars with clever short messages designed to make tailgaters pull up short. But today, what with sexual liberation and a general over-all kinkiness inherent in anyone who goes to great lengths to adorn an automobile, the personalized plate has become the personal statement.

Of course, one man's statement is another's anathema. In states where personalized tags are available, applications are carefully screened for anything that might offend—which inevitably limits the free expression of freewheeling motorists. Instead of spoiling the fun, however, such censorship simply adds an element of challenge—how to say what you want to say and get away with it becomes a sort of sabotage mission perpetrated upon the sovereign state's department of motor vehicles.

What's wrong with a personalized plate reading GAYLIB? The applicant, a self-acclaimed gay-liberation activist, is prepared to go to court over the California State Motor Vehicle Department's twice refusing to grant his request. The owner of UP URZ2, who feels his right to expression was jeopardized when the state recalled his tag, is also planning to sue.

A well-known urologist slipped IVSKIN, a seemingly innocent combination of letters until you remember that IV is a Roman numeral, past the censors. A plate reading PPMD belongs to a colleague with the same specialty.

Other medical announcements: A gynecologist has a license plate saying he's a BOXDOC. EKG identifies a cardiologist and, of course, an orthopedist chose BONE for his car. But we're not sure whether an optometrist or a stud sports the plate reading IBALL.

Star watchers will recognize the driver of the car bearing plates A1ANA2 as Lawrence Welk. And you remember the actor who played Marty as BORG9.

A gambling man found 7 COM 11 appropriate and a gentleman named Wise has a plate reading YYYYYY.

The Connecticut Motor Vehicle Department has carefully scrutinized requests that may fall into the "suggestive" category since it started permitting the use of letters on plates in 1937. It has regularly denied requests for SCREW. It even caught on to a two-car owner who wanted POON for one car and TANG for the other. But despite such diligent checking, a plate for a Mr. Ball was issued with BALLS on it. Story has it that an executive of a large liquor firm was denied his personalized plates when he ordered COCK and TAIL, for his and his wife's cars, respectively.

A Jaguar owner told the license bureau he wanted to express the feline aspects of his car and got by with APUSSY. The motives of a seemingly immodest California man were not explained, but his license plate—9 INCH—is framed in brackets reading TRY IT, YOU'LL LIKE IT.

Other customized plates advertise AC DC, HORNY, WEDOIT, IWANNA and LOVETO.

Imagine an all-points bulletin for a car with license plate BIGDIK, HOTBOD or MRLAY. (Lady, can you describe the suspect?) Or how about the girl behind the wheel of IMEASY, IMFOXY or XMADAM? (Follow that car!)

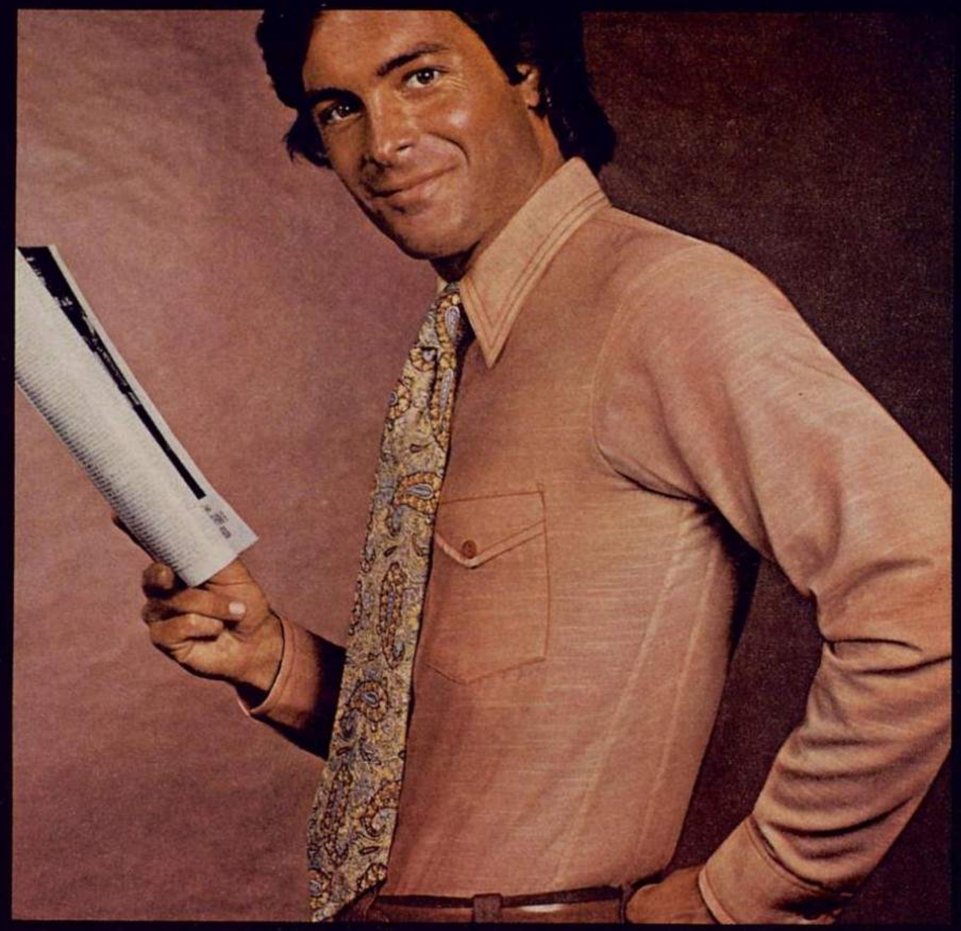
Sometimes license-bureau rulings as to what is *not* suggestive defy logical explanation: 4PLAY, GODOWN and EZCUM were all issued without a snag.

TELEVISION

For the past week, the television screens of America have been lighted up—or blanked out—by the industry's annual orgy of seasonal debuts. On the premise that you couldn't possibly have taken in all the new shows yet, we commissioned Newsday's *Marvin Kitman to preview some of them for you. Bleary-eyed but game, he responded:*

It really isn't fair to judge a series by its first episode, which is often the pilot. The producers can spend half their annual budget on that one show, aimed at a very small audience often consisting of two people: the network vice-president in charge of programing and his yes man. You can't tell how bad—or good—a series is going to be until the third or fourth episode, when the show hits its stride; i.e., when they really grind them out. But what the hell? Why wait any longer? Here are the 1975–1976 Marvys, based on the first look at the 26 new series.

The Spin-off of the Year: The last original idea the TV industry had (circa 1947)—the spin-off—may be traced back to the educational backgrounds of network executives, many of whom attended high school biology classes, where they saw the amoeba miraculously split in two. My theory is that the idea actually came from reading fairy tales. It was Rumpelstiltskin who taught them to spin straw into gold. The leading industry candidate for the Rumpelstiltskin Industry Pioneer Award is ***Phyllis*** (CBS), starring Cloris (Slats) Leachman, from the looms of MTM Enterprises Inc. (*The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, et al.). *Phyllis* may be the spin-off that finally manages to turn gold into



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straw. I always hated Phyllis, the landlady who plays the downstairs to Mary's upstairs. Every time I saw her, I gobbled a Di-Gel—in both flavors. Even her husband, Lars, couldn't stand her. That's why he was away from home so much. Not surprisingly, Lars, who never appeared on *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, will not be appearing on *Phyllis*. He has died, they told us premiere week. The merry widow probably gave him a poisoned apple. *Phyllis* will undoubtedly be the Nielsen-ratings hit of the year. Obnoxious characters are in these days. Look at George Jefferson.

The Most Distinguished High-Class Drama of the Year (The Yardley Soap Opera Award): **Beacon Hill** (CBS) is a spin-off of *Upstairs, Downstairs*, a hit on American public television (aka the Colonial Broadcasting System because of its dependence on British product). Upstairs in Boston's exclusive Beacon Hill we have the extremely wealthy, trouble-plagued Irish-American political family, the Lassiters. Downstairs we have their Irish servants, many just off the boat. The story begins the week before Prohibition started in 1920. In the first episode, one of the Lassiter boys visits a black, ah, "cathouse," as they call it for the first time in TV history. *Beacon Hill*'s Boston accents may be even more difficult for the average American commercial-TV viewer to understand than the British ones of its predecessor. Subtitles might help. But if the show lasts long enough, our source predicts, a Lassiter might even make it to the White House.

The A.M.A. Award for the Show Doing the Most to Rehabilitate American Doctors' Already Terrific TV Image: **Doctors' Hospital** (NBC), starring George Peppard, is a kind of spin-off on professions. Peppard won fame as Banacek, the insurance dick who didn't draw his fee unless he solved a case. Now he will be playing a prominent neurosurgeon, who doubtless charges regardless of the outcome of his operations. Should he get involved in a malpractice suit, he'll be able to investigate his own case.

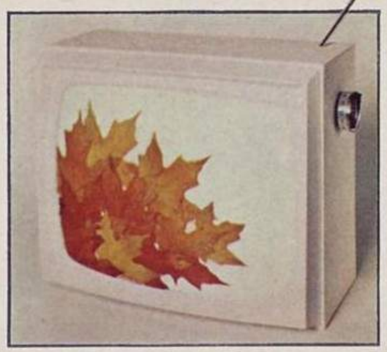
Medical Story (NBC), the runner-up in this category, is a spin-off of *Police Story*, except that it's an anthology of supposedly realistic stories about the medical profession. What is there left to tell? Next season we predict another spin-off: *Medical Woman*.

The Most Unorthodox New Private-Eye, Cop or Other Law-Enforcement-Type Show: An eight-way tie among **Joe Forrester** (NBC), **Bronk** (CBS), **Switch** (CBS), **Starsky and Hutch** (ABC), **McCoy** (NBC), **Matt Helm** (ABC), **Kate McShane** (CBS) and **Ellery Queen** (NBC). All the characters in this season's new law-and-order shows, in fact, are men and women who, according to the network press releases, have a unique, or at least a very special or unorthodox, approach to their work. Has there ever been a new crime series in the annals of TV police science with a star who *wasn't* unorthodox?

Worst New Situation Comedy About a Minority Not Previously Represented on TV: **On the Rocks** (ABC), another spin-off of the BBC factory, does for the penitentiary way of life what *Hogan's Heroes* did for German PW camps.

The Montefuscos (NBC) is the best show about a minority already represented on TV, the Italians (*The Untouchables*). It was originally titled *Sunday Dinner*, but NBC obviously feared viewers would mistake it for *The New Julia Child Show*. *The Montefuscos* is another stereotype—the message is that Italian families tend to eat a lot—but the pilot was hilarious.

The Show with the Most Accurate Title: **When Things Were Rotten** (ABC). The new Mel Brooks sitcom is a spin-off of



the old Mel Brooks. Based on the story of Robin Hood and his merry pranksters, it robs what must be stuff off the cutting-room floor from the rich (his funny movies *Blazing Saddles* and *Young Frankenstein*) to give to the poor (the new TV sitcom). This is an example of what Brooks himself would call, to use the technical phrase, *dreck*. The style is Batman and Robin Hood—the kind of effeminate camp that all the viewers who hoped that *Ellery Queen* would be about a blatant homosexual will probably love. You have to see it to believe how bad Mel Brooks can be.

The Most Original Howard Cosell Show of the Year: **Saturday Night Live with Howard Cosell** (ABC) is a spin-off of *Wide World of Sports, Monday Night Football*, the world-championship fights, tennis matches, horse races and all the other ABC Sports productions that have made Cosell's a household name—like Drāno. Everybody is saying that Cosell is going to be another Ed Sullivan, but he doesn't have Sullivan's personality, charm or gracefulness. Naturally, at this writing the Cosell show hasn't been seen yet. It's live television; the other kind is presumably dead television.

RECORDINGS

We have to assume that everything, including the astrological chart, was working for them when cornetist Ruby Braff and guitarist George Barnes decided to join forces. The Braff-Barnes Quartet has been responsible, since its inception, for some of the nicest sounds around. And it now has a pair of new LPs to delight us. **To Fred Astaire, with Love** (RCA) takes ten tunes with which Astaire has been associated and shows that—no offense intended—they can stand by themselves. (Well, not quite by themselves; Braff and Barnes have imbued them with a vitality that belies their age.) **The Ruby Braff–George Barnes Quartet/Live at the New School** (Chiaroscuro) has more (but not much more) of a Dixieland feel to it than the *Astaire* album. Be that as it may, it provides another perfect example of what a tight, inventive, immensely listenable group is supposed to sound like—there're *Sugar* and *Solitude*, *A Ghost of a Chance* and *Goose Pimples*, and a half-dozen other tunes that will keep you close to your speakers. Let us add a final few words in praise of bassist Mike Moore and rhythm guitarist Wayne Wright, who supply the launching pad for the Braff-Barnes flights of fancy.

•

There is country music you drink whiskey to and there is country music you drink beer to, but there really is no call for country music that you drink wine to—especially if it comes out of a bottle with a *cork* in it. But Willie Nelson, who was—by God—one of the best shitkickers around, has tried to turn country music into something that Randall Jarrell would have approved of. So now he's writing long epics that any common roadhouse drunk will forget long before dawn. Too bad, and we'll take a pass on his new album, **Red Headed Stranger** (Columbia). Listen, Willie, you got to learn the difference between sensitive and sentimental if you're going to make it in this business.

•

On the other hand, there's Waylon Jennings. His music keeps getting better, but he sticks to his themes. You know: hard luck, bad women, booze, untimely death. Good solid country stuff. (Any song that has a line that goes, "Well, I'm sick and tired/of waking up sick and tired," shows the touch.) **Waylon/Dreaming My Dreams** (RCA) is not his best, but it's still pretty good. Especially *The Door Is Always Open* and *Bob Wills Is Still the King*. Depending on your mood, you can take it with a jug or a six-pack. Wine would be a sacrilege.

•

The Eagles started as a backup band for Linda Ronstadt and it shows on their fourth album, **One of These Nights** (Asylum). The group is precise and easily programed, like one of those home organs that do all the work for you. Play the melody with one hand, pull stop A for rhythm, stop B for strings and stop C for four-part vocal harmony. The Southern California sound is guaranteed not to conflict with a front singer (which may be why the Eagles still get work on other

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people's albums), but, by itself, the fullness is impersonal, bland and just short of satisfying our "So what?" quotient. The songs tend to sound the same, as do the voices, which may be why the liner notes have to tell you which member of the band is singing the lead. The Eagles try to make themselves more interesting by doing songs written by friends, and we give them credit for having impeccable taste. Jackson Browne and Jack Tempchin contributed hit singles to earlier albums. *I Wish You Peace*, our favorite cut on the new album, was written with outsider Patti Davis, and it deserves your attention, even if the album doesn't.

•

Helen Humes has been around for a lot of years. She's been singing professionally for almost 50, many of them in relative obscurity. But that never had anything to do with the fact that the Humes voice was one of the swingingest, honey-drippingest, happiest around. Fortunately for us all, Humes was "rediscovered" about a year ago, when she was doing a New York night-club gig with pianist Ellis Larkins, and ***The Talk of the Town*** (Columbia) proves a marvelous spin-off of that serendipitous event. Here again, Humes teams up with Larkins, who has guitarist George Benson, bassist Major Holley, drummer Oliver Jackson and reed man Buddy Tate for company. There are a couple of straight blues items on the agenda, but for the most part, it's ballads and classic up-tempo tunes. Pick up on *Talk of the Town*, enjoy it and then maybe get a little angry thinking about all the dues Humes had to pay before she could make it.

•

It's hard for us to be objective about Steve Goodman's new album, ***Jessie's Jig and Other Favorites*** (Asylum). We've heard him perform most of the songs around Chicago—at the annual New Year's Eve show at the Earl of Old Town, at a cook-and-sing in his own club, Somebody Else's Troubles, at a taping for a Soundstage with Arlo Guthrie and Hoyt Axton or sitting in with Jimmy Buffett at the Quiet Knight. The album is a scrapbook of good times and pure delight. Goodman always plays as if he were among friends; and judging from the "sidemen" (Vassar Clements, Jethro Burns, Carl Martin, Ted Bogan, Howard Armstrong, Bonnie Koloc, Bill Swofford), he *was* among friends. The album contains two numbers that have already become local classics—it's only a matter of time before the rest of the country catches on. The first is *Lookin' for Trouble*—a slow blues in the tradition of *Sportin' Life* and *Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out*—featuring a harp accompaniment by Saul Broudy that will break your heart. The other is *Spoon River*, a post–Civil War vision by Mike Smith, who contributed *The Dutchman* to Goodman's second album. (We've already decided that Smith has written the Great American Folk Song—we're just trying to figure out which one.) The rest of the album ain't bad, either.

•

Since the death of Johnny Hodges, there has been no serious competition for Paul Desmond as an instrumental balladeer. The liquid and limpid Desmond alto pours forth sounds like vintage champagne. After the breakup of the Brubeck Quartet, something from the Desmond vineyard was rare, indeed. Personal appearances were minimal, few and far between, so we're happy to announce that ***Pure Desmond*** (CTI) is pure joy. This time, Desmond shares the honors with an extraordinary Canadian guitarist, Ed Bickert, whose work in itself makes the album a buy. Bassist Ron Carter (his solo on *Squeeze Me* is a gem) and drummer Connie Kay are on hand, which gives you some notion of the quality of the goods. The pace throughout most of the LP is that gentle, loping gait that Hodges favored and that Desmond uses to such advantage, and the tunes—all standards or jazz classics—are exactly right for the Desmond groove. To carry the Hodges analogy to its conclusion, we thought that the Rabbit "owned" *Warm Valley*, but Desmond stakes out a strong claim to it.

•

For the 1,000,000-odd fans who saw The Rolling Stones on tour this summer,

and the millions of others who wish they had, the sight of two new Stones albums will probably trigger a reflex action that will leave them bereft of petty cash and a bit bemused about their purchases. ***Made in the Shade*** (Rolling Stones) is harmless enough: A collection of tunes off the last four albums that just *happens* to represent a good part of the live show, it'll appeal equally to casual fans and Stones fanatics trying to preserve the glow of the concerts. ***Metamorphosis*** (Abkco), however, is something else again. This assortment of unreleased originals and alternate takes of early hits has already been condemned by the Stones, and for good reason: It's absolutely wretched. That it has been released at all (and just in time to cash in on the Stones' tour) is a tribute to the taste and clout of Allen Klein, the group's former manager, who demanded the right to put out the album to pay off $1,000,000 in royalties that he owed the Stones. High finance aside, this collection is no bargain at any price. Out of 14 cuts, only three are even passable. The rest are either poorly recorded or overburdened with strings, horns and backup vocals in ill-advised attempts to make the band sound like the Shangri-Las—the kind of rock 'n' roll the Stones helped bury for good. Now, if only someone would do the same for this album. . . .

•

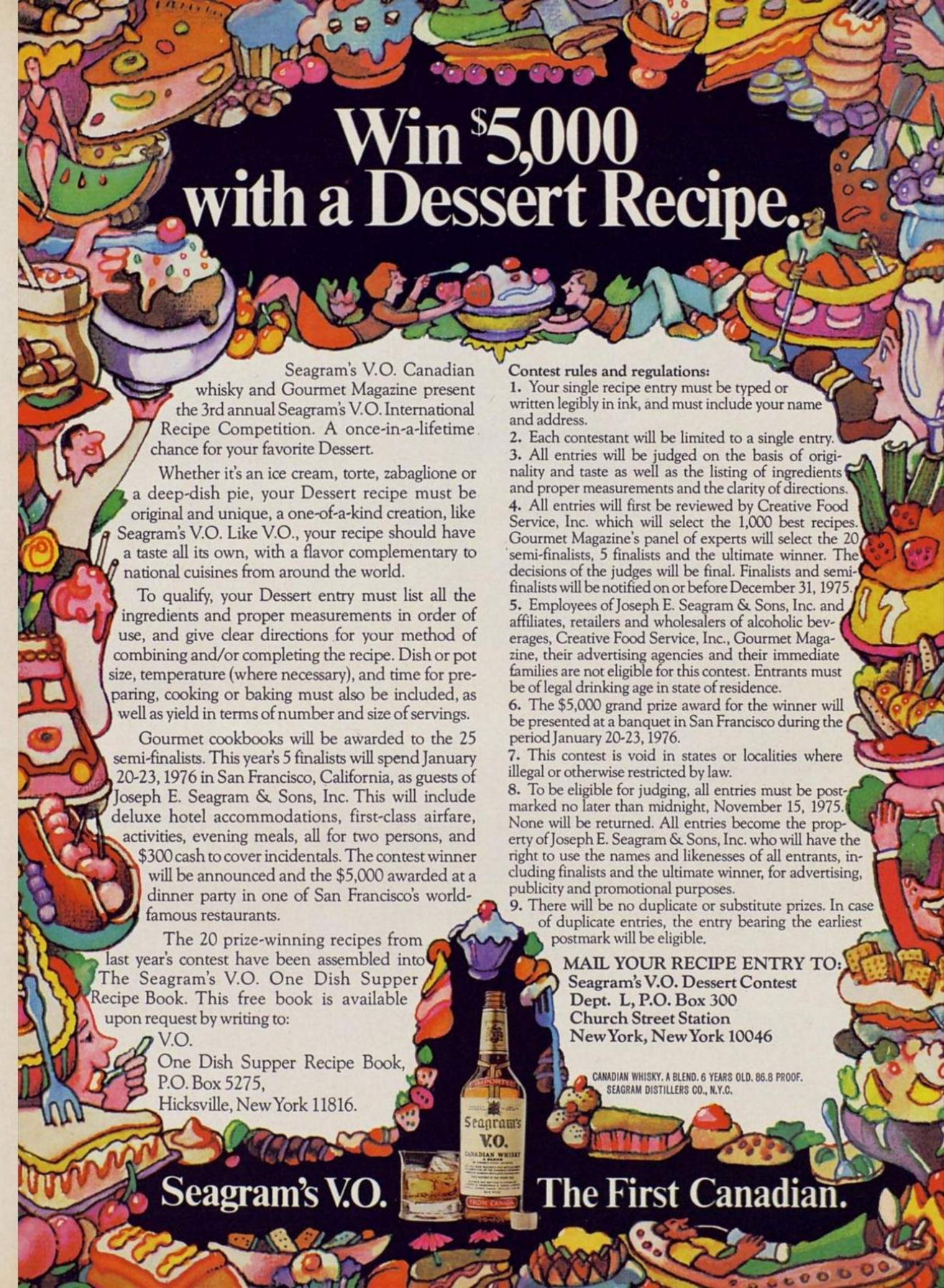
If you repeat a word over and over to yourself, after a while it loses meaning and becomes pure sound. That's the kind of effect Lou Reed achieves electronically on his double album ***Metal Machine Music*** (RCA). It's not music, really, but rather an abstract sound sculpture in which distinct rhythms, melodies and harmony are intentionally suppressed, leaving only a fluid stream of uproar. It also leaves in the lurch the listener who expects the Velvet Underground but gets instead an earful of noise. The album is interesting because it suggests what you might hear if you could stand inside a blade of grass in bright sunlight and listen to it grow.

•

This One's for Blanton (Pablo) was recorded in 1973. It pairs the Duke on piano with the nonpareil bassist Ray Brown in a tribute of sorts to the greatest bass man Ellington ever had. Side one wanders through *Do Nothin' till You Hear from Me, Pitter Panther Patter, Things Ain't What They Used to Be, Sophisticated Lady* (in an absolutely smashing rendition) and Ma Rainey's classic blues, *See See Rider*. Side two is devoted to something labeled *Fragmented Suite for Piano and Bass*, a collaborative effort by Ellington and Brown that offers a gleaming showcase for the latter's instrumental genius.

•

A Scottish soul band? It sounded at first like the beginning of a wave of bad ethnic jokes or, at worst, just a flat contradiction in terms. But the Average White Band is no novelty act, as the success of its last album (with the hit single *Pick up the Pieces*) has proved. The A.W.B.'s latest, ***Cut the Cake*** (Atlantic), follows the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4. All entries will first be reviewed by Creative Food Service, Inc. which will select the 1,000 best recipes. Gourmet Magazine's panel of experts will select the 20 semi-finalists, 5 finalists and the ultimate winner. The decisions of the judges will be final. Finalists and semi-finalists will be notified on or before December 31, 1975.
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7. This contest is void in states or localities where illegal or otherwise restricted by law.
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same successful soul formula: cut after cut of snappily syncopated original tunes, with smooth falsetto vocals, which, above all, are eminently danceable. Appealing to both rock and soul audiences, A.W.B. has become popular enough to be acknowledged—ironically—by the emergence of a group calling itself the Above Average Black Band. Cultural pluralism marches on.

•

Not very many people knew about Jean-Luc Ponty, though he's been playing for years, until he joined the Mahavishnu Orchestra and started getting the wide audience recognition he deserves. Now he's back on his own and off to a great start with ***Upon the Wings of Music*** (Atlantic). Ponty's tunes, with their heavy emphasis on driving, funky riffs, propelled by a powerful rhythm section, are tailor-made vehicles for the fiery, aggressive violin solos that are his trademark. The album has an energy that should appeal to rock, jazz and funk fans alike, without attempting to pander or straddle. The ensemble (particularly bassist Ralphe Armstrong and drummer Leon Chancler) provides a lesson in tightness and coordination; its members seem to read Ponty's mind and glide effortlessly from cut to cut in harmony with one another. If there is a questionable track on the record, it's *Echoes of the Future*, which, as the turgid title implies, is an awkward attempt at electronic imagery that short-circuits and fizzles out into mere spaciness. But, all in all, this is one of Ponty's best albums so far and well worth the investment.

•

Violinist Michal Urbaniak emigrated from Europe a few years ago to try to conquer America, and ***Fusion III*** (Columbia) is another battle won. Assisted by his vocalist wife, Urszula Dudziak, and outstanding soloists like Larry Coryell and John Abercrombie, Urbaniak has produced for the most part a solid, energetic

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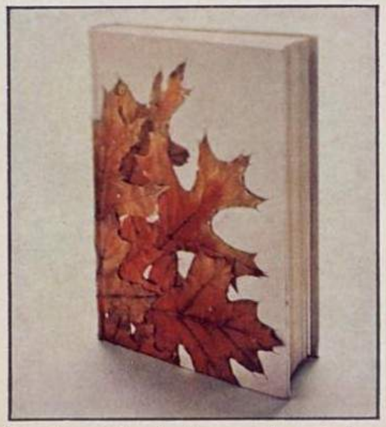
jazz-Latin-funk fusion in his own flowing style. Dudziak gets a chance to show off her surrealistic scat singing and, indeed, pulls it off. Although some of the tunes get a bit syrupy here and there, by and large, it would appear that Urbaniak and company are going to give some stiff competition to the reigning jazz barons.

BOOKS

Previews: Looks as if there'll be a bit of everything on the fall book lists: the long-awaited novel, the literary event, the potential blockbuster, some fact that reads like fiction (and vice versa) and a few unusual topics, serious and otherwise. The long-awaited novel—is ten years long enough?—is William Gaddis' ***JR*** (Knopf). JR, its 11-year-old hero, parlays an order



for thousands of Army-surplus wooden picnic forks into a nationwide family of companies—which he directs out of a pay phone at his Long Island school. It's a comic but revealing insight into money and influence in America. The event is the publication of ***Beyond the Bedroom Wall*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), Larry Woiwode's chronicle of the fictional Neumiller family of North Dakota and Illinois. Dispensing with linear narrative, Woiwode observes the Neumillers from many points of view during a series of specific moments chosen from the family history. Back again, and probably headed for best-seller lists, are author Mary Renault, tackling Alexander the Great in ***The Nature of Alexander*** (Pantheon); the creators of *Is Paris Burning?*—Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre—with ***Freedom at Midnight*** (Simon & Schuster), a tale of the birth of India and Pakistan out of the ashes of the British raj; and yet another espionage thriller from Len (*Ipcress File*, et al.) Deighton, ***Yesterday's Spy*** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). From Farrar, Straus & Giroux we can expect, besides the Woiwode book, Donald Barthelme's ***The Dead Father,*** billed as his first "real" novel; ***Passions,*** new stories by Isaac Bashevis Singer; and a book we looked for all last year and hope will surface during this, ***The Right Stuff:*** electric kool Tom Wolfe on the astronauts.

We're also tempted to bet on Little, Brown's forthcoming ***The Friends of Richard Nixon,*** by George (*The Friends of Eddie Coyle*) Higgins, which once more proves that truth is stranger than, etc., and Muhammad Ali's ***The Greatest: My Own Story,*** due from Random House.

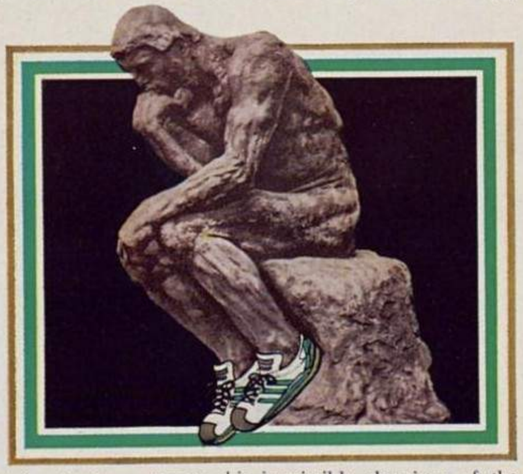
Veering off the beaten-subject-matter track are Peter Maas's new work, ***King of the Gypsies*** (Viking), about the gypsy tribes who settled in North America, and Jane Stern's ***Trucker: A Portrait of the Last American Cowboy*** (McGraw-Hill), which may make readers of people who watch *Movin' On*. And connoisseurs of the work of the late Ralph J. Gleason, dean of the music writers, may hoist a memorial glass over ***Celebrating the Duke: and Louis, Bessie, Billie, Bird, Carmen, Miles, Dizzy and Other Heroes,*** completed for Little, Brown just before his death.

The two most compellingly serious nonfiction titles promise to be Richard Kluger's ***Simple Justice: The History of Brown v. Board of Education and Black America's Struggle for Equality*** (Knopf), hailed as the definitive summary of the death of the separate-but-equal doctrine in this country, and Anthony Cave Brown's secret history of D day, ***Bodyguard of Lies*** (Harper & Row).

Finally, you've heard the old adage "Leave 'em laughing"? We will. Pick up, as soon as it's out from Random House in November, ***Write if You Get Work: The Best of Bob and Ray.***

•

Jerzy Kosinski's new novel, ***Cockpit*** (Houghton Mifflin), lends itself to interpretation as a Freudian allegory of sex and violence, as an existential yarn starring alienated man or as a Nietzschean tale about an *Ubermensch*. Yet, if you read it for narrative line alone, you will still be satisfied. Kosinski is a marvelous storyteller, and *Cockpit* is a foreign intrigue of a superior literary sort. His new main character is a high-ranking secret agent who joins the American intelligence service after ingeniously escaping from his totalitarian homeland, Ruthenia (for ruthless). Anonymously, he flies around the world executing orders under the guise of a businessman. He has at his disposal endless funds, passports, domiciles, James Bond gadgetry, etc. When the role of superspy begins to bore him, he covers his tracks and drops out without a trace—even the reader does not know his name. He is a purist. He is compelled by the art of spying rather than its end result. He thrives on physical and psychological pressure. The closer he comes to annihilation or exposure, the higher the sexual charge. He has, to be sure, a high threshold for such charge—and a cruel talent for stimulating it in beautiful women as well. That is probably what *Cockpit* is about: the sadomasochistic, not to mention paranoid, exploits of an antihero who compulsively puts his virility to the test. Author Kosinski's brutally cold style increases the high sexual voltage. He creates his wild stories and effects with matter-of-fact cunning that keeps the reader fascinated to the very end.



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Richard Brautigan has a new book called ***Willard and His Bowling Trophies*** (Simon & Schuster). If you've read any Brautigan, you'll understand that there isn't any easy way to describe his books. If you haven't read any Brautigan, this is as good a place as any to start. He calls this novel "A Perverse Mystery," although there aren't any detectives or policemen to be seen. Just three sets of lives: one happy, one unhappy and one angry. These lives collide for reasons that can only be called perverse. Brautigan is again writing in a style that gives off heavy intimations of Hemingway—had Papa ever gotten around to blowing a lot of grass. The story is slim, but the nuances are all touching. Brautigan has real feeling for small lives that are just going on and going wrong. You'll find yourself liking his characters—and very often he makes you smile, which has to be worth something these days.

•

From the time of the ancient Greeks, Western thought has scrupulously separated the worlds of intellect and sport, so that both have been properly celebrated but never fused. George Leonard deeply regrets this immiscible chemistry of the culture and, in his book ***The Ultimate Athlete*** (Viking), does a good deal of clean, amply researched thinking on the body and the games we've made it play. It's a high,

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lyrical, free-spirited book, a sort of Chagall painting in prose that transmits the authors' abiding love for physical activity free of those mean motivations: blood and competition. Leonard roams through chapters on the martial art *aikido* and its concept of the energy body, and then on to highly personal and poetically written chapters on flying (which he loved with a furious passion as a World War Two pilot), running, diving, risking and dying. Dying? What has that to do with games? "Everything," replies Leonard, "if you define life as the Game of Games and see all the rhythms and nuances of daily movement as everyone's individual way of playing it." What is finally commendable is that Leonard not only reminisces and challenges historical thinking but applies his compassion to solutions, recommending new approaches to physical education and even a number of inventive, noncompetitive games, such as Infinity Volleyball. For all those scrambling, snarling, kill-my-mother-to-win weekend athletes who should read this book, Infinity Volleyball and New Frisbee may provoke angry scorn, but perhaps the true compliment that should be paid *The Ultimate Athlete* is that it so effectively urges you to get off your ass and out of the house.

•

If you think sexually explicit photographs leave nothing to the imagination, pick up Ron Raffaelli's ***Rapture*** (Grove Press), a collection of 13 photographic fantasies, and find out how wrong you can be. The models exemplify everything from rambunctious innocence to cosmic decadence (what else can you say about a girl whose pubic hair is shaved to

resemble a caricature of Groucho Marx?). Some of the scenes are arresting; others merely exercise stop-and-frisk laws on your libido. There is an awesome sequence of a couple in the act of cunnilingus in the desert that you will remember for the rest of your life, at just the right times.

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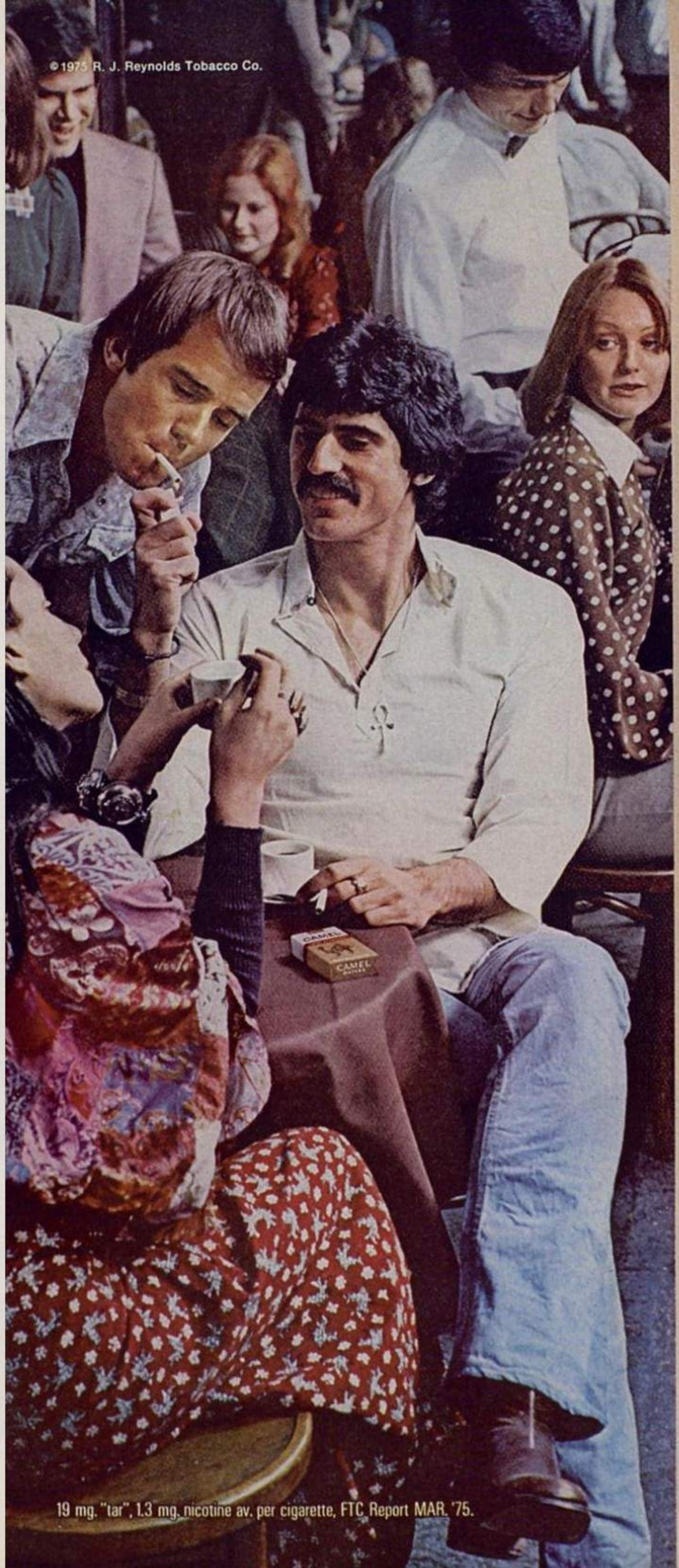
William F. Buckley, Jr., has been complaining for a long time now. Usually, you



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think of him griping about some politician or another who either supports Social Security or doesn't support an anti-Communist foreign policy. But Buckley's anger has range. Fifteen years ago, he wrote a wonderful magazine article called "Why Don't We Complain?" and, in it, lectured all of us for putting up with shoddy goods and services that weren't worthy of the name. Truly, there was a man who was ahead of the times. Well, he has kept it up and after all these years of books, newspaper columns and television shows, it is Buckley the scold who wears best. There should be more of him in the latest collection, ***Execution Eve: And Other Contemporary Ballads*** (Putnam), but what there is satisfies and delights. Buckley is largely soso and predictable when he writes about McGovern and Watergate and other political subjects. And one feels for the man when he attempts to defend Nixon—never let it be said that Buckley could pick a winner. In fact, we should all wish him a liberal White House occupant for as long as he writes. But read these few lines describing a flight on Air France and know what it is to bitch gracefully: "When President de Gaulle stepped into his [Air France jet], one assumes it was designed to permit him to stretch out his presidential legs. If he had attempted to do so in the Caravelle Air France now uses, he'd have been arrested for molesting the lady four seats in front of him." If only Ralph Nader could make the point so well.

•

Humboldt's Gift (Viking) is a personal, crazy, funny, bittersweet, patchwork quilt of a novel that evokes Saul Bellow's fierce love of Chicago, his life among the intellectual sachems of New York in the Forties and his own troubled friendship with the poet Delmore Schwartz. The book (part of which appeared in PLAYBOY in January 1974) steers clear of the stingy, misanthropic lines of *Mr. Sammler's Planet* and seems more closely related to the comic hysteria of *Herzog* and *The Adventures of Augie March*. Charles Citrine, the narrator of *Humboldt's Gift*, is Augie March passing through middle age and Moses Herzog growing old. Although he sees himself "on the border of senility, his back hooked, and feeble," Citrine "can still beat a junkie in the hundred-yard dash." An archetypal Bellow character, the intellectual buffoon surrounded by bitch women, Citrine, mumbling the eternal questions about God, man and universe, finds himself in constant conflict with the dross of his day-to-day existence. And it is exactly here, in a muddled confusion of lawyers, alimony, mistresses, ancient girlfriends, children, wives, a smashed car, a Russian steam bath, a petty gangster, a demented poet and a paddleball game, that Bellow reveals his inimitable wit and his very special grace: the ability to cauterize commonplace wounds and contend with the psychopathology of everyday life. It is the feel, the texture, the specific gravity of the material world, with all its trappings, that Bellow provides for us. The poet Von Humboldt Fleisher, "bandoliered with fountain pens and ballpoints," sticks in our heads; we can respond with sad amusement to the cotton wadded in his pill bottles, "like rabbit droppings," and we can mourn his miserable death: "At the morgue there were no readers of modern poetry." The book haunts us with the poignancy of ghosts rising from the landscape of our own past.

•

A lot of books about rape have been published in the past couple of years. Some are first-person accounts by rapists or victims cashing in on their stories;

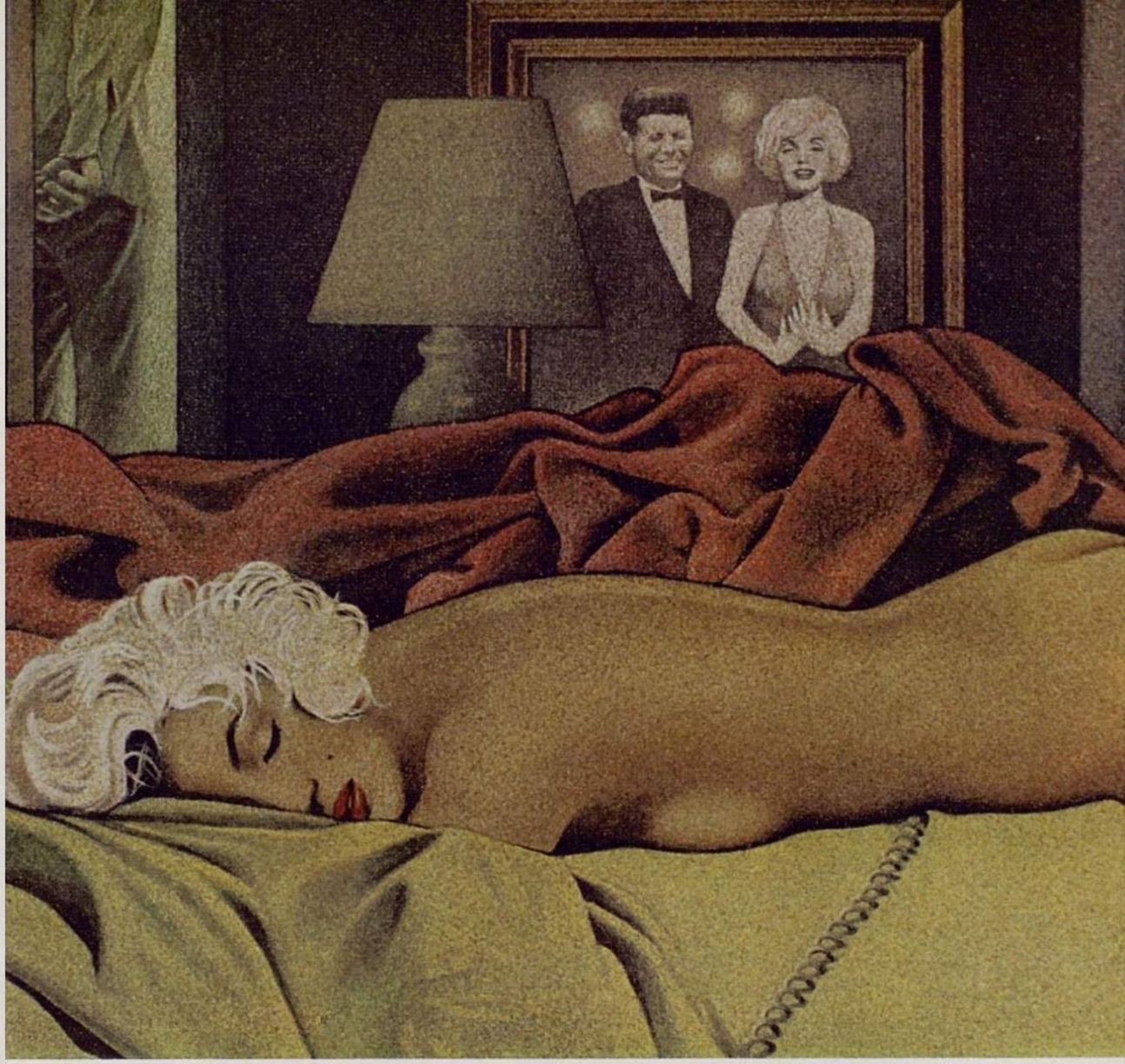
others are instruction manuals encouraging women to become kung-fu fighters. ***Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape*** (Simon & Schuster), by Susan Brownmiller, is different. It is, in fact, everything you ever wanted to know about rape and then some. No period of history escapes the author's eye, and after a thorough examination of her subject—she spent four years researching and writing this book—she concludes that rape is not just a sexual attack but a political one as well. "Rape is nothing more or less than a conscious process of intimidation," she writes, "by which *all men* keep *all women* in a state of fear." Our attitudes about rape have grown up since Kinsey said that the difference between a good time and a rape may hinge on whether the girl's parents were awake when she arrived home. But *Against Our Will*, at times overburdened with statistics and dry writing, depressingly shows us that we are still a long way from understanding this crime.

•

Reading Donald E. Westlake for the first time is like smoking your first pack of cigarettes—once you've done it, you're hooked. You'll find yourself riffling through card catalogs in search of another fix and when you've exhausted your supply, you'll have to wait six months or so in a literary nicotine fit of anticipation for his next book. Well, junkies, this is your lucky month: Westlake has just published ***Brother's Keepers*** (Evans), an exceedingly funny and entertaining fable about a doomed Crispinite monastery on Park Avenue as told by an agreeably irascible and somewhat uncertain monk named Brother Benedict. And it's pure Westlake all the way, written in the same engaging style that made *Adios Scheherazade* and *Help I'm Being Held Prisoner* his two funniest novels to date. Remember, we warned you: Westlake is habit-forming.

MOVIES

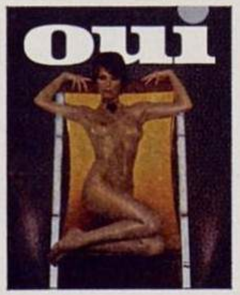
Previews: If 1974–1975 was a vintage year for epic disaster movies, the 1975–1976 season may be remembered as a bicentennial orgy of big-time film biographies, several devoted to Hollywood's own. Among the holiday baubles to come will be ***Lombard and Gable,*** director Sidney J. Furie's homage to two alltime-great superstars, with Jill Clayburgh and James Brolin running the considerable risk of unfavorable comparison. In ***W. C. Fields and Me,*** due early in 1976, sobersided Rod Steiger plays the celebrated screen comedian opposite *Lenny*'s award-winning Valerie Perrine as Carlotta Monti, Fields's longtime mistress, with Jack Cassidy in a supporting stint as John Barrymore. ***Busby*** is the projected title for a bio based on the career of veteran choreographer and director Busby Berkeley, creator of art-deco fantasies in such memorable musicals as *42nd Street* and *Gold Diggers of 1933*. The swinging life and times of swashbuckler Errol Flynn are also due to be commemorated on film, though the actor destined for In-like-Flynn fame has not been identified as we go to press. Beyond the range of Hollywood's *Who's Who*, watch for ***Leadbelly,*** a completed biography of black folk singer Huddie Ledbetter, rumored to be a winner, with Roger Mosley in the lead role; Richard Burton as ***Tito;*** and Telly Savalas as ***Nick the Greek,*** a high-rolling professional gambler of yesteryear. In Rome, ***Fellini's Casanova*** is getting up steam with Donald Sutherland, of all people, starred as the 18th Century



WHO KILLED MARILYN MONROE?

At the peak of her career, Marilyn was found dead, an apparent suicide from an overdose of sleeping pills. But according to the official autopsy, there was none of the usual residue of drugs in her body. Cover-up? Perhaps. Marilyn had been linked romantically with both John and Robert Kennedy. Did she know too much? Was her "suicide" really an assassination? Investigative reporter Anthony Scaduto probes Norma Jean's untimely death in the current issue of OUI and comes up with some startling revelations—and some embarrassing unanswered questions.

In the same issue, OUI examines the growing menace of *Women Who Rape*.



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originator of kiss and tell. Paul Newman will be visible, presumably catching the spirit of '76, in ***Buffalo Bill and the Indians,*** by director Robert Altman, who has cast *Nashville*'s Geraldine Chaplin as Annie Oakley. Another *Nashville* alumna, TV's Lily Tomlin, is joining Bruce Dern and a canine movie newcomer in a comedy titled ***Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved Warner Bros.,*** not strictly a biography of Rin Tin Tin but a tongue-in-cheek tribute to a dog who had his day in Hollywood.

If life portraits are not your bag, comic relief is on the way. ***The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' SMARTER Brother,*** which ought to surface around Christmastime, sounds promising, with Gene Wilder as writer, director and star. Walter Matthau, George Burns, Richard Benjamin and Lee

Meredith in a movie version of ***The Sunshine Boys,*** Neil Simon's Broadway hit about a pair of retired vaudevillians, should brighten the yuletide with additional yoks. Ditto ***The Blackbird,*** a private-eye spoof that is, in fact, *The Maltese Falcon* revisited—with George Segal as the son of Sam Spade opposite France's exquisite Stéphane Audran. And Paramount vows to wheel out ***The Big Bus,*** a laff riot that's supposed to provide an answer to all previous disaster epics—something about a bus that encounters earthquakes, hurricanes and tornadoes during a cross-country trip. So far, the passenger list is incomplete.

Several for-real epics are either in the can or in the making. There should be a deafening report from ***Midway,*** director Jack Smight's World War Two naval spectacular starring Charlton Heston, Robert Mitchum (as Admiral "Bull" Halsey) and Henry Fonda (as Admiral Nimitz), by the time the smoke has cleared from ***The Hindenburg*** (with George C. Scott and Anne Bancroft). And, speaking of debacles, can anything beat Watergate? Another bicentennial special in store is ***All the President's Men,*** with Alan J. Pakula directing William Goldman's adaptation of the book by Washington investigative reporters Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein (played, respectively, by Robert Redford and Dustin Hoffman).

There are too few new musicals to constitute a trend, yet an optimistic tendency is apparent in an upcoming MGM extravaganza called ***That's Entertainment, Too.*** ***Quilp,*** a tuneful version of Dickens' *Old Curiosity Shop,* with Anthony Newley, is due around Thanksgiving, and a Christmas release is predicted for the lavish musical based on Maurice Maeterlinck's classic, ***The Blue Bird.*** A fringe benefit of Soviet-American *détente,* it's been filmed in Russia by George Cukor with Jane Fonda, Cicely Tyson, Ava Gardner and Elizabeth Taylor. Sophisticates may prefer to wait till next year for Neil Simon's comedy with music, ***Little Me,*** a rags-to-rich-bitch saga teaming Goldie Hawn and Carol Channing.

Seekers of sheer escapism—especially starry treks into love and adventure—can soon rendezvous with ***Lucky Lady*** (Liza Minnelli, Burt Reynolds and Gene Hackman as a trio of Prohibition-era rumrunners); ***The Royal Flash*** (Malcolm McDowell, Alan Bates, Florinda Bolkan and Britt Ekland in one of George MacDonald Fraser's rollicking *Flashman* tales—another of which is continuing in this issue of PLAYBOY); and, of course, Stanley Kubrick's long-awaited ***Barry Lyndon*** (Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson in merry old England). Outright thrill seekers may choose between Alfred Hitchcock's latest, ***Deceit*** (starring Karen Black and Bruce Dern), and John Schlesinger's ***Marathon Man*** (Dustin Hoffman again), from the William Goldman thriller.

Needless to say, the casting coup of the year was director Arthur Penn's signing of Marlon Brando and Jack Nicholson to co-star in ***The Missouri Breaks,*** an original Western written by novelist Thomas McGuane. How do you top that? Well, maybe with ***Murder by Death***—a projected romp (from a script by the indefatigable Neil Simon) in which famous writers and detective characters are supposedly to be portrayed by Peter Falk, Orson Welles, David Niven, Myrna Loy and Truman Capote. Yes, *the* Truman Capote.

•

Producer-director Norman Jewison's ***Rollerball*** conjures up a futuristic world in the year 2018 A.D., after the "corporate wars." Women's lib is a forgotten issue and the females at hand are more or less mannequins (Maud Adams, Pamela Hensley and Barbara Trentham portray the breed with unblemished perfection) who serve as bait to keep brainwashed men from getting out of line. Since sickness, poverty and free libraries have been abolished, the all-powerful corporations lull their citizens into a sense of well-being by planting them in front of multiple-screen TV sets to watch a brutal sport known as Rollerball—a kind of World Cup soccer match on wheels. The game "demonstrates the futility of individual effort," according to the Gospel of Bartholomew (John Houseman), a venerable tyrant who detects a problem in the public's idolization of a Rollerball star named Jonathan E. (James Caan). In this future world, there's no place for personality cults. The trouble is, *Rollerball*'s simplistic sociopolitical premises rest on shifting sand, for the movie (adapted from a short story by scenarist William Harrison) pits one rugged, stubborn individual against the established order as if his ultimate victory were a blow for freedom—while, in fact, the hysterical followers of *Rollerball*'s heroic superjock promise little more than an equally insidious brand of fascism. The film's action sequences at game time are marvelously edited and photographed (cinematography by Douglas Slocombe) but finally so repetitious that their shock value slips away; and the production *in toto* looks like a costly, misguided attempt to duplicate the splendors of Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey* (right down to the strains of lush classical music pouring from the sound track). Caan as Jonathan E. is almost too convincing a jock to be wholly believable as a sensitive man propelled by circumstances into a labyrinth of self-doubt. As drama, *Rollerball* is both pretentious and dull, and occasionally reeks of exploitation—giving 1975 movie audiences the uninhibited violence they crave while piously reminding them that the future looks grim for a world full of armchair quarterbacks addicted to strong-arm stuff. As satire, the movie hasn't a shred of humor except in one brief, gleaming episode with Ralph

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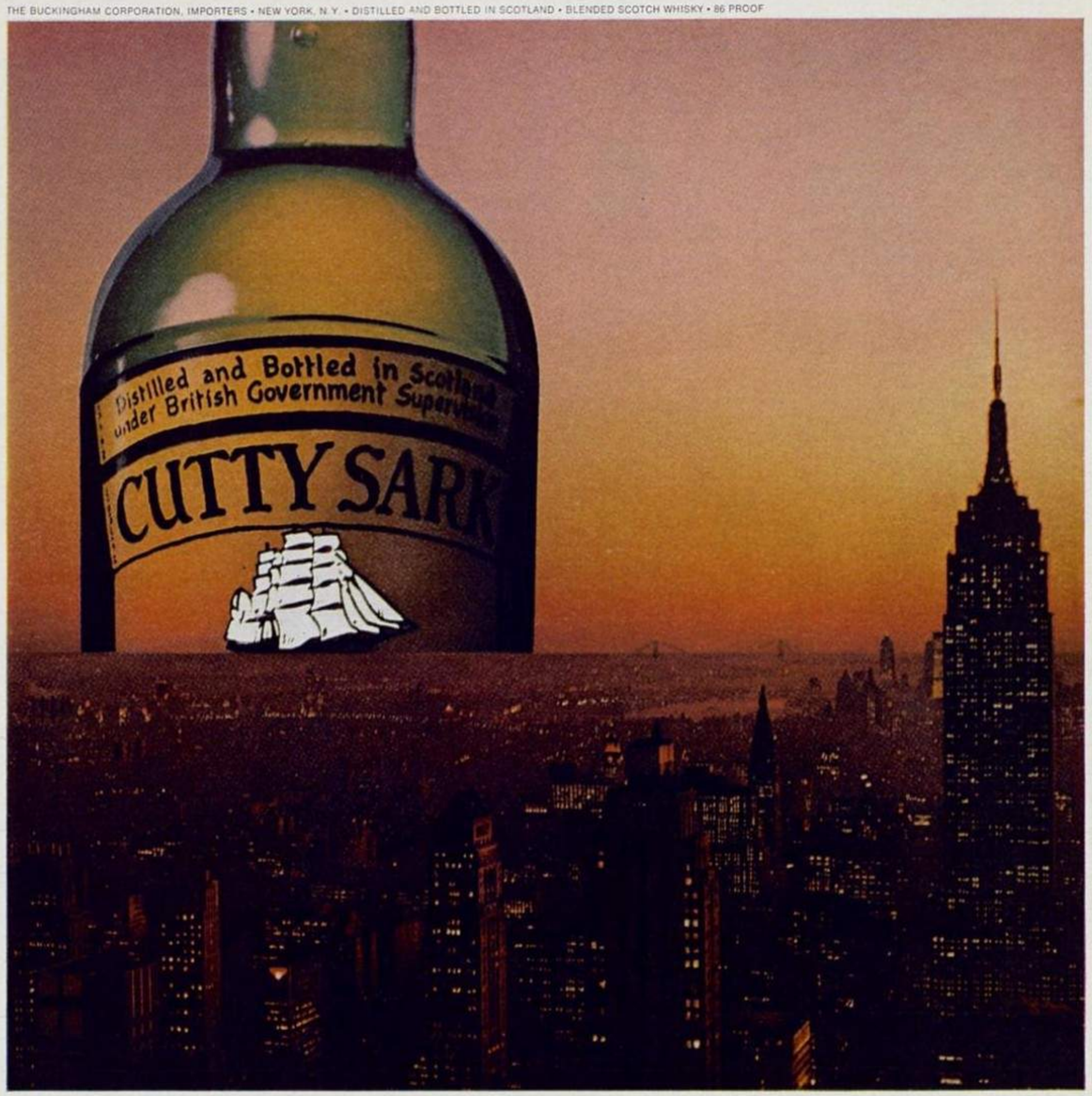

...and now it's time for a Cutty.

Richardson, as a dithery librarian whose computer bank contains the whole history of mankind, locked away under heavy guard. Richardson's dilemma is that he cannot locate the 13th Century. Nothing important, "just Dante . . . and a few corrupt Popes," he says with a shrug.

•

If Scotland's Nicol Williamson were working in more movies, as he ought to be, he would soon challenge all competition as one of the great screen villains. Playing the archfoe of Sidney Poitier and Michael Caine in ***The Wilby Conspiracy,*** Williamson is evil, righteous, corrosive—exactly the kind of man audiences love to hate. In fact, he spews venom as if he found every drop delectable. *Wilby* (directed by Ralph Nelson) offers snappish dialog along with grubby-exotic South African settings (actually filmed in Kenya), plus a timely theme. South Africa's insidious apartheid laws keep the story moving and keep Caine and Poitier on the lam from Cape Town to Johannesburg—one as a more-or-less innocent bystander, the other as an insurgent Bantu leader recently sprung from jail. Williamson, in hot pursuit throughout, speaks for the white Afrikaner racists ("a civilized Christian minority"). *Wilby Conspiracy* is a headlong sort of movie, with black and white representing Good and Evil, and only marginal debate as to which is which. But you get your Nicol's worth.

•

Even in the present climate of permissiveness, it takes nerve for a glittering new superstar of Al Pacino's stature to risk his *macho* image as The Godfather's son and heir by assuming the touchy role of a homosexual bank robber in ***Dog Day Afternoon.*** Fortunately, Pacino shows that an actor with a white-hot talent can burn his bridges any way he chooses, and *Dog Day* turns out to be a personal triumph as well as a movie brim full of drama, pathos, humanity and the kind of feisty street-wise humor that's pretty much indigenous to New York. Adapted by Frank Pierson from a magazine article about the larcenous daredevil who invaded a neighborly Brooklyn bank, took hostages and held a regiment of New York's finest at bay because he needed the money to pay for his male lover's sex-change surgery, *Dog Day Afternoon* is not just a crime story but a rueful ode to the perennial underdog—in that moment of truth when he becomes, however briefly, the man of the hour. A lot of credit for the film's impact accrues to director Sidney Lumet, whose intuitive grasp of the New York scene made *Serpico* a winner. Throughout *Dog Day,* Lumet cannily catches the precise local color of midsummer madness as practiced beyond the Brooklyn Bridge—whether he is dealing with the mixed emotions of the captive female tellers, caught between abject terror and the giddy prospect of a once-in-a-lifetime chance of being shanghaied by giant jet to some faraway place more exotic than Flatbush, or stressing the seriocomic contradictions of the robber's inept accomplice (neatly underplayed by John Cazale, well remembered as The Godfather's weakling son), who seems just irrational enough to kill a woman, maybe, after soberly warning her that cigarette smoking is bad for her health. Charles Durning, as a police spokesman, and James Broderick, as an FBI man called to the scene, head a supporting cast so persuasive that it's tough to pick favorites—though movie newcomer Chris Sarandon certainly rates a nod for his poignant portrayal of the bank robber's "wife," a skinny, trembling faggot named Leon. Starting from a point of view that is unequivocally New York liberal, Pacino, Lumet and company transform yesterday's strident headlines into an honest and irresistible portrait of a loser.

•

A gentle new wave of Swiss movies with French flair gets another substantial lift from director Claude Goretta in ***The Invitation,*** a 1973 Cannes special-prize winner and 1974 Oscar nominee belatedly being seen in U. S. moviehouses. Goretta chooses the framework of an office party—with all the repressed bitterness, furtive passion and unexpected drunken disclosures usual on such occasions—to spell out a perceptive human comedy that's as special in its appeal as a dry white wine. A meek insurance clerk (played with masterful understatement by Michel Robin) is suddenly liberated by the death of his aged mother; he takes a leave of absence from his job, sells the family home in a fast-growing part of the city where every chunk of real estate is worth its weight in gold and finds he can afford to buy an imposing country mansion. To celebrate the end of mourning in his luxurious new digs, he hires a barman and invites his office colleagues to spend a muggy summer Sunday out of town. Nearly everyone shows up, and their shy host's sudden show of affluence sets off a chain reaction of truth or consequences—the boss makes overtures to his secretary; the office clown makes embarrassing jokes; a reticent married man spends the entire day on the telephone, reporting every detail to his wife; an ebullient girl drinks too much champagne and starts throwing her clothes off. The story ends where it began, of course—back in the office, with a new girl at one desk, life continuing at the same humdrum pace as before. Goretta's considerable achievement is that he has introduced a handful of people and completely exposed the sad, stifled quality of their lives without resorting to a single cliché. In a film era usually clamoring for stronger stuff, *The Invitation* recalls those durable Golden Oldies by half-forgotten directors such as Jean Renoir and René Clair.

•

Antiquated notions about "the honor of the regiment"—back in the days when English imperialism demanded that stalwart young subalterns prove their mettle with Her Majesty's forces in India—are apt to seem irrelevant to modern-day movie audiences. Otherwise, director Michael Anderson's British-made ***Conduct Unbecoming*** (adapted from a London stage success) is an exemplary work, unmistakably theatrical but filmed with intelligence and taste and played to perfection by an all-star cast: Michael York, Richard Attenborough, Trevor Howard, Stacy Keach, Christopher Plummer and Susannah York. In essence, *Conduct* is a courtroom drama, expanded for the screen with such cool English discretion that its tricky theme cannot become offensive. York plays a conscientious young officer who is forced to defend, in summary court-martial, an arrogant comrade (newcomer James Faulkner) falsely accused of attacking the regimental hero's widow (played with prudently bridled passion by York), a lady who customarily bestows her favors only upon senior officers. Seems there's a lunatic at large, so fond of sportive pigsticking (an old army game in these parts) that he occasionally feels compelled to pierce a woman's anus with his sword. Well, honor or no honor, true or false, England's military establishment will not allow such unsavory stories to demoralize its troops—and what would the natives think, poor buggers? *Conduct Unbecoming* is the sober account of a cover-up that fails. As such, it manages to hold one's interest, carefully condemning the resilient morality of army men while deftly avoiding every real issue about the British presence in India. What the hell are they doing there in the first place? Anal assault is certainly

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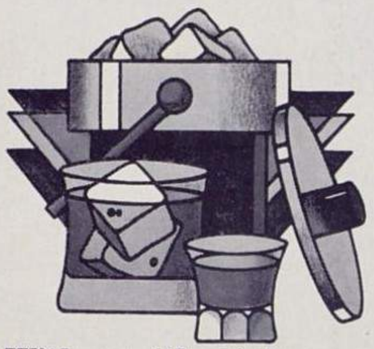

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reprehensible. Racism and colonial exploitation may, however, be worse.

•

The complex nature of guilt, as perceived by a film maker with a direct line to certain contemporary hang-ups, is studied with fine precision in writer-director Claude Chabrol's ***Just Before Nightfall.*** Made several years ago, this subtitled French psychodrama co-stars Stéphane Audran (who is also Mme. Chabrol and a substantial asset to most of her husband's films) with Michel Bouquet in a knotty, decorous little tale of murder, infidelity, retribution and closet sadomasochism among the morally anesthetized *bourgeoisie*. Bouquet plays an outwardly dull, ordinary commuter from the Paris suburbs who starts out by strangling his best friend's wife in the borrowed flat where they have engaged in kinky sex games. Practically no one suspects him, and it's one of Chabrol's characteristic ironies that the man who gets away with murder soon has to decide whether to press charges against one of his firm's most trusted employees—a clerk whose relatively innocuous crime is that he lost his head over a young girl, embezzled company funds and deserted his family. The uneasy killer ultimately confesses, first to his wife, then to his friend (François Périer)—the victim's husband. Instead of offering the catharsis he craves, they tend to reproach him for disturbing the status quo by insisting that others share his guilt. In effect, Chabrol places solid middle-class people under a harsh white light, melting away layer after layer of civilized veneer to reveal the *merde* below. The digging seldom goes terribly deep, but *Just Before Nightfall* is deep enough, and putty in the hands of performers so subtly accomplished that they remain completely credible even when they discuss life-and-death issues as if they were pondering whether to redecorate their sumptuous *maison* right now or just let everything go till spring.

•

An oil company headed by a sadistic Dixie tycoon (Murray Hamilton) stands to benefit from most of the evil deeds afoot in ***The Drowning Pool,*** and that's a sign of the times if ever we saw one. Nobody loves an oil company. But nearly everyone is crazy about Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward—he in a reprise of his role as Harper (Ross Macdonald's private-eye hero, whom Newman first portrayed approximately a decade ago), she as a spoiled New Orleans heiress who once spent "a voluptuous week" with Harper and now urgently needs his assistance. Lots of nasty Louisiana folk keep doing nasty things to one another, which makes *Drowning Pool* reasonably exciting as a formula suspense drama, short on surprises but well acted, and filmed with his usual finesse by cinematographer Gordon

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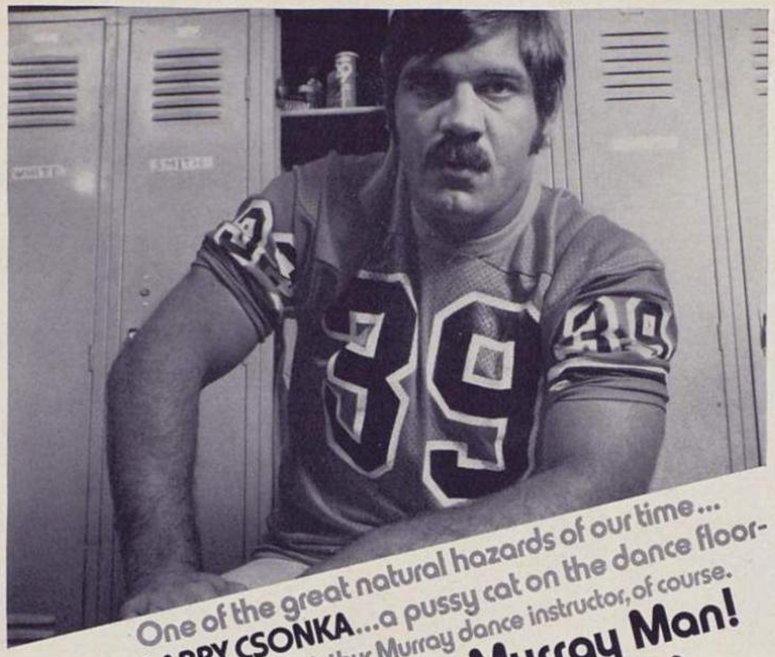

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Willis. Automatic seat belts in rental cars and bothersome damsels in distress are among the irritants Harper has to cope with upon arrival in New Orleans; the women give him the worst time—especially moviedom's fastest-rising nymphet, Melanie Griffith of *Night Moves* and *Smile*, playing Woodward's sexually precocious daughter (actually, she's the daughter of former Hitchcock starlet Tippi Hedren). Next in line are Linda Haynes as a friendly hooker and Gail Strickland as the oilman's misused wife, who joins Harper for the movie's sink-or-swim climax in a hydrotherapy room that

serves as a perfectly designed death trap. Director Stuart Rosenberg is a merely efficient film maker who knows the value of star power and keeps Newman shuttling from body to body at a brisk pace. As private-eye thrillers go, *Drowning Pool* seems unusually bland and familiar but seldom lapses into utter boredom.

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Made in Canada by director Claude Jutra, ***Kamouraska*** is lovely to look at, quivers with simmering passions and has the rich period patina of a romantic novel that one of the Brontë sisters might have penned. A spirited young lady, married off by her family to a sadistic, drunken brute who happens to belong to the landed gentry, leaves him, initiates a reckless affair with a Yankee doctor, and finally persuades the medico to murder her husband. Genevieve Bujold's stellar performance as a pert French-Canadian minx growing into a Jezebel would automatically merit Oscar consideration if *Kamouraska* were less old-fashioned or more likely to break box-office records. As the men on her mind, Philippe Leotard plays the devilish, rapacious husband without becoming ludicrous, while Richard Jordan—a tall, virile but baby-faced actor who usually plays secondary roles or bad guys—makes the most of this opportunity to display some of the charisma that subsequently prompted a major studio to sign him up for three pictures. Right now, Jordan, whose next outing will be *Logan's Run*, a sci-fi adventure set in the 23rd Century, looks like a good gamble.

•

Short Takes: ***Le Chat*** (*The Cat*), based on a Georges Simenon novel, is a small-scale, intricately crafted French drama costarring Jean Gabin and Simone Signoret, two of the most illustrious actors in any language. What else matters? Well, director Pierre Granier-Deferre's heavy-handed symbolism—the neighborhood is falling into decay, alas, the way marriage does—may be a deterrent. But it's worth enduring to watch Gabin and Signoret as an older couple who share their love-hate relationship with a cat and wage the most diabolical battle of the sexes since *Virginia Woolf*.

An earthquake releases a horde of giant cockroaches from their subterranean breeding ground in ***Bug*** (formerly titled *The Hephaestus Plague*). Bradford Dillman strenuously overacts the mad-scientist role, helping the damnable insects multiply for reasons never made clear in this sci-fi thriller that evokes equal parts of laughter and pure yiiiick.

Moviegoers who are weary of waiting in line to see *Jaws* might pass the time pleasurably with ***Sharks' Treasure***. Protean writer-producer-director and star Cornel Wilde combines some fine, chilling underwater photography—of sharks hunted or hunting—with a crisply told adventure tale about four men (Yaphet Kotto the most noteworthy) aboard a salvage ship pirated by a band of worse predators: five convicts whose greed, sadism and homosexual infighting keep things moving.

In the words of ***Race with the Devil*** producer Paul Maslansky: "We've got witches, a human sacrifice, car chases, country-and-western music and a Hitchcocklike twist at the end." They've also got Peter Fonda, Lara Parker, Warren Oates and Loretta Swit as two couples who run into some Satanists (many of them stunt drivers, apparently) while vacationing in a camper. *Devil*'s shock-a-minute tactics are shameless but effective, achieving roughly the same effect as a demolition derby. However, if you feel like slumming, slum.

Cooley High starts off as a ghetto-bred *American Graffiti*, all about three school chums (Glynn Turman, Lawrence-Hilton Jacobs and Corin Rogers) who share the tragicomic experience of growing up black in the inner city. Written with strong autobiographical flavor (by scenarist Eric Monte, who *did* get away to become a screenwriter in Hollywood) and sensitively directed by Michael Schultz, the movie slowly develops a warm and winning personality of its own.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

For the past year, I have been in love with an attractive, vivacious, twice-divorced 26-year-old woman. (She has a four-year-old daughter.) She is the most sexually experienced lover I have ever had. By her own admission, I am the first person to completely satisfy her. Perhaps because of this, she has badgered me constantly to marry her. Recently, she informed me that if I didn't marry her, I would be the last man she would love. I found out what she meant a few nights later, when I came home and discovered her on the couch making love to another woman. She has since completely changed over to the lesbian life; she has quit her job, moved in with her girlfriend and sent her daughter to live with the child's grandmother. In our final conversation, she stated that she would go straight if I married her. Not having had any previous contact with homosexuality, I feel disgusted, emasculated and just plain confused. What should I do? I love her and would like to be a part of her life, but I'm not ready to get hitched.—H. F., Sarasota, Florida.

An ancient sage once said: Never rescue a maiden who owns a dragon ranch (i.e., avoid people who have more problems than you do unless you write an advice column and can use the material). Not that lesbianism itself is a problem. In spite of the ultimatums and the comparisons with other lovers, you are not responsible for her sexual destiny. Can you imagine approaching a woman with the line: "If you don't marry me, you condemn me to a life of masturbation. Save me from myself"? If you want to play a part in her life, consider the role of ex-boyfriend.

Recently, a young lady spent the night at my apartment. After a strenuous session of tantric lovemaking, we collapsed backward and untangled ourselves. Lying there head to feet reminded me of the good old days in summer camp—I challenged her to a bit of Indian wrestling. Once. Twice. On the third count, we locked legs. As I started to pull her over toward me, she reached out and grabbed my penis, which became erect almost immediately. Shouting, "Foul!" I grabbed her below the belt and discovered, to her delight, that she was equally vulnerable. We lay there for several minutes, with our legs entwined, stroking each other lightly, getting very excited. We soon reached the point where our whole bodies ached to be involved. Not wanting to shift position, we began to suck on each other's toes, on the noninterlocked feet. (I know this sounds confusing, but imagine how it felt.) The climax was terrific, precipitated

mainly by the oral sex on the toes. I'm freaked out; I had no idea that toes were sensitive. Have you ever heard of anything like this?—T. M., Des Moines, Iowa.

Yes. It's a favorite form of foreplay among politicians, although they usually go for the whole foot. Toe sucking is a popular sensory-awareness exercise in encounter groups. It is a novel way for couples to get to know each other intimately; also, it gets them turned around in the right direction.

I am going to Japan for several months on business; I would like to buy a car or a motorcycle there, see the country, then ship it home. I've heard of this being done with European vehicles but never with Japanese makes. What kind of obstacles will I face?—T. P., San Francisco, California.

Well, for one thing, the world's most spectacular traffic jam. You might not even make it out of the showroom. Before you can buy a car in Japan, you must prove that you have a place to park it there. (Are you listening, Abe Beame?) Next, at some point before you bring the beast home, you should make sure it meets U. S. pollution and safety standards. This is no problem for cycles (all you change is the lighting system), but with cars it becomes quite complicated. The easiest route is to buy a model that already meets U. S. pollution and safety standards (it will have a Department of Transportation certificate). If you arrive on our smog-bound shores with an unmodified car or cycle, you must post a bond for the total cost of the vehicle, plus the three percent duty for cars and five percent for cycles. Customs won't clear the vehicle until you can show you've made the changes. Other drawbacks—you must arrange for shipment yourself. (The Land of the Rising Sun has no equivalent of the European car and motorcycle dealers who organize drive-it-home tours.) The time and money involved in this step, not to mention the devaluations that make it less than a bargain in the first place, should give you second thoughts. Our advice: Buy a Japanese license plate or decal and put it on a car you buy here.

Help! I'm in love with the roommate of the girl I'm currently dating. I want her, but I don't want to hurt the one I'm with. The roommate has shown some interest in me, but I think she's as afraid to start something as I am. What should we do?—F. E., Portland, Oregon.

Under no circumstances should you continue to date a person out of pity, sympathy or a finders, keepers sense of fatalism. It's your life; make sure you live it for and as yourself. In this case, to simplify matters, apply the principle of the greatest good for the greatest number. Look at the options: If you make the break now and start dating the roommate, that's two up and (maybe) one down. If you arrange a ménage à trois, *that's three up and no down. Keep on with the present arrangement and eventually you will be miserable, your date will be miserable and the roommate will be miserable. That's three down. By the time the original relationship disintegrates, the frustrated roommate may have found someone else. Then where would you be? Gainfully employed as a soap-opera scriptwriter.*

My wife shaved her pubic hair as a surprise for me; it took some getting used to, but soon I was muttering that "Bald is beautiful." The stark-nakedness of her private parts was entrancing; the contrast to my own unshaved region was very erotic. The thought of being able to see myself disappear inside her was enough to turn me on; the fact that she looked like a preadolescent Lolita also helped. Nothing like jailbait to get the juices running. We found that massaging the exposed pubis with a cream or oil seemed to make the whole area into a single erogenous zone. (Slippin' and aslidin'!) Unfortunately, after a few days, the stubble appeared and the discomfort of shaving outweighed the pleasure in bed. My wife let her hair grow out. We'd like to try it again, if possible on a permanent basis. Plucking and electrolysis are out; we wonder about depilatories—most carry

a warning to avoid contact with the eyes. Can they cause harm anywhere else?—S. A., East Aurora, New York.

Pubic hair serves as a protective cover and dry lubricant during sexual intercourse. Bald may be beautiful, but it can also be quite irritating. For this reason, depilatories are not recommended: In the process of removing the bush, it is possible to burn the sensitive skin around the genitals. Since your wife was turned off by the discomfort of daily shaving, you might reserve the Kojak caper for special occasions, like anniversaries. Do it for a day, then let the hair grow back.

Graham Greene's autobiography contains a line ("I remember how deftly the Emperor's Crown used to be performed by three girls at once in a brothel in Batista's Havana. Three can surely be as dangerous company as two.") that is paraphrased in his novel *Travels with My Aunt* ("There was a brothel in Havana where the Emperor's Crown was admirably performed by three nice girls"). Obviously, whatever the Emperor's Crown is, or was, it certainly impressed Greene. None of my friends has ever heard of the arrangement, but we've made some imaginative guesses: a form of fellatio for heads of state? What you wear after you've put on the Emperor's new clothes?—V. H., Megargel, Texas.

The Cuban Revolution did more than cut off our supply of good cigars. According to a usually reliable source (one of our plumbers), pre-Castro Havana was noted for having the most outrageous sex circuses in the Western world. The Emperor's Crown was a favorite act (no, you didn't see it on the Sullivan show); it involved one man and (you guessed it) three girls. The first girl would sit on the man's face, the second girl would straddle his erect penis, while the third girl would kneel between his legs, taking his testicles into her mouth. The arrangement, seen from the side, was said to resemble a crown. We guess you had to be there.

I was in a record store the other day, looking for a copy of Scriabin's *Poem of Ecstasy* (the best make-out music ever, by the way). The salesman told me I could buy the same performance on a U. S. label or a more expensive German label. He recommended the latter, claiming that there was a noticeable difference between imports and domestics. European records are supposedly as good as U. S. test pressings (the first few discs cut from a master). True? Is there a reason beyond snob appeal to justify the extra money?—J. G., Evanston, Illinois.

Probably. There is a difference in quality between imported and domestic records; it may not be obvious to a listener whose attention is focused elsewhere. (Stereo thighs!) European discs are expensive and European buyers expect higher quality. (They also take better care of their albums, spending more money than Americans do on record-cleaning equipment.) The comparison to test pressings is, for the most part, accurate. The records pressed from a master before final production begins are usually top-notch. After about 25,000 discs, the quality deteriorates. A conscientious record company will replace the master before that point is reached—raising both cost and quality. U. S. companies seem to feel that it is cheaper to replace defective records than to ensure flawless production. However, top-of-the-line classical records, no matter what the source, are usually excellent. By the way, have you tried Pachelbel's "Canon and Gigue in D Major"? Martin Mull's "Dueling Tubas"?

Over the past few years, glass carafes for wine have become fairly popular. Most house wines are served in liter or half-liter carafes, and some California wines are bottled in carafe-shaped containers. I've noticed tiny medallions embossed on the necks of certain carafes. I wonder—what do they mean?—W. M., Clearwater, Florida.

Originally, Italian wine makers used lead medallions to certify the proper volume of a carafe. The glass versions serve no official function today, except, perhaps, to provide a better grip.

My boyfriend recently told me that he likes to dress in women's clothes. He has been trying to explain this to me for a long time, but he's so full of guilt that he could never really talk about it. I would like to marry him but not until I can understand more about his problem. I'm getting an ulcer trying to guess what's on his mind. I don't know whether I should feel threatened or not. What should I do?—Miss T. D., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Your boyfriend is a transvestite—a man who derives pleasure from playing musical wardrobes. It's a common fetish and the fashion exchange is about as far as it goes. Clothes do not unmake the man. Almost all transvestites are completely heterosexual; most are married and their marriages are generally as successful as anyone else's. Although no one knows the exact origin of fetishes, it is believed that they are the result of what psychologists call imprinting. If a young person has an intense sexual experience in, around or because of a certain object, it is possible that this object will always be a symbol of sex to him. For example, a transvestite might have first masturbated in a bathroom where his mother's lingerie was hanging to dry. (Washer-driers may put an end to the phenomenon.) If you'd like more information, write to: Transvestia, P. O. Box 36091, Los Angeles, California 90036. This organization is devoted to transvestites and has volunteer counselors in many areas of the country. So go ahead with your marriage plans—just think of the money you'll save on clothes.

Due to job circumstances, I get to see my boyfriend only once or twice a month. Our romantic encounters usually include dinner at one of the more elegant restaurants in New York. Absence makes the heart grow fonder and the tongue grow bolder—our candlelight conversations are often deeply intimate. Should we interrupt our dialog when the waiter serves us?—Miss L. S., New York, New York.

The old rules have started to be relaxed: Remember the adage that claimed you should never write anything in a letter that you wouldn't want to read in The New York Times? *Nowadays, the standard for self-censorship seems to be based on the pages of* Screw *or* The National Enquirer. *Then again, you should never say anything on the telephone that you wouldn't say in court. If you don't want to eat your words, restaurants may be the only safe place to meet and talk. We doubt if you'll faze your waiter. Save your compliments for the end of the meal. Leave a big tip and maybe he'll give you the cassette recording of your conversation as a memento of the evening.*

Can strychnine be used as an aphrodisiac? There was a reference to the drug in a movie (I think it was *Harry and Tonto*) that led me to believe it increases potency. Is this true?—L. B., Kansas City, Kansas.

Only for necrophiliacs. For many years, strychnine preparations have been used as tonics to stimulate the central nervous system. A combination of strychnine, thyroid and yohimbine is sometimes prescribed for "temporary psychogenic impotence," but the possible side effects (fainting, dizziness and vomiting) are a bummer. According to "Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics," strychnine is not for kicks: "To the drug have been ascribed properties which it does not possess, or which it exhibits only when administered in toxic doses." Strychnine increases excitability by selectively blocking neural inhibition; any stimulus then produces an exaggerated reflex—fatal convulsions. If you think this sounds like a "Masterpiece Theater" production of the pornographic murder mystery "Strychnine and Black Lace," you're right.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

The extraordinary new 2121. With Dolby*-under $200.†

Until now, only higher priced cassette and reel to reel decks provided enough recording capability and features to match a sophisticated high fidelity system. But Pioneer's engineers, in a two-year project, have designed the no-compromise 2121 deck to outperform anything in its under two hundred dollar price class. We are truly proud of its accomplishments.

Its front-loading, front-control operation makes it fit easily into your system, under, above or next to your other components. As for features, the 2121 is loaded. Here are some of them:

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Switch from one mode to another, bypassing the Stop lever.

Separate bias and equalization switches for any type of tape.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

an interchange of ideas between reader and editor on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"

MIRACLE OF ORGASM

Only a woman can fully grasp what it means when I say that I had my first orgasm at the age of 46, after 26 years of marriage. It happened two years ago, and you simply wouldn't believe how I've spent the time since. But you can get a good clue by reading the letter that was responsible for my miracle, the letter in the October 1972 *Playboy Forum* titled "First Orgasm."

That letter changed my life, and I wish I could thank the woman who wrote it. I am now doing some volunteer work in the field of sex therapy and may eventually go into it on a full-time basis. I plan to show that beautiful and momentous letter to others, in the hope that it will motivate them the way it motivated me.

(Name withheld by request)
Richmond, Virginia

RECRIMINALIZING SEX

For several years, many Californians have fought for the legalization of sexual relationships between consenting adults—including homosexuals. We seemingly won when the state senate passed a bill sponsored by assemblyman Willie Brown after the lieutenant governor broke a tie at the last moment (*Forum Newsfront*, September). The bill takes effect in January.

However, a Sacramento-based group calling itself the Coalition of Concerned Christians is trying to gather 310,000 signatures on a petition to put the new law before the state's voters for repeal next June. It claims that school children will not be safe from gay teachers and that people will be making love in public. Hopefully, the people of California will reject such patent nonsense, but one ought never underestimate the determination of groups like this one.

The battle for sane sexual reform never ends.

Frank J. Howell
United Methodist Gay Caucus
Hayward, California

AS OHIO GOES . . .

A letter in the June *Playboy Forum* describes motels showing sexy movies on closed-circuit TV as "a new California concept." I'd like to set the record straight: Ohio, not California, had the world's first X-rated motel, my Hillcrest Motel in Cleveland, where I started the new policy in December 1972.

Since then, I've come up with closed-circuit, X-rated TV shows in the customized El Dorado limousine I offer for rent and I make a video-tape camera available, for a fee, to guests who want to create their own shows. Until I move to California, Ohio will continue to lead the nation.

Owen J. Kilbane
Cleveland, Ohio

THE RUBBER TREE

A shop has been opened across the street from my old high school, advertising itself as a contraceptive boutique. I dropped in and talked to the manager; she was sitting by a bumper sticker that stated, WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS—A GOOD FIVE-CENT CONTRACEPTIVE. Under the sticker, there were two bowls containing just that, an assortment of nickel condoms.

The manager told me the shop, run by the local chapter of Zero Population Growth, was across from the school because it wanted to reach kids who might be too embarrassed to buy contraceptives at the neighborhood drugstore and aren't old enough to get them from coin-operated dispensers in taverns. The shop offers 26 types of condoms and eight types of foams, creams and jellies, all for about 10 to 20 percent less than the usual retail prices. Right now, she said, the best-selling contraceptives are the nickel condoms, followed by animal-tissue condoms and those that come in a variety of colors.

Judging by what I saw during my visit, the shop could do well with high school kids. There's no pressure whatsoever on them. Instead of getting a cold stare from a pharmacist, they listen to classical music and there are no questions asked. The name of the boutique is the Rubber Tree. Asked about this, the manager told me, "We named it after that rubber plant you see right there in the front window, of course."

Erik Lacitis
Seattle, Washington

SEX IN THE BACK SEAT

After recounting the loss of his virginity at a drive-in movie, a reader declares that today's liberated and healthy attitudes are "threatening to take all the fun out of sex" (*The Playboy Forum*, July). He adds, "Maybe it's time to put sex back in the gutter or in the back seat, let kids learn their own way and let them have *fun* with it again." I

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suspect that this man's experience with the gutter approach to sex may be somewhat limited.

My own boyhood attitudes toward sex were certainly unhealthy and unliberated. I thought that sex was sinful, and yet something that a man could be proud of. In my junior year of high school, a new girl joined my class; her family had just moved into our town. She and I became friendly and quickly started dating. I was amazed to discover that, unlike the local girls, she seemed to have no sexual inhibitions. On our second time out together, we went for a walk in the woods, and after we'd necked for a while, she unzipped my pants, took my penis out and expertly stroked me to a climax. Then she showed me, without hesitation or embarrassment, how to rub the lips of her vagina to give her an orgasm.

At the time, the experience seemed beautiful. She told me her parents had brought her up to feel that sex was one of life's greatest pleasures and nothing to be ashamed of. Unfortunately, after my own warped notions had a chance to reassert themselves, I began to think that what I'd enjoyed was no more than a dirty thrill, and I told my buddies about it.

A week later, she and I went to the woods again. It was early spring and we carried a big blanket. We took off all our clothes and wrapped ourselves in the blanket. I'll never forget how suddenly and smoothly my penis slid all the way into her. I came right away and had to use my hand to give her an orgasm.

Later, I found out that my so-called friends had followed us and that what they saw was all over the school. Nobody held it against me, but she was ostracized by the girls, while the boys fell all over themselves trying to date her. She figured out what was happening and she never went out with me or spoke to me again, nor did she go out with anyone else. After a year, she and her family moved away and that was the last I heard of her. That year must have been hell for her.

So, in my opinion, you can take the back-seat, gutter attitudes toward sex and stick them. They may seem like fun to look back on, but they too often lead to frustration and heartbreak.

(Name withheld by request)
Macon, Georgia

BREEZY RIDER

I must correct Michael Wresch's assertion in the July *Playboy Forum* that streaking was originated in Lakewood, California, in 1968 by a man who ran about garbed in World War One flying goggles with several feet of blazing toilet paper dangling from his ass. In fact, the first streak I know about occurred two years earlier than that, in Costa Mesa, California. Two men, "Dago T" Wernette and "Loose Lenny" Frega, clad only in World War One leather pilot's helmets and long bright-orange neck mufflers, roared through a local cocktail lounge on a '47 Harley-Davidson. The event was made more exciting when they departed with the fuzz in hot pursuit, lights flashing and sirens screaming. Southern California drinkers still talk about it.

Actually, I endorse any and all forms of streaking and bear no ill will toward Wresch. I just think your readers should know we did it first and better.

Thomas "Dago T" Wernette
Joliet, Illinois

Let the record be so amended. Next claimant?

POETIC JUSTICE

A lawyer friend gave me a copy of a decision written by a New Jersey appellate-court judge with a rare sense of humor—it's done in verse. First the judge, J. Smith, summarized the case involving a man who called a court clerk to ask that his trial for a traffic violation be postponed because he was ill. The clerk refused his request, tempers flared and suddenly:

"F— you, go f— yourself," Eugene blurted,
Though use of that word should be averted.
Before the sentence was even completed,
He wished that the expletive had been deleted.
You say things couldn't possibly worsen?
Well, the clerk of the court was a female person.

The next day, the poem goes on, Eugene was arrested and charged under a statute that makes any use of profanity on the phone—even jokingly—a crime. At the trial,

Judge George A. Browne made his position quite clear;
He said that his court clerk was shell pink of ear.
The words Eugene used were obscene and profane
And it caused her anguish and much mental pain.
For that telephone call with the curses and hollers,
The fine imposed was three hundred dollars.

Judge Smith then turns to the appeal and he notes that there are many situations in which profanity is a normal reaction; e.g., slamming your thumb with a hammer and having a bank computer erroneously bounce your checks—in which case, Smith asks rhetorically, "Is your language confined to aw gees and oh hecks?" Hardly. Consequently,

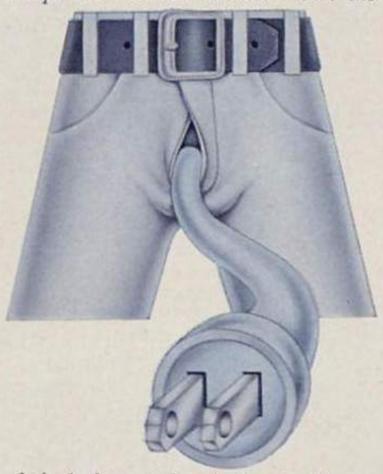
Statutory attempts to regulate pure bluster
Can't pass what is called constitutional muster.
Use of vulgar words that may cause resentment

FORUM NEWSFRONT

a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playboy philosophy"

BALANCE STILL DUE

ST. PAUL—*A county judge has ruled that a woman who had sex with an electrical contractor to settle a $625 bill still owes him $377 because the act was "performed for the enjoyment of both parties." The judge decided he could not accept the woman's assertion "that the*



whole deal was to be wiped out with one experience with sex." He added that the woman, who appeared in court dressed in overalls and a man's shirt, "made little or no attempt to convince the court of the value of her personal services if they were to be considered part of the evidence."

BYE-BYE, BABY BLUE

TORONTO, ONTARIO—*CITY-TV, the Canadian television station that launched itself into instant popularity and also made some kind of TV history by introducing late-night erotic films in 1972, has discontinued its weekly Baby Blue Movie. A station spokesman denied that a pending obscenity charge had anything to do with cancellation of the series and said that it was becoming too difficult to find films that were both fun and erotic but not hard-core pornographic. Reportedly, the station filled its first empty Baby Blue time slot with "Cat Ballou," preceded by a straight-faced announcement that "The following program is for family audiences. We hope that those who are not offended by scenes of light entertainment will find CITY-TV's new Friday-night movie of the week both amusing and entertaining. All others are asked to change channels, please."*

RETURN OF THE INQUISITION

VATICAN CITY—*The Vatican asserts that Catholic bishops have a God-given right to ban books "attacking the true faith or good mores" and has authorized the Church hierarchy in each country to establish boards of advisors and censors. The decree was issued by the Sacred Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, successor to the Holy Inquisition, and is aimed primarily at controlling the writings of Catholics on moral and theological topics. It states additionally that Roman Catholics "cannot write in newspapers or periodicals which manifestly and usually attack the Catholic religion or morals, except for just and reasonable grounds."*

EQUAL RIGHTS IN ITALY

ROME—*After years of debate, the Italian parliament has enacted a new code that radically revises family law in Italy and gives wives legal equality with their husbands. The revised code abolishes the ancient Roman concept of* patria potestas *(the authority of the father to make all key decisions for his wife and children) and establishes legal parity between husband and wife, joint ownership of possessions acquired during marriage and a type of no-fault divorce or separation obtainable by either spouse.*

ABORTION REPORT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Liberalized laws have sharply reduced maternal deaths and injuries connected with abortion, according to a report released through the National Academy of Sciences. A healthy woman who undergoes a competently performed abortion during the first three months of pregnancy has about six chances in a thousand of having a significant medical complication, the report said. It also noted that, in New York City, about 70 percent of the women who have had legal abortions would have had them illegally had the law not been changed.*

A recent Harris Poll reports that 54 percent of Americans now support legal abortion during the first trimester, with 38 percent opposed and eight percent undecided. The strongest opposition to abortion was found in the South (49 percent), among persons over the age of 50 and among those with no more than an eighth-grade education.

FRAUD ON THE PHONE

SACRAMENTO—*A telephone hoaxer has been causing trouble for Sacramento husbands and headaches for state health officials. A health-department spokesman reports that a man has been calling local housewives, identifying himself as a public-health inspector and telling them to seek medical attention because their husbands have a venereal disease. The official adds, "You can't imagine the telephone calls we get after the women have had an opportunity to discuss this with their husbands."*

THE END OF "ENEMAN"?

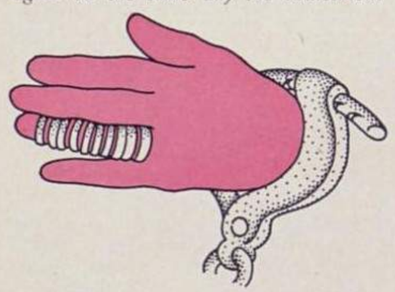
CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS—*Police have arrested a 30-year-old man they believe to be the notorious "enema bandit" who has attacked a dozen or more women, mostly University of Illinois coeds in the Champaign-Urbana area, since 1965. The attacker, wearing a ski mask, forced his way into apartments and administered enemas to his victims at gunpoint. None of the women was otherwise harmed or sexually molested.*

MAD BOMBER

CALGARY, ALBERTA—*A 34-year-old country-and-western singer, protesting the suspension of his pilot's license, flew a plane among the high-rise buildings in downtown Calgary for three hours, dumping out 100 phonograph records and 100 pounds of manure. Then he landed on a dirt road and surrendered to authorities. He told a reporter, "My flight was so damn good that if they say I don't know how to fly, they just don't know what they're talking about."*

WIFE COLLECTOR

HOUSTON—*After a grand jury indicted a 27-year-old man on three counts of bigamy, the Houston district attorney's office discovered he had gotten married again on the same day the indictment*



was handed down—and that he had married ten other women in the past ten years without divorcing any of them. An assistant D.A. said the marriages were characterized by a short courtship and a brief honeymoon, and then added, "I don't know what the guy's got, but if he could bottle it, he'd make a million."

POT-LAW SURVEY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*A national survey commissioned by the Drug Abuse Council indicates that Americans are about evenly divided in their attitudes toward changing current marijuana laws. The council questioned 2133 adults and 505 teenagers and found that 40 percent want tougher laws, 39 percent favor the elimination of criminal penalties for both possession and sale of small amounts of grass and 13 percent approve of the present laws. Those favoring stricter laws generally are older people and those who have never used the drug. According to the survey, some 29,000,000 Americans have tried marijuana and more than 12,000,000 are regular users, increases of 21 percent and 50 percent, respectively, since 1971.*

PRODIGAL CABDRIVER

WINDSOR, ONTARIO—*A 22-year-old cabdriver, impressed by two girls and their wad of money, drove them from Canada to Florida and got stiffed for his fare—which theoretically amounted to about $1000. At Lauderdale-by-the-Sea, the girls*

asked him to stop so they could go into a store and buy some bikinis, and that was the last he saw of them. When he explained his predicament to the cab company by long-distance telephone, he received $100 for the return trip but said, "I guess I'll get fired when I get back."

KEEPING OUT OF TROUBLE

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN—*Juvenile delinquency seems to decline as teenage marijuana smoking increases, according to the Institute for Social Research in Ann Arbor. The institute made this discovery after studying the data from national surveys of youths 13 to 16 conducted in 1967 and 1972; and program director Martin Gold of the University of Michigan thinks the explanation may be a simple one: "Some youngsters are more motivated than others to participate in deviate acts, and which kind of act does not seem to matter."*

CRUEL AND UNUSUAL

CINCINNATI—*The Sixth Circuit U.S. Court of Appeals has ruled that Ohio's penalties for selling pot or possessing it for sale—10 and 20 years minimum—constitute cruel and unusual punishment. Unless reversed, the decision could free some 200 Ohio prisoners.*

Is protected by the First Amendment.
There must be a danger of breach of the peace
For this near-sacred right ever to cease.

Judge Smith acknowledged that Judge Browne and the cop who arrested Eugene probably wouldn't like the opinion.

They may ring me up just to holler and curse,
But I still can't affirm, I have to reverse.

Jerome Siegel
New York, New York

CENSORED BIRD

While driving my pickup near Norman, Oklahoma, I came upon a traffic jam at a bridge. As I slowed down, someone walked onto the highway in front of my truck, forcing me to swerve into another lane. To indicate my displeasure, I honked my horn and flipped him a bird. It made me feel better.

A mile down the road, I was pulled over by a lady cop, who ordered me to return to the bridge, where her partner was waiting to talk to me. After a 15-minute conference, the two officers informed me that I was under arrest for "disturbing the peace by an obscene gesture." I had to follow them back to the police station and post a $50 bond or be thrown in jail! A friend bailed me out, but I have to go back and appear in court with witnesses.

I admit I gave that pedestrian the finger, but I hardly consider it an obscene act nor do I think I disturbed anyone's peace. I merely expressed dissatisfaction in the confines of my own vehicle.

If you're truckin' through Norman, don't let your finger do the talking.

Timothy J. Sprague
Midwest City, Oklahoma

PAP LIB

If you've been too fucking busy (or vice versa) to watch prime-time television, you'll be astonished to learn that it's "grievously amoral" these days. So states a formal fairness-doctrine complaint filed with the Federal Communications Commission by Rockford College's dynamic president, John A. Howard. He didn't like NBC's *Of Women and Men*, a documentary on sex and marriage with all the impact of a Sominex tablet, which made such startling discoveries as the fact that fewer folks are getting married and more are messing around.

"I am not suggesting that NBC should be prevented from broadcasting *Of Women and Men* if they feel it's worth while," said Howard. "What I am saying is that, under the fairness doctrine, they have an obligation to provide shows that present the man-woman relationship within a moral framework." The prez says *Little House on the Prairie* just isn't enough.

The pap lib movement has spread to the National Association of Broadcasters, too. It has designated seven to nine P.M. "family viewing time." No-nos will include sexual candor, excessive violence and risqué material. Luckily, the N.A.B. is ineffective—one might say impotent.

If Howard's fairness complaint is successful, the effects should be unusual. Gay lib groups could demand prime time to present their ideas on sex and marriage; for that matter, so could bondage freaks, flagellants, pimps and pedophiles. Stay tuned; maybe we'll see the Manson family in *Little House on the Desert*.

Thomas Cunningham
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

POT AND PRIVACY IN ALASKA

As attorneys for Irwin Ravin, we are pleased to report on the Alaska Supreme Court's favorable ruling in the marijuana case titled *Ravin vs. State* (*Forum Newsfront*, September). The unanimous decision makes it legal to possess and cultivate marijuana for personal use within one's home and yard.

The case did not turn on the right to use marijuana but, rather, on the right to be left alone and free from unwarranted Governmental intrusions. (In fact, two concurring opinions indicated that the right to such privacy extends beyond the home, though they left the question of to what extent for another day.) In its decision, the court said that there must be "a proper Governmental interest in imposing restrictions on marijuana" in order to justify interfering with an individual's right to privacy. Based on the record of a hearing attended by top drug experts, including Lester Grinspoon, Dr. Joel Fort, Thomas Ungerleider, Jack Feinglass and numerous local psychiatrists and physicians, the court determined that no such interest exists, since "It appears that the use of marijuana . . . in the United States today does not constitute a public-health problem of any significant dimension." In language that provides the key to the decision's meaning, the court concluded, "The state cannot impose its own notions of morality, propriety or fashion on individuals when the public has no legitimate interest in the affairs of those individuals."

Hopefully, other states will follow Alaska's example and similarly temper their marijuana laws with facts and reason.

Robert H. Wagstaff
R. Collin Middleton
Attorneys at Law
Anchorage, Alaska

See "The Playboy Forum's" special report, "Giving Ground on Grass," on page 56.

STRANGE SENSE OF VALUES

Three men in a Louisiana jail beat another prisoner to death last June. Bond was set at $1000 for each man. My brother was arrested here for possession of a few marijuana plants; his bond was $5000. Apparently, Louisiana authorities consider growing pot five times more heinous than killing someone.

Yvonne Hollier
Lafayette, Louisiana

BORDER JUSTICE

Like over 400 other U. S. citizens, I'm a prisoner in Mexico on a drug charge. In the real world, I worked as a teacher and a psychologist. I had never visited Mexico and came here as a tourist on my first real vacation in years. I've never done any smuggling. Mexican police found a small amount of pot in my traveling companion's bags. Our clothes, my car, camera and money all vanished before we were taken to a police station. A U. S. Customs official questioned us and left us with the Mexican authorities. We were slapped and punched and told to sign papers written in Spanish, which I cannot read. The police tried to make me believe the documents stated that I had nothing to do with the marijuana, but I just wouldn't sign anything I couldn't read. We were thrown into a tiny cell with about 30 lice-infested prisoners. Some of them had recently been beaten. No one got enough to eat. I saw guards wrap an old man's leg in a sheet of plastic and set the plastic afire. I will never forget his screams or the sight of his blistered skin.

After five days in that jail, I was sick, terrified and demoralized. I signed the paper and the officers told me I was to be set free. Two days later, I was transferred to another prison and told I had admitted to possession and transportation of several kilos of marijuana.

The prison was as unsanitary as the jail had been. Everyone had to pay protection money to the guards. Several beatings usually convinced a person he needed protection. I slept in an open courtyard in rain and snow (yes, it snows in Mexico) for six months. I had lice and dysentery and my hair began falling out. The man who slept next to me had tuberculosis.

Mexican lawyers, often recommended by the American Consulate, prey upon the family and friends of American prisoners. They keep asking for more money to get the prisoner out. One such lawyer persuaded my mother to fly from the East Coast to take me home. Then when she arrived and I was still in prison, he demanded more money for my release. She had already spent most of her money and had barely enough left to get back home. The take of a Mexican lawyer in this specialized practice averages $5000 per gullible Yankee family.

The American Consulate? Forget it. A representative told me it would have my body shipped home if I died in prison. That was all the help I got. In fact, I believe the treatment we receive is encouraged by the U. S. Government in its zeal to combat drugs. I also believe Mexican officials frequently convict and jail innocent people to show that their agencies are working efficiently and obtaining a high quota of drug arrests.

I hope you will respect my need for anonymity. I am taking a very real risk in writing to PLAYBOY. I just want to get the message out somehow that hundreds of Americans are being held under these conditions and nobody is doing anything about it.

(Name and address withheld by request)

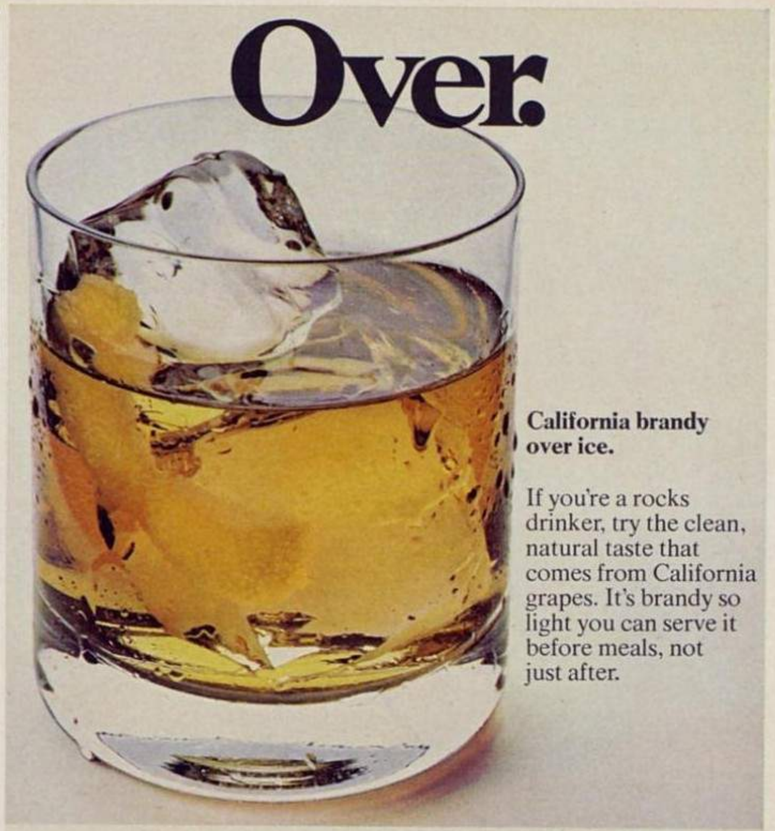
Sometime after slipping this letter out of a maximum-security prison, the writer sent us a second letter:

Since my last letter to PLAYBOY, my appeal to the Mexican courts was turned down. Facing five and a half years in prison without parole, I became unbearably depressed and lonely. More and more of my friends gave up hope of ever seeing me again. Hardest to bear was the knowledge of how U. S. officials abuse and harass Americans imprisoned in Mexico. U. S. Customs agents guarded and transported us in U. S. vehicles from one Mexican prison to another. I heard their jeering comment that we could never be subjected to or held under such conditions in our own country. Early in my imprisonment, I was pistol-whipped by a Customs official who later claimed he worked for the Drug Enforcement Administration. I saw U. S. officials administer the water treatment to U. S. citizens. This consists of holding the victim's head in a bucket of soapy water until he is forced to swallow. His stomach then swells up from the soap and they kick him in the belly to make him vomit up the water. The treatment is repeated until the victim signs some sort of confession. In November 1973, a Senator from my state called the U. S. consul and asked if my case could be expedited. Immediately afterward, a man from the consulate told me not to make waves or there was no telling what might happen to me.

I thought of suicide, then decided to make a desperate, possibly useless attempt for my freedom. I carefully planned my escape and waited over two months to carry it out. If the plan failed, I would certainly be confined to solitary, probably beaten and possibly killed.

People whom I contacted outside the prison built a small compartment disguised as a gasoline tank underneath a vehicle. The vehicle then went into the prison shop for bodywork and I squeezed into the false compartment. I had to remain hidden in the tiny space, in a semiconscious state, for a day and a half. The car passed through inspection at three gates. Several miles from the prison I was helped out of the compartment and driven to the Mexican-American border. Without identification and wearing filthy clothes, I talked my way across the border and was taken to an airport.

After a year and a half in the Nogales


Over.
California brandy over ice.
If you're a rocks drinker, try the clean, natural taste that comes from California grapes. It's brandy so light you can serve it before meals, not just after.
Up.
California brandy manhattan.
California brandy is a refreshing change of pace in just about any mixed drink. It adds its own mellow, yet subtle, flavor. Try it.
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There are more than 150 brands of brandy grown in California. California Brandy Advisory Board, San Francisco, CA 94104

A "Playboy Forum" Report

GIVING GROUND ON GRASS

During the past few years, almost every state has substantially reduced penalties for simple marijuana possession. This year, Alaska, California, Colorado and Maine have joined Oregon in eliminating jail sentences altogether, and the District of Columbia and Ohio may soon pass similar reforms. Federal decriminalization bills are now before Congress and advocates of drug-law reform predict that a dozen or more states will have abandoned the handcuffs-and-jail approach to pot smoking before the 1976 elections. These new laws do not legalize marijuana. Private use and possession of small amounts remain offenses punishable by civil fines (in California, the offense is technically a misdemeanor but with no permanent criminal record) and the sale of any amount is still a crime. Nevertheless, these reforms signal, we hope, the beginning of the end of a long, dark era in American legal history that began with liquor Prohibition and the dubious proposition that the Government must protect its citizens from themselves by turning them into criminals.

It seems apparent now, after years of scientific study, that marijuana never constituted enough of a health hazard legally to permit Government regulation; the "reefer madness" campaign of 40 years ago turns out to have been a collaboration among misinformed reformers, a power-seeking Federal Bureau of Narcotics and a gullible press. The old myths endure but are losing their credibility in the face of widespread use of the "killer weed" without evident harm except for the conspicuous social damage done by laws intended to stamp it out.

The Government's traditional position on marijuana has been most strongly challenged in Alaska. At the same time that the legislature decriminalized the private use (including the private growing) of marijuana, the state supreme court issued a landmark decision that implicitly upheld the authority of the Government to regulate private behavior in circumstances of "compelling need"; but it found that marijuana, "as it is presently used in the United States today, does not constitute a public health problem of significant dimensions," and ruled that criminal penalties for the private use of pot violate citizens' constitutional right of privacy.

The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) has cited this principle in challenging the constitutionality of Federal pot laws in the District of Columbia and the state laws in California, Illinois and Louisiana. For five years, NORML, assisted by the Playboy Foundation, has carried on an energetic campaign of lobbying, litigation and public education. It deserves much of the credit for past legislative reforms as well as for the progress being made toward revising Federal laws.

One Federal reform bill, introduced by Representative Edward Koch, would remove all criminal penalties for private marijuana possession. A Senate bill, called the Marijuana Control Act of 1975, would establish a civil fine of $100 for possession of an ounce or less, as now applies in Oregon. This bill is sponsored by Senators Jacob Javits, Edward Brooke, Alan Cranston and Gaylord Nelson. At hearings on the bill conducted by the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency, chairman Birch Bayh, a former foe of reduced pot penalties, declared his support, and Senator Philip Hart changed his mind for an increasingly familiar reason: "One of my children is one of these statistics you have here. He's a minor and he's been 20 days in jail for a stub that big, and that's all I needed to convince me we are topsy-turvy on this." A Justice Department spokesman restated his agency's traditional opposition to any such reform but then, on last-minute orders from his superiors, said that the department would take no position on the bill.

None of which is to say that the country is now speeding down the road to rational marijuana laws, only that some states have turned around and are now headed in the right direction. A few, of course, are not even looking at the road signs; Indiana recently passed a law making it a felony punishable by one to five years in prison to sell "narcotics paraphernalia," including hash pipes and roach clips. In Illinois, an Oregon-type reform bill was killed before it even came to a vote. And lest the good news inspire too many to light up joints in a premature victory celebration, bear in mind that the police are still enforcing the laws: Last year, more than 400,000 people were arrested on marijuana charges, almost all for simple possession.

prison in Mexico, I am now back in the U. S. When I think of the people I left behind, I feel useless and frustrated. I believe the U. S. Government knows I escaped and where I am, and would have taken action against me before this if it were going to. I want my name signed to this letter to help authenticate it, but as a small precaution, I ask you not to publish my address.

Stephen H. Wilson
(Address withheld by request)

Welcome home.

Information about what can be done for Americans imprisoned in foreign countries is available from Justice for Americans Imprisoned and Lost (JAIL), P.O. Box 46491, Los Angeles, California 90046.

DANGEROUS REVISIONS

The U. S. Senate has in the works a proposed revision of the Federal Criminal Code known as Senate Bill 1 (S.1). Reform of the code is needed, and S.1 would improve the law in several areas, but parts of the bill so endanger civil liberties and constitutional guarantees that we would be better off with no revisions at all than with this bill in its present form. The suggested changes involving Government secrecy, the right to dissent, capital punishment and censorship and obscenity, among others, have no legitimate place in a supposedly free society.

Perhaps the most ominous sections of S.1 deal with secrecy in Government. They provide heavy penalties (up to seven years in prison and a $100,000 fine) for anyone who transmits classified information to unauthorized persons. At the same time, Government officials are given latitude to declare almost anything classified. The existence of this law during the Nixon Administration would probably have prevented citizens from ever seeing the Pentagon papers or much Watergate material.

Attempts in the bill to squelch dissent are also cause for concern. S.1 would make physical interference with Government activities a felony; again, broad discretion is provided for defining interference. Peaceful picketing of a Government building could conceivably qualify.

S.1 would sanction Federally what several states have been trying to do to get around the Supreme Court's decision against capital punishment; it would make the death penalty mandatory for certain types of offenses.

The bill would also make possession of marijuana a Federal misdemeanor punishable by 30 days in jail and a discretionary fine of up to $10,000. This, in spite of the fact that several states have already begun to decriminalize marijuana in recognition of its relative harmlessness.

S.1 moves against First Amendment guarantees of free speech by making it a Federal crime to distribute or advertise any explicit representation or description of human sex acts or organs except in carefully defined, very limited circumstances. One provision requires people to have a physician's prescription for pornography, which could lead to a whole new form of moonlighting for doctors.

These are only the worst examples of ways in which S.1 could turn the Bill of Rights into a worthless scrap of paper. People who care about our country's tradition of freedom should write to their Senators (and to their Congressmen regarding the House of Representatives' similar bills, H.R. 3907 and H.R. 333), demanding that they work to amend or eliminate those sections of the bill that are most repressive and dangerous to civil rights.

Patrick Maloney
San Francisco, California

Senator Philip Hart has proposed an amendment that would incorporate marijuana decriminalization into S.1.

DISCHARGE UPGRADING

Patricia Schroeder, a Democratic Representative from Colorado, has introduced bills in Congress that would forbid the use of any military-discharge certificate indicating the reasons or conditions under which the holder was separated and would eliminate all less-than-honorable discharges except the dishonorable discharge. All those with undesirable, general or bad-conduct discharges would have access to full veterans' benefits.

Having been on active duty in the Navy for 18 years, I wonder what we are to tell our young Servicemen if these bills are passed. Maybe we should tell them, "It doesn't matter. If you get fed up, just tell someone to pack it and go home. You'll get the same discharge and the same benefits as the ones who stay around and do a good job."

I guess what bothers me most is thinking of my career, the places I've been sent to that I haven't wanted to go to, the watches I've stood, the requirements placed on me that I really didn't care for, the combat areas I've been sent to, the separations from my family and the countless extra hours I've worked. And now we're talking about voting for bills that say I just might have been able to get all the benefits of honorable service for nothing. How about that?

Gerald R. Tindall, M.M.C.M., U.S.N.
FPO New York, New York

Over half a million less-than-honorable discharges are held by Vietnam-era veterans. For many Americans, including potential employers, such a record conjures up images of the worst sorts of crimes. Actually, in many cases, such discharges are given for reasons as trivial as bed wetting, apathy or homosexual tendencies. Frequently, they are issued without the individual's having had a proper chance to defend himself or herself or to appeal the

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Smokeless tobacco. A pinch is all it takes.

Walt Garrison, football and rodeo star.

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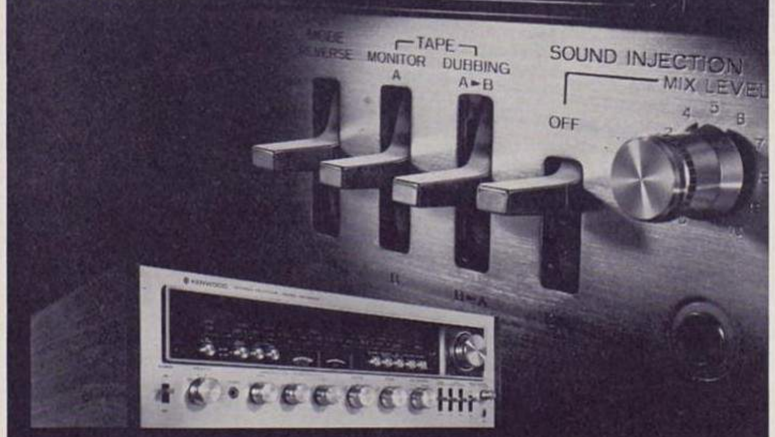

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case. And an unfairly high percentage of less-than-honorable discharges goes to members of minority groups. Vets who hold such papers have very little chance of getting a job these days.

Steps are being taken to help these men and women. In 1973, a U. S. court of appeals struck down a city ordinance prohibiting employment of anyone who has a less-than-honorable discharge. And in 1974, the U. S. Equal Employment Opportunities Commission ruled that it is racial discrimination to reject black job applicants with bad discharges, since by the Department of Defense's own statistics, blacks receive a disproportionate share of such discharges. Meanwhile, Representatives Ron Dellums of California and Patricia Schroeder of Colorado have introduced bills to aid these disadvantaged vets. These bills are a needed start, and state lawmakers should be urged to introduce similar legislation.

Most important, members of the public, especially employers, have got to realize that a bad discharge often means nothing more than an inability to conform to military life or to the whims of one's commander. As long as such discharges are taken as evidence of criminality, many young Americans will be condemned to blighted lives.

With the assistance of the Playboy Foundation, our committee has completed work on a 306-page *Practice Manual on Military Discharge Upgrading*. This book, the only work of its kind, can be used by lawyers, lay people and veterans themselves who are seeking to have discharge classifications changed to general or honorable. The manual costs ten dollars and can be ordered from the Literature Department, American Civil Liberties Union, 22 East 40th Street, New York, New York 10016.

David F. Addlestone
Susan H. Hewman
Lawyers Military Defense Committee
Washington, D.C.

MASTERS OF DISCIPLINE

The current fad of fervent antimilitarism among young females is profoundly discouraging to those of us who, for one reason or another, have selected a military career. Nonetheless, we get an occasional uplift from nonliberated females of the old school. As an example: One day while touring New York in my uniform, I was picked up in a singles bar by a lady of exquisite taste and expensive clothes. As soon as we got to her apartment, the truth came out: She was a freak for uniforms and discipline. I'd never tried that before, but I gave her what she wanted. She insisted on being spanked with my belt, across the rump, until she reached orgasm. At first I was nervous and gentle, but she kept insisting, "Harder, harder," until I really laid it on and she had her climaxes—three of them. When her hot little butt was red with welts, she practically devoured me with the most passionate blow job I've ever had. The rest of that weekend was the wildest of my life, and I've never had so much sex in so many ways with one partner. It's not really true that women these days are saving all the pussy for the pacifists.

(Name withheld by request)
FPO New York, New York

MASTURBATORS' MANUAL

Someone should write a *Kama Sutra* of self-abuse. I know the old joke about the simpleton who ran down to the local patent office, hand in pocket, to announce his revolutionary invention, only to discover that someone had beaten him to it. But you *can* obtain a patent for a significant improvement on an existing design. The sexual revolution has given women the vibrator, but it hasn't done enough for male monosexual activities. Masturbation doesn't cause hair to grow on one's palms, only calluses. But it doesn't do much else, and I'd like to liven up the same old stroke.

I can see it now—right up there on the shelf next to *The Joy of Sex*—a hornbook titled *The Sound of One Hand Clapping*. It is amazing how rarely people compare notes or share tips about the most prevalent form of sex. There was a much-publicized clinic in Manhattan that actually taught women how to masturbate—prompting a cynical friend to claim that here at least was definite proof of a difference in intelligence between the sexes. Still, my personal research has uncovered a few interesting notions. Following the example of Henry Miller, who described a cored-apple-and-cold-cream technique, many soloists pursue a path of organic delight, making it with mangoes, eggplants, watermelon and whatever. Then I've heard of guys who get off on everything from vibrators to vacuum cleaners. Perhaps the penultimate device for the mechanically inclined is the Auto-Suck—a pulsating accessory that plugs into the cigarette lighter in your car (for those nights when you can't get a date for the drive-in). Of course, you're out of luck if you ride a motorcycle or a ten-speed. Some of these approaches may seem Mickey Mouse, but they do suggest avenues for further research. When all else fails, I find it helps to switch to my left hand and a different fantasy.

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

MASTURBATORY ADULTERY

I agree wholeheartedly with D. Crawford's statement that no stigma should be attached to masturbation, but I can't agree that masturbation "needn't be thought of as a second-rate substitute" (*The Playboy Forum*, July). People should not be made to feel inferior, but,

(continued on page 162)

"Dear American Tourister: Now they expect bigger tips." Richard Victor, N.Y.

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The Verylite

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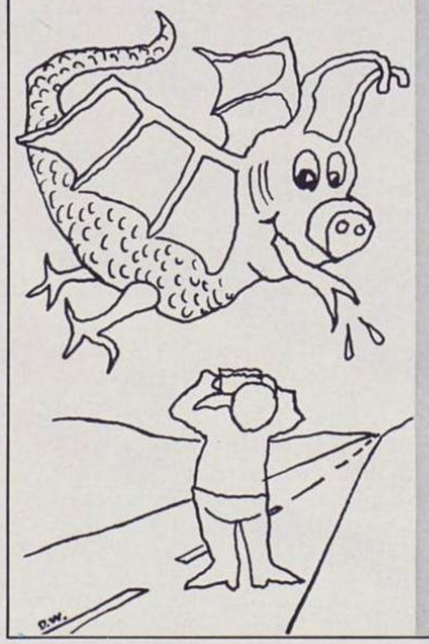

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CHER

a candid conversation about glamor, divorce, marriage and divorce

We don't know what Cher has done for you lately, but she's improved Sunday nights for us. Around here, usually in rotten weather—which is usually—they were pretty grim. After sitting through not one but two TV football games, thrown into time warp by the shifting clusters of bodies in replays, buzzed by bloody marys and sections of The New York Times *awash at our feet, we naturally enjoyed watching Marlin Perkins terrorize unsuspecting kudus and sell insurance with a penguin standing in his lap. After that, though, we were left with either "The Wonderful World of Disney," and certain coma, or the prospect of actually rejoining the living. But then one Sunday this year, in exactly such bad shape, we saw, instead of "Tonight: Fess Parker Hibernates," something else entirely. You probably saw it, too: Suddenly, there at the burnt-out end of the afternoon, right there, shaking it in our face, on television, was this half-naked—good Christ, it's Cher!—and there she was, boogieing right along next to the fine hallowed thighs of none other than Tina Turner, parting strands of sequins falling from her waist and curling in rhythm like long shining fingers round her own famous thighs. It woke us right up.*

And a lot of other people, apparently. In contrast to Sonny's earlier and lamentable solo attempt, her show was an immediate hit that threatened to boot Br'er Disney out of the number-one Briar Patch for the first time in 15 years. In a splash of flesh and feathers, she appeared on the cover of Time *and the issue sold faster than any before it ever had. And it certainly had to do with something more than a zap of innocent soft-core porn once a week on television. Everybody got interested in her, even people slightly embarrassed to admit it. She became another real-life soap opera for all of us to watch, whether we wanted to or not. Her life was measured out for us in Johnny Carson jokes and in strange telegrams on the covers of endless fan magazines ("*CHER'S SIZZLING SECRET LOVE AFFAIR WITH BEETHOVEN REVEALED!*"). For a while, during her tug of love with rock star Gregg Allman, part of a real-life soap opera in his own right, solemn anchor men around the country reported to us daily on their whereabouts and the state of their psyches, as if it mattered, which it did.*

But why Cher? And why now? She has been among us in various incarnations, we should remember, since 1965, when she and Sonny launched their string of hit singles with "I Got You, Babe." Her other contribution to culture back then—one that's still very much with us—was getting the teeny-bopper world into bell-bottoms, which she wore everywhere, shocking the straights by doing so. She and Sonny were considered very hip for a while, let us also remember, until the acid blasts of the Airplane and the Dead made them seem a little, uh, quaint. That was when most of us lost track of them. They made two movies, "Good Times" and "Chastity"—during the making of which Cher became pregnant with the child of the same name, now six and beautiful and called Chas. The movies and their career bottomed out, so they hit the dread night-club circuit, putting together the act that eventually became the "Sonny and Cher Comedy Hour," starring Sonny as the clown and Cher as the clever bitch vamp. It was a good enough act to keep them in prime time through several hard seasons, though by then their audience had shifted deep into the heart of straight middle America, where they were loved for being ex-hippies who, unlike so many of their own children, had seen the light and been saved. The show was chiefly unremarkable and their put-down Punch-and-Judy TV personae didn't wear very well in places where people were trying, God help them, to stumble toward some sort of liberation. Before she split from Sonny,

"It's true that I once thought Mount Rushmore was a natural rock formation. I also used to think the sun was the other side of the moon. When a solar eclipse came along, I didn't know what the fuck was going on."

"Getting married and growing old are the two things that save everybody's ass. No one says ill about the old and the married. Except in beauty parlors. But, about me, the rumors have been incredible."

JULIAN WASSER

"I've been thinking of going on my show dressed in an old Army blanket. I honestly don't give a shit. I started dressing up because I thought it'd be interesting: TV was so goddamned drab and dull!"

Cher was to many of us mainly "—and Cher," gone from our generation, safely tucked away on television, cheering up Iowa. Goodbye, good luck.

But then she was gone from Sonny, everybody was suing everybody else and it started getting interesting. In trickles from People *and* Rolling Stone, *we watched the progress of her romance with David Geffen, hot-shot young head of Elektra Asylum Records. Then came the rock-'n'-roll party near the beach with a few members of The Average White Band: Some powder was passed and sniffed. It wasn't what it was supposed to be; people started blacking out, one later died and Cher saved the life of another by walking him around to keep him conscious. Then Geffen was gone. It was now Allman, leader of a rock band trailed by a dark cloud of Sophoclean doom, rumored to be having his own problems with drugs. But Cher announced that his eyes were clear again and we were happy to hear that, hoped it was true. Then he did or didn't fall asleep with his face in a plate of spaghetti. Then they were married. Then they weren't. Cher was in hiding. Had there been a wedding-night freak-out? Perhaps, but a bulletin several weeks later announced they were making up. Wasn't this the stuff of great soap operas?*

And isn't that probably why Cher rumors are traded like wheat futures in the pit of the commodities market? Not because she is the best or the brightest or even the most beautiful—although she can be stunning. It's because she is the perfect soap-opera heroine. Up from the streets and poverty in Los Angeles, with the love and help of Sonny, this once-plain girl became "My Fair Cher," beautiful, rich, famous and on television every week—proof to every teenage girl staring wistfully into a mirror that it can happen, that Cinderella sometimes does walk among us. Then she chucked it all, Sonny and series, while CBS executives screamed in their sleep. Like Sister Carrie, Stella Dallas and Little Orphan Annie before her, she was going it alone. And she stuck it out, trying to lead the fast flash life—but doing it in a way that made you know she was a little vulnerable and a little sad amid all the fun. Perfect.

But was it even remotely like life?

In the midst of all the uproar, Cher graciously agreed to be interviewed, so we sent free-lancer Eugenie Ross-Leming and Assistant Articles Editor David Standish to talk with her at her home in Los Angeles. As it happened, they did so in separate sessions—not the worst accident in the world, as Eugenie reports:

"I was picked up at the hotel by Cher's PR person, who was driving a green Jag. We arrived at El Grande de Bono, got security-screened by some Munchkin voice at the gate intercom and I was greeted by Cher's exquisite secretary. We sipped coffee and munched on tasty Armenian goodies in a room reeking of heavy wealth—with Florentine doors, posh pillows, crystal chandeliers and first editions of Milton casually scattered about. Nothing nouveau *about the villa.*

"Upstairs, I found La Cher curled up on her emperor-sized bed, looking real little, real frail and real tired. The room had just been refurnished after a fire that had demolished it a few weeks back, a fire that had started while Cher was asleep here. It was now a cross between Moroccan seraglio and early Cherokee chic. I had to take off my shoes, because the invisible 'staff' didn't want me to scuff the well-buffed wooden floors.

"Cher was almost wearing an Oriental negligee and lace bikini bottoms. As the afternoon progressed, the interview seemed more like two ladies rapping and swapping notions than anything else. We smoked, gossiped, while assorted people—Cher's sister, secretary, live-in governess—floated in and out with fashion bulletins and random hits of Hollywood news. Sort of a home for wayward women on the road to rehabilitation. At one point, secretary and sister interrupted the session: 'Can we get you anything from the store?' The store in this case turned out to be a fashionable Beverly Hills boutique, and Cher, in the tones of someone asking a friend to pick up a couple of packs of cigarettes, rattled off a shopping list that included a white coat 'with some fur and silver trim,' three Chinese-silk suits, some T-shirts and jeans and several denim boots 'for dancing.' Just routine. 'What are they wearing in Chicago now?' Cher asked. 'Where did you get those earrings?' 'I'll pick you up a pair,' I offered. And asked, 'What size curler do you use to friz your hair?' We ended up rapping in pidgin French. 'I would voulez *to have* quelque *Coca-Cola. This humidity is* un *bummer.* Quel *drag.' The whole thing was like a reunion of refugees from the showbiz wars reminiscing about such passing fancies as death, drugs, divorce, angst and psychotherapy. Her last line to me was, 'Catch ya later, babe.'"*

Adds Standish:

"The sessions I sat in on were slightly more formal—she was dressed and we spoke in English. Increasingly as we talked I was struck by how normal she is, in the best sense of the word. Good is another one that went flashing by. She is just trying to get through it, with as much grace and decency and wisdom as she can muster—just like all of us—and she is, finally, much more a kid cruising the Strip than a bombshell glamor queen who commands blazing headlines. But still, with full knowledge that the soap opera could take another several turns before this interview was published, we had to start by asking her about all that."

PLAYBOY: What's going on with you, anyway? First we hear you're enjoying the single life; then we read that three days after your divorce from Sonny went through, you married Gregg Allman. Then, nine days later, that you were divorcing him for reasons that got heavier with every rumor. Finally, we hear you're reconciling. What really happened?

CHER: Gregg had two problems that I thought were solved before we got married; two problems I just couldn't live with. When I found out that they weren't solved, I decided on divorce. When Gregg realized I was serious about divorcing him, he set about to change them. And by getting into Gregg's problems, I found out that in some ways my head is on backward, too. Romance and work are great diversions to keep you from dealing with yourself. So now Gregg and I are exploring things together as friends as well as man and wife.

PLAYBOY: What were Gregg's two problems?

CHER: It's too dangerous to our relationship for me to say what the problems were. One thing I *can* say is that it's hard to be Mr. Cher. He wasn't used to having 75,000 reporters and cameramen show up everywhere we went. Even when we were having a private talk in Buffalo about reconciliation, the press broke in. It was really a drag.

PLAYBOY: Putting aside Gregg's problems for the moment, do you expect your life to calm down a bit now?

CHER: Well, every day in my life seems to be an experiment. Like, you can try to make something right—you think if you close your eyes and click your heels three times and say, "There's no place like home," you'll end up in Kansas. But that's bullshit. If things turn out to be a bust, we may go through with the divorce after all. Marriage is such a hassle; it's just a label to wear so that people can figure out how to relate to you. It has nothing to do with the real relationship between two people. Signing a paper didn't make me feel any closer to Gregg. It was like when Sonny and I got married—the first time, I married us in the bathroom.

PLAYBOY: What?

CHER: Performed the ceremony, got the rings and all of this, because we couldn't get married legally while he was still waiting for his divorce. I didn't feel more married to him later, when we finally had this preacher come in and say, "You are married." I didn't feel any different about Gregg after the marriage, or the separation, than I did before.

PLAYBOY: How did you happen to connect with Gregg?

CHER: Well, it was really strange. It was a full moon, man. I always get in trouble with a full moon. I met him at the Troubadour. He was playing with Etta James and I was a fan of hers. I didn't really know anything about the Allman Brothers. I was quickly educated, though. Anyway, we went—David Geffen, me and my sister, a whole bunch of us. I'd been going with Dave, but by then he and I were kind of broken up. And this chick came up to me and said, "Gregg would like to meet you." I said, "Fine." He came up and grumbled a couple of unintelligible words. He talks way down in his throat, low, growly and sexy. Later that evening, he sent me a note—one of his Southern flower jobs, like, "You're a beautiful lady," or some real jive stuff. "I'd be honored if, blah, blah." But we didn't connect for a long time.

PLAYBOY: When *did* you?

CHER: One day when I'm on the beach, my friend Paulette says, "Gregg Allman is on the phone." He asked me out and I said OK. But I was nervous, because it was the first date that I'd ever been on where I didn't know the person. He laid your basic rock-star trip on me and I wasn't going for it. After three minutes, he asked me to go to Bermuda or Jamaica with him and I said, "Yeah, that's nice." I didn't have my dating rap down good.

He took me to Dino's, where it's really dark, and started to suck my fingers. And I thought, Wait a minute; back up. I said, "Why are you doing this?" Next he asked me to go with him while he met some guy, but first he wanted to change his clothes, which he did every ten minutes. So we split, and a while later he started to kiss me. I just said the dumbest thing: I said, "I'm not that kind of girl." I have no idea where the hell that came from. I just ran out the door. I told him not to bother to show me the way. "Catch you later, nice meeting you, you're a terrific guy, so long." And I split. Driving home, I was shaking, really angry. It was my first date and it was a bust. I didn't think I'd make it in the single world. I thought, I don't know how to react. I don't like it, I don't want to kiss him, I don't know him, he sucked my fingers, what the hell is going on? It was like being 16 again.

Next night, he called and asked me out. I said, "I don't like you and you don't like me. I had a horrible time last night and why are you calling?" He said, "Maybe we could have a good time tonight." So we went out. We danced and then, while we were driving down the street, he was telling me something I didn't care about, so I said, "You know what? I hate fuckin' small talk. You are boring the shit out of me and I've got nothin' to say to you. I know that you must be interesting and I am, too, so what gives?" I said we should really talk. He started to laugh, and I mean very slowly, like two-months slowly. Pulling words out of Gregg Allman is like . . . forget it. Finally, things started to get a little bit more mellow when he found out that I was a person—that a chick was not just a dummy. For him up till then, they'd had only two uses. Make the bed and make it *in* the bed. That's it.

PLAYBOY: He wasn't exactly known for being shy around chicks. How about

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Jenny Arness, James Arness' daughter, who supposedly left a suicide note saying she was killing herself because Gregg had fallen for you? Was there any truth to that?

CHER: I honestly can't tell you. All I know from what I've heard is that she sent letters to two or three other guys telling them they were the reason she was committing suicide. I never met the girl, but Gregg told me that he had gone out with her, like, two years ago and that he honestly didn't feel responsible for it.

PLAYBOY: Does it make you feel bummed out, going over all this stuff about Gregg—all the complications you've had to deal with?

CHER: Well, this is just a part of doing something stupid, of eating it and having to go on. It's not the best thing I've ever done, not the worst thing I've ever done; it's just a part of me. Your experiences, I think, become a part of what you are.

PLAYBOY: Why did you agree to do this interview? Because your PR people told you you should, that it would be good for your career?

CHER: Nobody tells me. If I feel like I want to do it, then I do it. If I don't, I won't. Your interview is the only one I'm doing this year, and I'm doing it because I agreed to and I figured I should keep my word.

PLAYBOY: You realize we have to ask some awkward questions, one of which is to put into words what the rumor mills are saying: that the real reason you broke up with Gregg was that he was on drugs and that you couldn't take that. One version is that he nodded off into his spaghetti at an Italian restaurant.

CHER: There was a report about that on my network, CBS, and I called up and said, "I love you guys dearly, but I'm going to sue you." Because it was untrue. Neither one of us had ever been to that restaurant, and he has never passed out anyplace we have ever been. But because he was with me, it went on national television. His mother was upset, his grandmother. I mean, it made him feel really bad.

PLAYBOY: But is he on drugs?

CHER: I'm not Gregg's watchdog. I can't say what he's doing. All I know is what he says he's doing.

PLAYBOY: Well, hypothetically, if you were involved with someone who was into drugs and he wouldn't kick it, would you say to him, "We cannot be together"?

CHER: Yes. I don't believe in it. I think it's a bad thing to do to yourself. Not because I think I'm better than other people but—like, I'm glad I never tried acid, because I'm sure that it wouldn't have been the right thing. I'm positive of it. Once I asked someone to tell me about cocaine and he said, "Well, it makes you high and it makes your heart beat fast." I said, "It makes your heart

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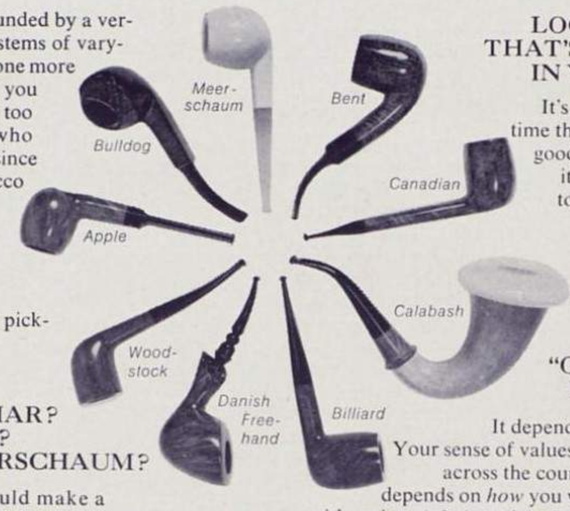

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Corn Cob. A comedic pipe. But one that's faithful and true. It can give you a good smoke for your money. Cobs are naturally porous. But they have something else going for them, too. They're inherently sweet and often add some of that personality to the tobacco.

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Ceramic. A good looking colleague of clay and with many of the same drawbacks. Ceramic pipes have the unfortunate characteristic of leaving an after-taste. They can be handsomely decorated. But too often they look better than they smoke.

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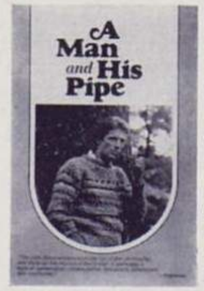

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beat fast?" And he said, "Yes." And I said, "OK, pass, next one." When I used to get nervous, my heart would beat really fast, and anything that would make my heart beat fast I don't want to have anything to do with. I can't even take aspirin. I'm very sensitive to drugs. When I was 14, I took four Benzedrine and I was up for the entire weekend. Chewed the same piece of gum for three days. When I came down, I was a mess, and I went to my mom. She said, "I hope you learned some kind of lesson from this." And I said, "I swear to God I have." And that was the first and the last time for me.

PLAYBOY: If you're so antidrug, what were you doing at that Ken Moss party with The Average White Band, where one of the guys O.D.'d?

CHER: What was I doing there? I was at a party, that's what. Afterward, David said to me, "How could you go to a place where you didn't know everybody?" And I thought, What a ridiculous thing. Has it come to this in America, where you have to know everybody before you can go someplace?

But while I was there, I felt like Little Annie Fanny. I mean, this guy passed stuff around, and he said, "Do you want some?" And I said no and I was sitting there, and ten minutes later, everybody was out of it.

PLAYBOY: Except you, and because of it, you've been credited with saving Alan Gorrie's life. Can you tell us what happened? Did you know that what was being passed was heroin and not cocaine?

CHER: I can't say—they've asked me not to get specific, because there's a trial coming up. I wasn't able to do much that night. I called my doctor for two of the guys, because I really didn't know what to do. It was strange; all I could get was my gynecologist, because he was on call. I told him I had gone to a party and that this was what had happened. And he told me to get the one guy to a hospital right away and to walk the other one around and not let him fall asleep. Once he got the dry heaves, he would be fine, the doctor said. So I did all that, and next thing I read in the newspapers, "CHER BUSTED AT HOLLYWOOD DRUG PARTY." And I don't even *do* drugs.

I always find myself fucking up, making mistakes, but my mistakes seem to be so magnified. It's like I'm a joke in this town, something to talk about, a topic of cocktail conversation.

PLAYBOY: Does your notoriety, your popularity surprise you?

CHER: No, I always knew that I was going to be somebody. When I was little, my mom and I used to go to Hollywood Boulevard and buy a couple of hot dogs and sit in our car watching the interesting people go by, and I guess I thought about it even then. I grew up thinking I wanted to be a movie star, because they were happy; they wore diamonds. That life would take me away from all that was real and ugly. I always felt really embarrassed about being poor, because I thought it was punishment for something I had done wrong.

PLAYBOY: Well, you're not poor now, and you are famous. Now that it's happened, how do you feel about it?

CHER: I feel like I'm a day late and a dollar short. It seems like I keep trying to grasp what the meaning of it all is. I know the game and I know my role, and I deal with that pretty well. But I was with Sonny for so long, and all that time I didn't really know what was going on. It's like there was no input, like I was a computer with a couple of the fuses gone. Now I'm trying to get myself together.

PLAYBOY: How does it make you feel to be on the cover of every fan magazine in the world?

CHER: Strange. When you *stop* hitting them, you feel like people aren't really interested. But I was reading this thing about my being this sex goddess . . . and I thought, My God, what a dumb thing that is. I go around in jeans and a T-shirt almost my whole life, except when I'm working. I don't relate to that sex-goddess stuff at all. It's like there's Cher out there, and here *I* am. I know we're one and the same, but somehow that Cher is what people think she is, not really what *I* am.

PLAYBOY: If they believe what they read, they must think you lead a fairly exotic life.

CHER: Yeah, sometimes I read stories about me and they make me upset. One really upset me. It said that I was having an affair with some chick—and they put my *sister's* picture in the story. It was the only time I ever called a magazine. I got the head honcho and I said to him, "Jesus, give me a break. Don't drag me down the street. That story is completely unfounded." And he said, "Well, this guy told us he knew you and that that stuff was true." I told him I could prove that it was not.

PLAYBOY: If it weren't your sister, how *would* you feel about making it with a chick?

CHER: I don't think I would—I think it's wrong for me. I mean, if that's your inclination, that's OK. It just doesn't happen to be something I want. I find women attractive, but I haven't seen any women I'd really like to make it with. I have a real strong thing toward men. My best friends are women, but I can have a good relationship with women without, you know, without going to bed with them. But God knows the stuff that gets printed about me; I can sit in this house for ten days, and from what's reported, you'd think I was making it with the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

PLAYBOY: What was the most outrageous story you ever heard about yourself?

CHER: That Sonny and I were both girls. We got a really good laugh out of that one.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think that kind of story gets published?

CHER: Who knows? Like I said, sometimes I think there are two different Chers—the one people write about and the real me. The one people write about, the one on the television show, is after everybody's husband. All *I* want to do is—I want to have a man and I want to have a life and I want to do my gig. I have this sex-siren image, but really, I couldn't give a shit about that—I mean, I'm so uninterested right now in all the Robert Redfords, Elvis Presleys and anyone else's husband that I really don't care. I figure it's almost like being a bank clerk. I go and do my job, and that's my job—that's my work, the sex-queen stuff.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about starting your own TV series?

CHER: I was terrified—and so was the network.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CHER: First, they put me in a strange time slot.

PLAYBOY: You mean competing with *The Wonderful World of Disney*?

CHER: Right. Nobody has beaten Disney in, what, 15 years? It's been on since I was little. It was like the network wanted me, but they didn't really know what that me *was*, the television me. Then, when they found out what *me* was going to be, everybody started freaking: "Jesus, what are we going to do? At 7:30 Sunday night, what are we going to do with her?" When I first started the show, CBS said, "You cannot say turkey and you cannot say far out—you can't say that stuff."

PLAYBOY: Did they give you any reasons?

CHER: They said, "America doesn't know what that means." And I said, "Oh, bullshit." Tony Orlando is X-rated compared with what I could do. It's like you can have tits up to your neck, but God forbid you should show them from the side or from underneath—or anything Americans might not be used to seeing.

PLAYBOY: Do you think TV should be so self-censoring?

CHER: As a grown person—ha-ha—I think it's kind of dumb. But TV is something that, once you turn it on, it's just there. And since children watch it, it has to be censored. Because if it gets rough—and the violence bothers me a lot more than the sex—it's like a guest that quietly gets drunk, and all of a sudden he's there and you don't know what the hell to do with him. There's safety in the blandness of being in the middle. Right now, I'm kind of like queen of a mediocre medium. I mean, television is the kind of thing you can pay attention to if you wish, and if you don't, you can go clean out your drawers.

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PLAYBOY: Isn't that a dangerous statement for you to make—sort of like biting the hand that feeds you?

CHER: Oh, my mouth gets me into more trouble than anything else, because I have a kind of cutting way of saying things, even when I don't mean to.

PLAYBOY: What did the network cut from your show?

CHER: Like, they pulled Raquel Welch's number. I'm real pissed off about that. Raquel and I were becoming really good friends. She is strange, but I really like her. We did this number together. We came out in dresses and sang a song—no horrible gyrations, no anything. And she did a solo number, which was really nice. Well, first we got a call that they were cutting out the duet between the two of us because the program director said it was too suggestive. Then they said we could keep the duet, but her number had to go. Because she was singing a suggestive song and she placed her hand, God forbid, on *parts of her anatomy*! The song was *Feel Like Makin' Love*—I mean, it was a hit song. George Schlatter, my producer, got back the duet but couldn't save Raquel's solo. When she found out about it, God, she just freaked, because she'd worked hard on it. I don't blame her; I would have been really pissed off, too. So she called the network and got some guy who didn't even have the guts to tell her that it was their idea—he told her it was mine. Then she called me, and she was furious. She read me up one side and down another. And I said, "Raquel, I swear to God on my daughter's life, I had nothing to do with it"—and she hung up on me. So then *I* got really angry. I called up Freddie Silverman, CBS' programing director, at home in New York, and laid down the story to him. I said, "You guys have just ruined a friendship for me." So he said, "I'll call her myself and tell her it was because she touched herself," and blah-blah-blah. He called her, but she was into such a role by then that it didn't pierce. Maybe she thought they were just trying to cover up for me, I don't know. But we haven't spoken since then. All the people at the network that I have dealings with—Perry Lafferty, Bob Gordon and Freddie Silverman—are incredible men. I really like them. But at first they were so afraid. And because of that, now I give them even more skin for letting me go on and do something they thought would be a bust.

PLAYBOY: Your show is a hit, though. It was Sonny's that didn't fare too well.

CHER: I felt really bad about that, because I knew he didn't want to do that show. I worked with him for years and I know more than anyone just how talented he is. Sonny can do all kinds of stuff, but you can't do the same old *Sonny and Cher* format without the same line-up. If you gave me the *Sonny and Cher Show* without Sonny, I couldn't do it, either.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think your show is so popular?

CHER: I read this dumb article on why Cher is the biggest star in America and they had, like, five psychiatrists saying what it was. They didn't say shit. And there *is* no reason. I'm not the best at anything I do. I come out and say that dumb little bunch of shit at the beginning of the show so that people know there's a person behind all those costumes, a person who's having a good time singing and dressing up. It takes them away from the drudgery, the news and all that bullshit that's going on in the world. There's something about me people like, that's all I know.

PLAYBOY: Could that something be described as glamor?

CHER: I don't know. My mother once told me something that has stayed with me through thick and thin: "Honey, you're not the prettiest or the most talented, so make the most of what you got." At the time, that hurt. I felt so ugly, while my sister was so beautiful, with this white-blonde hair and green eyes, like my mom. Once we went to Mexico and they wouldn't let me back over the border because they thought I was a Mexican and my mother was trying to sneak me in. I was really pissed off. Another time, I met Diana Vreeland, the editor of *Vogue*, at a party and she said, "My dear, you're beautiful. You have a pointed head." I thought, Hmm, strange old lady. She asked me to be in her magazine and sent Richard Avedon out to shoot photos. Avedon told me, "Cher, you will never make the cover of *Vogue*, because you don't have blonde hair or blue eyes." Then they did put me on the cover and it sold more issues than any other. Imperfect beauty is still beautiful.

PLAYBOY: Well, how hung up are you on your looks?

CHER: I guess I do go through changes about them. Like, when I'm uptight, my face will just go into craziness. It never happened before the TV show; I didn't know what a pimple was. My doctor told me that women who make money with their face will sometimes do something against it because they subconsciously don't want to work. It's a kind of psychological rebellion.

PLAYBOY: Whatever the reason your fans dig you, do you have any sense of who they are, of the make-up of your audience?

CHER: I'm certainly not the hip person's ideal. But, for instance, I have a big black following. I went to the Apollo Theater in Harlem one night and someone asked if I wanted to be introduced. God, no, I said, you have to be heavily into soul music or do something really terrific at the Apollo or they just tell you to fuck off. But they gave me a standing ovation. I thought, Jesus Christ, this is terrific. I do a lot of black looks on my show, because I happen to think it's a terrific look. If I were to be anyone else, that's what I'd be. I'd be Diana Ross.

And I have an incredible kid following—little teeny children. Once, when I was in a market in Macon, this little black chick, about three years old, tugs at my leg and looks up and says, "Cher, I love you." And I couldn't believe it. But it happens to me all the time.

PLAYBOY: Some of the kids may be Chastity's fans, too. How does she like being on the show?

CHER: She loves it. We had a war because she *wasn't* on it. Especially when Tatum O'Neal was on, Chastity was really pissed off because she couldn't be on with us. But I didn't want to put her on until the show was a success on its own. I knew that everyone wanted to see her, but I didn't want to use her to get any rating points.

PLAYBOY: Have you been getting any flak about using her?

CHER: No; I asked Son and he said it was fine. She enjoys it and she's been doing it since she was two, you know. She used to think that everybody's mother was on television.

PLAYBOY: How did Chastity react when you and Sonny split up?

CHER: She was upset at first, but now that she sees we're still friends, she's OK. You can't fool kids, anyway. I had a lot of friends in school whose parents stayed together until the children were grown—and *then* they split. They thought they were pulling a big thing off, but their children knew what was going on. They stuck it out for no reason, for no reason at all. My mother got married a million times, but she didn't do *that*. She's really terrific.

PLAYBOY: She got married *how many* times?

CHER: Well, eight times, really. She married my father three of those times—he can be very charming.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think she has married so often?

CHER: I think my mom was looking for some man to take care of her—someone who would be like a father. I think a lot of women do that. As far as I can see, it's a wrong place to be. You have to find it with yourself. But I did the same thing she did, only I stayed with the first one for ten years. But I was pretty wild by the time I was 16 and with Sonny I figured I'd better settle down.

PLAYBOY: Wild how?

CHER: Well, actually, I didn't drink or do drugs or any of the things people would consider wild now. I wasn't hopping into bed with everybody, either. Of course, when I was 14, my girlfriends were all telling me how much fun sex was, that I could get away with it and that boys would respect me—as long as I didn't go all the way. But I thought stopping short was ridiculous. I wanted to

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find out what it was about, so I just did it, all at once, with this guy next door I was madly in love with. A little Italian guy, as it turned out. When we'd finished, I said, "Is this it?" He said, "Yeah." And I said, "Well, you can go home."

PLAYBOY: We take it you've changed your mind about sex since then.

CHER: I still think sex is a dumb thing unless you love somebody. I mean, I see some of these magazines with naked guys standing around looking like real assholes and I wonder how any woman could get turned on. They all look like Ken dolls, you know. I would never make it with some guy I'd just met. The only thing that sees you through life is a relationship with someone, so to just fuck without feeling or love is stupid.

PLAYBOY: When you met Sonny, at 16, did *he* turn you on?

CHER: Oh, yes, I was knocked out. I didn't think he was handsome, but I'd never seen anyone with long hair and boots and stuff like that. All my girlfriends said, "He's kind of ugly, he has a big nose and he's strange-looking—you could do a lot better." But there was something about him. He was good, stable, older—sweet.

But it *did* take a long time for the relationship to get physical. Sonny's into having a very mental relationship and if he can't, he doesn't mess with you. It wasn't a fiery, sexy thing with us, but rather paternal, like we were bound together, two people who needed each other, almost, for protection.

PLAYBOY: What was he doing when you met?

CHER: He was a record promoter. He had just left his wife and he liked my girlfriend, the one I was staying with, but she didn't like him at all. He moved next door, anyway. Then my girlfriend split and left me with all these bills, and I lost my job, and my mother was going to make me come home. So Sonny said, "Well, I'll tell you something. I don't find you particularly attractive, but you can stay in my house." He said: "Can you cook?" I said no, and he said, "Can you clean?" I said, "Yeah." So he said, "All right, I'll pay everything and you keep the house clean and we'll do it." So I told my mother I was living with a stewardess, and it seemed like a good thing at the time. We stayed in the same room. I remember waking up one time, I'd had a really bad dream, and I said, "Sonny, can I get in bed with you?" And he said, "Yes, but don't bother me." And I said, "OK." And we just lived there together for ages. Finally, my mother made me move out, because I was underage—and Sonny didn't even know it then. I told everybody I was 19, but then someone told him I wasn't. Anyway. When I had to go back home, I guess he found out that he really liked me. He called me up and said, "Don't you think it's time you asked me to marry you?" And I said, "What?" It was really weird.

PLAYBOY: How soon after that did you start making records together?

CHER: About a year later, I guess. I used to sing like crazy around the house, but I never even thought of being a singer. And then, one night, one of the girls didn't show up to do background voices. This guy looked at me and said, "Can you sing?" And I said no. He said, "Well, can you carry a tune?" I said, "Yeah." And he said, "Well, get out there, because we need some noise." And from that time on, I did all the dates.

PLAYBOY: Most people have forgotten it, but you're the person who made bell-bottoms popular back in the Sixties. How did you happen to start wearing them?

CHER: We had these two friends, Bridget and Colleen. They were my girlfriends and they were real space cadets. I mean, they were terrific, but they were really spacy chicks—and Bridget was into making clothes. We'd pool our money, I'd design things and they'd make them. We were crazy dressers. It's so ridiculous now, but we got thrown out of more places than I can even remember.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember the first time that happened?

CHER: It was on our first trip to London, in 1969. No one knew who we were, but by the first night, our picture was on the cover of every newspaper because we'd been thrown out of the Hilton for the way we looked.

PLAYBOY: What were you wearing?

CHER: I had on one of my pride-and-joy outfits. I was really proud of it. It was red, white and blue striped bell-bottoms with an industrial zipper with a big ring on it. And a top with big bell sleeves, and a pair of red shoes. And Sonny had on a pair of striped pants and his dress Eskimo boots, real beautiful, and he had on his bobcat vest and a big shirt. The people in England loved it. They didn't even think we were American. You know, American rock 'n' roll at that time was zilch. Everything was the Beatles and Dave Clark and the Stones. It's funny, when the Stones came to America for the first time, they wanted to stay with us.

PLAYBOY: How did that work out?

CHER: Well, we had a big house, but we only had money enough to furnish the bedroom, so we said, "You guys can't stay with us, because we haven't got any furniture." They said, "That's OK, we'll rent cots," because they were really uptight around the people they were with over here. No one looked like them and they felt real insecure.

PLAYBOY: Did you meet them on that first trip to London?

CHER: Yeah, it was funny. It was like we were an overnight success over there.

PLAYBOY: Well, *The Beat Goes On* was really an English sound.

CHER: *Beat* came much later. This was *Babe* and *All I Really Want to Do*—those were the two songs we had out. But by the time we got back to America, we

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had five songs in the Top 20 or something like that; it was really incredible. But then we got thrown out of every place over here. I mean, we got thrown out of the Americana! *No one* gets thrown out of the Americana, but we did.

PLAYBOY: A lot of hotels these days won't book music acts at all, because their places end up getting destroyed.

CHER: That happened to us a lot in Europe.

PLAYBOY: Why? Were you into tearing up hotels?

CHER: No, the people with us didn't rip up the hotel, but a lot of groups obviously *are* into that. I guess the heaviest thing we ever got to was a shaving-cream fight, and we even cleaned up afterward ourselves. We were thrown out, anyway—that was in Hamburg. But, I mean, you're on the road for 40 days and you're in a limo, then the airport, then onstage and back to your Howard Johnson's or Ramada Inn—and you just start going crazy. If you're stranger than we were, you do things like ripping up stuff and tossing TV sets into swimming pools. But it's like if you get into the rock-'n'-roll-star syndrome, it's really a drag, because you have to live up to this strange image and it kills you.

PLAYBOY: What image?

CHER: Like a Jimi Hendrix–Janis Joplin kind of trip. Or like with Judy Garland and Marilyn Monroe. The thing that really immortalized them, pushed them over the top, is that they died, which is really a drag, you know. That's a little bit too much of a sacrifice to make for your art.

If you're a guy, the trip is you're supposed to be a superstud and shooting up, you know. Male rock musicians are mostly into friendships with men, because the groupies make themselves so dense and unrewarding as human beings. On the road, chicks walk up to them and say, "Can I do it to you?—anyplace, any time." So the men are left with this spacy feeling about what a relationship is. The pressure is incredible and you burn yourself out. You're getting all this money, but you feel unworthy. People are always going crazy around you.

PLAYBOY: Did all that make *you* crazy when it started happening to you?

CHER: Well, being 18 and walking on a stage and hearing 10,000 people screaming and yelling your name—the whole thing can make you lose all concept of who you are. Sometimes I'd get off the stage with my clothes and sometimes I wouldn't. But, overall, Sonny kept on top of the situation for me. I was like a worker in a beehive, mostly, just doing my gig. So it never really got to me. It's like when we first did the TV show. I didn't really know we were a success until one day I went to Saks and all these ladies were coming up to me, saying, "Oh, wonderful, beautiful," and this and that—and I thought, Jesus Christ, we must be a hit. But I was terrified on the stage always, totally terrified.

PLAYBOY: What was your personal life with Sonny like—or was there time for any?

CHER: We were together 24 hours a day, and we were working. In the beginning, we were pretty excited, because we made plans about what we would do. We were going to walk into a Cadillac dealership—I don't know why; I guess we all wanted Cadillacs. But we wanted to walk in, just the way we dressed, with a paper bag full of money, and give them cash. You know, all that dumb stuff that you think about doing.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever actually do anything like that?

CHER: Oh, one thing, but on a much smaller scale. I went into this store one day, just in my regular duds, and I saw a Rudi Gernreich outfit that I wanted. So I asked this saleslady, "Can you tell me what colors you have this outfit in?" She said, "It's a very expensive outfit." I said, "OK. Can you tell me what size this is? There's no tag on it." She said, "My dear, it's a very expensive outfit." I said, "OK, what colors does it come in?" "Well," she said, "it comes in red and black, green and yellow, and purple and red." And I said, "OK. I'll take all three." I never wore the outfit. I went home and told Sonny what I'd done. I said, "Sonny, I've really done a dumb thing." I was embarrassed, but I copped to it. And he said, "Well, now you did it once, and so it's not so important." But I did some other silly things. Like, if I'd go to buy an electric fry pan, I'd buy two to put away, in case someday we couldn't afford one. So I have this whole stockpile of stuff.

PLAYBOY: You and Sonny did fall on some hard times at one point. What happened?

CHER: Well. Sonny decided he wanted to make this movie, *Chastity*. He wrote it, and it was one of the best scripts I've ever read—especially compared with all the scripts I'm seeing now, which are mostly shit. But he shouldn't have had me do it. Because it was me, his wife—and he's very Italian—he just kept changing it to make things less rough for me. Basically, I wasn't ready. So he spent a whole year and all of our bread on this movie. And then I got pregnant in the middle of it and I couldn't work during the pregnancy. So when Chastity was born, we owed the Government, I don't know, something like $190,000.

PLAYBOY: How did you get out of the hole?

CHER: We went on the road and played night clubs. At first, we died. Then we started getting off on the band, just getting into a little rapping, and then we noticed that people were beginning to laugh, so we just started working on it. We never wrote anything down. If something worked, we'd add it, and if it didn't, we'd chuck it out.

PLAYBOY: Did the ad-libbing come out of your personal relationship?

CHER: Some of it came from further back. When I was younger, I was chicken and poor, which isn't hip, because you haven't got clothes and all that stuff. So I developed SMB—Smart Mouth Bitch. Which meant, "Don't screw with me, because I may not have clothes or what everyone else has, but I can cut you to ribbons." When I met Sonny, I had that reputation, gave him the finger and all that. But after I'd been with him for about six months, I was so different. I wasn't allowed to say fuck or hell or damn. With Sonny, that part of my personality was just tucked away. But then it started creeping out again. My sense of humor began cutting a little bit, with him, the band, the audience, the hecklers. People would laugh and Sonny would say, "We'll keep it." It was great. That part of my personality had been stifled for so long it was wonderful to use it onstage. I was getting myself together, getting out my frustrations. The act worked and we started building a following on the club circuit. Then we did a Merv Griffin show and were really good, so then, in 1971, we got the summer series and things just fell into place.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel when you got into TV?

CHER: I loved it. Everything, especially the dresses designed by Bob Mackie. I thought, Boy, if I ever have money, that would be the guy to do my clothes.

PLAYBOY: Are clothes really as important to you as press reports indicate?

CHER: Oh, people say I have thousands and thousands of clothes and 700 pairs of shoes and all that. Bullshit. I mean, I have a lot of stuff from the show, but I don't wear those outfits when I'm not working. I usually end up in jeans. I've been thinking of going on my show just once in a dress made out of an old Army blanket. I don't give a shit. I honestly don't. I started dressing up because I thought it would be interesting: Television was so goddamned drab and dull! I'm not that into clothes, even though I *have* been through stages of jewelry, diamonds, all that.

PLAYBOY: How important is money to you?

CHER: Sometimes I honestly think that I wouldn't be happy if I was broke. A big thing money does for me is give me choices. If I feel like going someplace, I have the money to do it; or if I see something I want, I can buy it. I mean, I don't ever sit around and say, "My God, look at all this money I've got; it's terrific." Because at other times, I think I could almost live happily without too much money. And for me, that's really something to say, because I always thought, God, I couldn't bear to be poor again.

But I mostly don't even think about money; I know I should, but I don't understand it. I know I make a lot, but there have been times when we made nothing—and the difference wasn't that much. But the way I live right now is a stupid way to live. Not that I'm not materialistic; it'd be a crock to say I'm not. But I certainly don't need this house. I'm going to sell it. What I'd like to do with money is buy only what's really beautiful.

When I was little, my mom spent most of her time thinking about how she could pay the rent and buy the food and pay the phone bill and buy gas for the car and feed the kids and I don't have to think about those things. Which gives me free time to think about how uptight I am because I broke my fingernail—a really dumb thing, nothing important.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever thought you might like to use some of your wealth to help someone else who's struggling?

CHER: No. An honest answer that won't make me seem like a very terrific person is that I think struggling is good for a person. I have things I give money to, but it's not like rich people's things to pay off their guilt.

PLAYBOY: As you got more successful, less hungry, did things start changing between you and Sonny?

CHER: After the baby was born, things started to get different, but not so that he even noticed. I started feeling more like a woman. I carried over half the load, but I knew I never would have been out there if it weren't for him. Otherwise, I might as well have been in a closet someplace in east Guam. But as I started feeling more mature, I got more pissed off about things I wanted that weren't exactly outrageous and he just laid a definite *no* on them. In fact, I just saw *A Clockwork Orange*. Sonny had always forbidden it because he thought it was the wrong kind of movie for me. He was strange like that. One of the things I originally found so attractive about Sonny was that he really believed women should be taken care of. Eventually, it got to the point of driving me crazy.

PLAYBOY: When did Sonny begin to think of you as his equal?

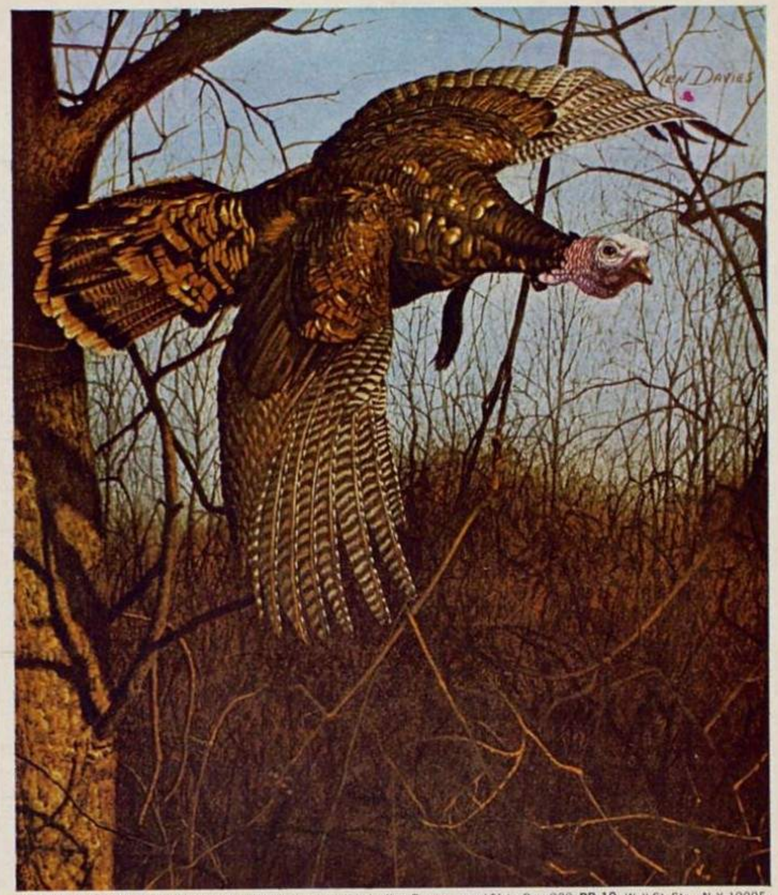
CHER: Oh, let's see, about a week ago.

PLAYBOY: Seriously.

CHER: He never really changed; I was growing up and he wasn't catching up. Plus, from the time we began the show until I left him, it was constant work. I went to the hospital two or three times a year—I have anemia and lose weight very easily. And we had a schedule that would break a 300-pound truck driver. We'd do the show, then weekends and holidays, we'd do one-nighters and interviews and picture sessions.

PLAYBOY: Did you really need to generate a lot of money to keep the act going?

CHER: No. Sonny is just into work; he loves it. He controlled the whole situation. He booked the gigs and managed every phase of work. To me, it was a pain in the ass. It was kind of interesting, but there was too much hassle, hauling the



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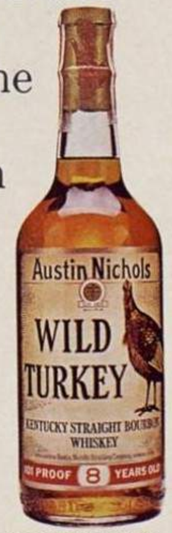

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3. Enter as often as you wish, but you may enter only one sweepstakes per entry, and each entry must be mailed separately, to: Benson & Hedges 100's, P.O. Box 2468, Westbury, New York 11591. Entries must be postmarked by January 31, 1976 and received by February 10, 1976.
4. **IMPORTANT:** You must write the number of the sweepstakes you are entering on the outside of the envelope, in the lower left-hand corner.
5. **Winners will be selected in random drawings from entries for sweepstakes by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received for each sweepstakes. Winners will be asked to execute an affidavit of release and eligibility. All prizes will be awarded. Only one prize to a family. Liability for taxes is the sole responsibility of the individual winners. In lieu of any prize, winner may elect to receive a cash award of $200.**
6. Contest open to all U.S. residents over 21 years of age, except employees and their families of Philip Morris, Inc., its advertising agencies and National Judging Institute, Inc. This offer is subject to all federal, state and local laws. Void in Idaho, Missouri, and wherever prohibited, restricted or taxed.
7. **For a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to BENSON & HEDGES WINNERS LIST, P.O. Box 2442, Westbury, New York 11591. List will be available by May 1, 1976.**

Benson & Hedges 100's. Now in hard pack, too.

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I've chosen the following sweepstakes and I've read the rules carefully.

The sweepstakes number is _____ and the prize is _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

IMPORTANT: You must write the number of the sweepstakes you are entering on the outside of the envelope, in the lower left-hand corner.

*Plus travel and accommodations for two.

baby all over. I remember just before I left him, he told me, "We have a million dollars in the bank, tax paid." I said, "Terrific! Can we go to Europe for a couple of weeks?" And everyone looked at me and said, "Are you crazy? You can't make any money in Europe now. Run along and go shopping." I shopped all the time, because that was the only way I could get out of the house alone without being supervised. Just shopped my ass off. Then I took up needlepoint—my God, I needlepointed everything. I could have made a needlepoint *stove*, I was so unhappy. Everyone was having a great time but me. I'd be put in bed after the show, take off my lashes and just go to sleep. And they'd stay up. And I just thought, Goddamn, I'm 26, these ten years have gone by so quickly. I just wanted to be a human being, to go and do things.

PLAYBOY: Was Sonny incapable of bending or changing?

CHER: He really doesn't understand. Or he may now, but he didn't then. He's exactly like his father. His father's from Sicily and they're very old-fashioned. One thing I've found out from living away from Sonny is that I did it to myself. No idea of ever saying no to Sonny had ever entered my mind. He was a benevolent dictator. I let myself get into the situation. I just took it for granted. Until the day I said, "I'm real sick and tired of all this shit; goodbye."

PLAYBOY: How did that day come about?

CHER: It was a Saturday night after a gig, about four in the morning. I just decided, Tomorrow I leave him. All day I was sweating and really nervous. I kept thinking, Why are you going through all this? You'll never leave him. And by that night, it was all over. I was real calm about it.

PLAYBOY: Did you just say, "It's over"?

CHER: That's it. And he said, "OK." He told me later he thought about throwing me off the balcony. He'd get seven years, they'd let him out and he'd get his own show. I had to laugh. He has the greatest sense of humor. But I had gotten to the point where I was so crazy I couldn't sleep, I could just barely work and I had all these guilt and anxiety feelings. When I got over them, I felt the same way about him that I had for years. I loved him, I really adored him, but I didn't want to be married to him. So our relationship seemed the same, except that I could leave the house when I wanted to. Even then, we worked for a year and a half together before people actually knew we were splitting.

PLAYBOY: Was it as much a corporate decision as a personal one?

CHER: I didn't really know anything about the business part. I assumed that there would be no professional life. I didn't realize the ramifications, even when the agents and CBS and our lawyer came down on me.

PLAYBOY: We can see why CBS and your agents might be upset, but why your own lawyer?

CHER: I lived in this house, and Sonny and I had made an agreement that if it didn't work out, he'd move out and I could live here with the baby. So we were on the road and things were getting kind of sticky. He was angry, and I don't exactly blame him, but then he started being unkind, I thought. So I said, "Sonny, when we get home, you're just going to have to move out, because you're really making me feel bad in my own home and on the road. It's really a drag and I don't like it." So he gave me a few choice words and I called our lawyer. I told him to remind Sonny of the deal we had made. He called back and said, "Well, Sonny hung up on me. I suggest you move out." I said, "Really, you do?" And he said, "Yeah." I thought, Well, all right, I guess I will. So I did. I didn't know that once you move out, you can't get back in. No one had told me that.

PLAYBOY: You mean your lawyer hadn't?

CHER: Right. I couldn't get any money, I couldn't get anything, because everything was in Sonny's control—and the business accountant's. I could sign a check, but without Sonny's or the lawyer's signature, it meant nothing—so I couldn't get any money. They were giving me about $7500 a month, which was OK, but I had moved out to the beach and had a house payment of $4000 every month. It just didn't cover everything. And, besides that, it had been, like, ten years' work for me, and I couldn't get any of the money I thought was half mine. I didn't want any more than half. I said, you know, "There's a lot of money there, so you take half, let me have half and let's cool it." "No, no, no," he said. I really thought I was getting the runaround. Then, when David Geffen heard that my lawyer had advised me to move out of the house, he said, "Are you sure that this lawyer is a good one? Why don't you just talk to another lawyer and tell him the things that have happened and see what he thinks? I don't want you to go to my lawyer, because I don't want to have any control over the situation, but I know another good lawyer." So I went to the new lawyer and he told me, "Do you realize that you're an employee of this company, an employee of Sonny, and that he has the right to tell you when you can work, if you can work, where you should be, how much you'll get paid? And you don't get any of the money; all the money goes into the corporation and they give you a salary?" I said, "I don't remember that." He said, "Well, is this your signature?" And I said, "Yeah." But it wasn't a contract, it was a letter. I had always signed things over the years. If Sonny's or the lawyer's name was on it, I just signed. I mean, who has time to read it, and who would understand it? I didn't even know where we kept our money. There was no necessity—everything was always taken care of. I worked and the bills were paid. I had charge accounts and stuff like that, so there was really no reason for me to know. Sonny had had two expressions: "Stop spending" or "Everything is cool." So when I started finding out all this stuff, I was really angry.

PLAYBOY: Isn't Sonny presently suing David for some $14,000,000 for alienation of professional affections or something like that?

CHER: Something like that. But the only thing David ever did was tell me he thought I should find a lawyer. When I did, David helped me make decisions about working or whatever, because I didn't know what to do. I was really, really lost. But by the time I met David, I had left Sonny and I was going to stay gone from Sonny for the rest of my life. There's something about David, though, that Sonny is really angry about, more so than, I don't know, than somebody else.

PLAYBOY: Have you and Sonny managed to stay pretty cool with each other during all your fights over finances?

CHER: Oh, yeah, that's what's strange. We hardly even talk about it. It's something that goes on with our lawyers, it really doesn't go on with us. It's only bread.

Sonny told me recently, "You did the only thing you could have done. But in doing it, you took away all this money from me." So the money and the emotions are two separate things. By paying him, I'm not paying him back for anything he went through emotionally. I'm paying him because I broke up Sonny and Cher—and he's lost his work.

PLAYBOY: What do you think he'd have done if the economics of the situation had gone the other way—if *he'd* had the hit show?

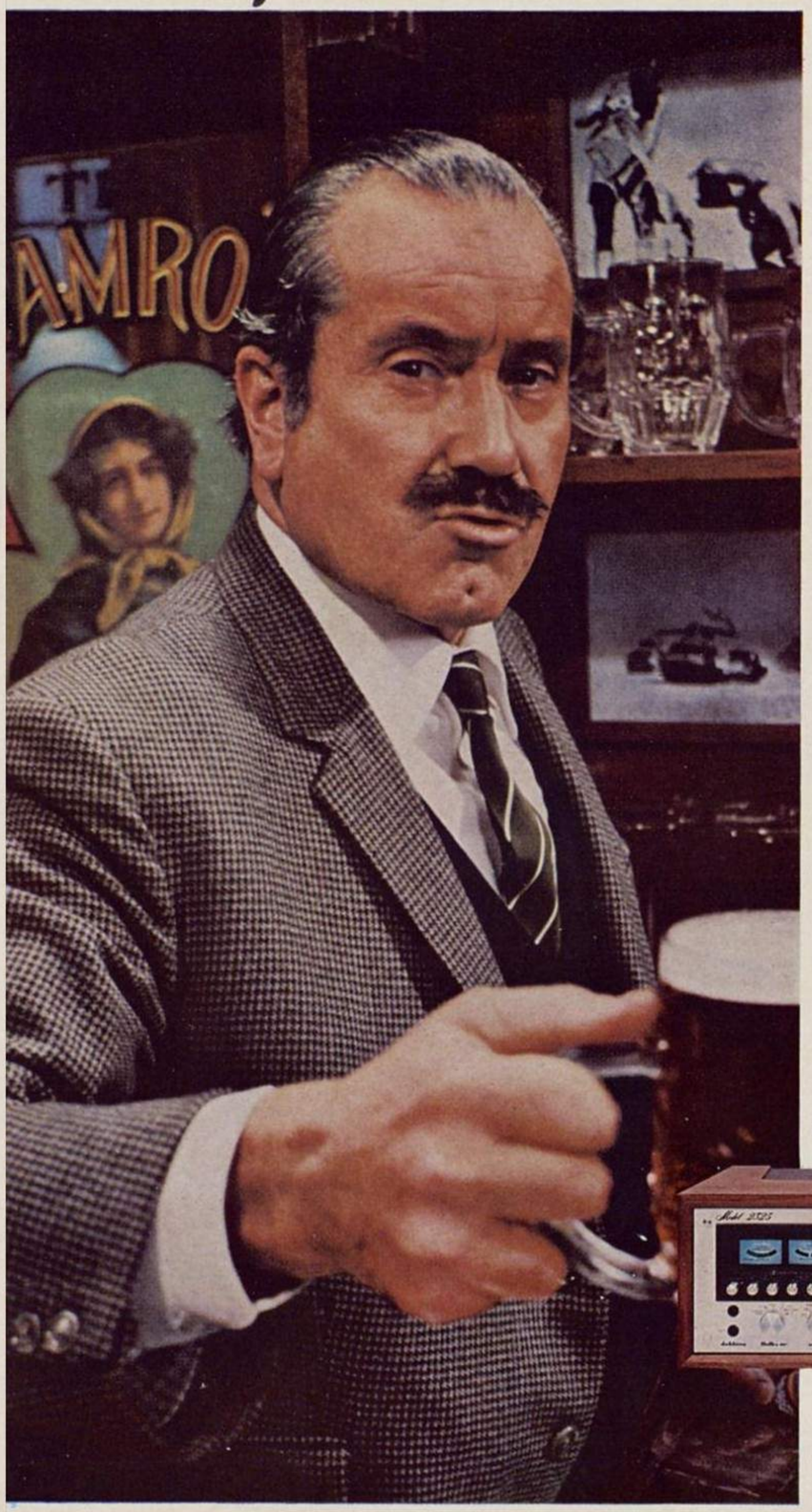
CHER: Sonny has always been a very generous man, and I don't think he would have left me high and dry. We took care of his first wife. She lived in our old house, which was a beautiful house, and he bought her a car—and one time, for a birthday present, he wanted to send his older daughter to Europe with her mother, so I paid for her ticket and he paid for the mother's ticket. So he's not a bad guy. We should have been brother and sister.

PLAYBOY: How did your private life change after you split?

CHER: I was so thankful to be able to say anything and wear anything without being checked on. But it was hard in the beginning. Everyone gave me the word: "You can't go out, you can't hang a sign on the door, saying, FREE TO DATE." People had never seen me out without Sonny. When you're married, you become safe, no matter what. Man, you could have been a hooker your whole life, but once you're married, you're dignified and respected. Getting married and growing old are the two things that save everybody's ass. No one says ill about the dead, the

(continued on page 178)

"My Marantz stereo is built strong as a bloomin' tank!"



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London pub owner Sergeant Major (Ret.) Harry Driscoll owns a Marantz 2325 AM/FM stereo receiver. 125 watts continuous power per channel at 8 ohms from 20 Hz to 20 kHz with no more than 0.15% total harmonic distortion. See the complete Marantz line starting as low as $299.95 at your Marantz dealer.

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ON OUR FIRST PASS over the tiny mountaintop airfield, it seemed that we were going to hit the side of the mountain, which would have meant the end of me, Nelson Rockefeller and my story. But it would have been a bonanza for conspiracy buffs. What was the ex-editor of *Ramparts*, who had done so many CIA exposés, doing on a little prop plane with the Vice-President, who was just then completing his committee's investigation of the CIA? Of course, there was no sinister connection; I was just a reporter conning his way onto a flight, hoping for one of those spontaneous interviews that had embarrassed Rockefeller so many times before. If it had been up to the Secret Service, I never would have made it. I tilted their computer so badly that I was never even allowed to go to the bathroom in the old Executive Office Building without an escort. But the Rockefeller people themselves were less uptight.

Indeed, Rockefeller's most striking quality is his total confidence in his ability to co-opt anyone, even an aging New Leftist like me. Once it was clear that I was just another intellectual and not a potential assassin, I was able to hang around with him for over a month. He permitted it because of his deeply ingrained assumption that people with brains or pens who could possibly annoy him by what they write can simply be hired and made to forget "all that negative stuff"—by which he means a less-than-full understanding that Rockefeller is our most useful and disinterested "problem solver," as he puts it.

The man does not feel that he can be hurt by words. Rockefeller's aides cannot even get him to read major articles about himself, unlike Henry Kissinger, who begins his morning by reading clips of everything said about him on the previous day. We may have social mobility in America, but we also have an economic class structure and Rockefeller *knows* that this is his country and his Government, while Kissinger has always believed that he is passing and living on borrowed time. When I tried to talk with Kissinger at press conferences, there was a nervous look in his eye that reminded me of my days of trying to hustle someone's girlfriend at a Loews theater in the Bronx. By contrast, when I was introduced to Rockefeller, he looked me right in the eye, grabbed my arm and said, "Hi ya, hear you're writing a book about me. What a great opportunity for a young man. This is going to be very interesting for you." Well,

NELSON ROCKEFELLER TAKES CARE OF EVERYBODY

article **By ROBERT SCHEER**

if kissinger's the consigliere and ford's just another capo, guess what that makes rocky

ILLUSTRATION BY PETER PALOMBI

if a Rockefeller can't be confident, who the hell can?

So off we went each day: he in the first limousine, the Secret Servicemen in the station wagon behind and I and press secretary Hugh Morrow or deputy press secretary John Mulliken, both friendly types, in the third vehicle. The Secret Service guys looked like either Charles Aznavour or Robert Redford. They wore sunglasses and sat in that station wagon with their fingers on the triggers of their Uzi submachine guns. Two of them stared out either side of the car and one looked through the back window at us. It was really quite dramatic: When the Vice-President's car pulled to a stop, the doors of the station wagon would fly open and—the car still moving—the SS guys popped out and rushed ahead.

Once we stopped to have cocktails with the entire Supreme Court; another afternoon it was an hour with the empress and shah of Iran; and on a third occasion, Rocky spent a relaxing evening at the Kennedy Center with Nancy and Henry Kissinger. In the process, I kept finding myself squeezed up against a lot of the people whom I had spent most of my adult life demonstrating against. They are not a bad bunch of people to have hors d'oeuvres with, if you can forget things like the shah's secret police or Attica. But I came away from all this with no doubts at all that America has a ruling class and that it gets along quite smoothly with its counterparts abroad.

Ironically, I had just published a book (*America After Nixon*) on the power of the top multinational corporations and the ways they run this country, and some of the more sophisticated liberal critics said I had an exaggerated view of their power. One of these critics, Robert L. Heilbroner, writing in the *New York Review of Books*, should have known better, since the Rocky people told me he had worked for them in the Fifties. In fact, when Rockefeller assembled his Commission on Critical Choices for Americans, Morrow ran through his old Rolodex for possible recruits and found Heilbroner's name. He called him and offended him by trying to hire him back at the old rate of pay. Morrow explained, "I didn't know anything about him—you know, that he'd gone on to write books, and I thought he'd just come back as a researcher like when he worked under Kissinger before." Interestingly, it was another review of my book that got me in with the Rocky crowd.

The day I was trying to get onto the Rockefeller plane, *Business Week* had come out with a long, serious review. Although the reviewer considered me a Marxist, he said my main thesis about the crisis of corporate power in America was valid. As I stood in Morrow's office, I looked down on his desk and saw my picture and the review staring up at me. My immediate thought was, "Damn, it's all over and the Secret Service is going to hustle my ass out of here in two minutes."

But it was just the opposite. Rockefeller greeted me with, "Hey, fellow, I see ya got a best seller on your hands. Looks like a really interesting book." Since the main point of my book, which is hardly a best seller, is that people like the Rockefellers pretty much run this country at the expense of the rest of us, I was perplexed. But after getting to know the man, I came to understand that Rockefeller implicitly believes in the Marxist analysis of economic classes and struggle—he's just on the other side. It's a refreshing contrast to all of those liberal academics who tell us that we live in a pluralistic society.

Nelson Rockefeller was born to rule. But he was not trained in the grabbing, hustling tradition of his grandfather—those days are over. You can no longer just take from people. You have to make them want to give it to you. Since earliest childhood, the Rockefeller boys were perfectly trained in the art of doing just that. Nelson Rockefeller is the Godfather; he takes care of his own, he envelops all who come his way. He charms and binds you to him and is probably better at it than any other man in this country. He is very clear about his class interests and the central role of his family in making capitalism work. He's so secure in his power that he cannot conceive of the possibility that there are people in this world with whom he cannot cut a deal. And no matter who they are, if they have a measure of power and have survived, then he will deal.

For decades, through his purchase of intellectuals, his various commissions and his private dinners with the powerful of this world, he has been "solving our problems," and the less we know about it, the more effective he can be. Indeed, becoming V.P., just like becoming governor, was, in a sense, counterproductive, because the public began to be dimly aware that he and others like him, who share none of our daily travail about paying the bills and holding a job, have, in fact, determined that they are the neutral, and the best, arbiters of our fate. The Rockefellers are not powerful simply because of their immense wealth. Critics of Rockefeller at the Senate and House confirmation hearings missed this point. There are other rich people in this country. What makes some, like Nelson and his brother David (and Averell Harriman and C. Douglas Dillon), particularly important is that by adroit use of their wealth and training, they have become the arbiters of our essential political consensus. They will not be grubby. They are trusted by other rich and powerful people precisely because they are expected to look out for the larger interests of their class and not just the bank or corporation they happen to own. If you believe in the survival of corporate capitalism, the Rockefellers are the "good people" who are above petty interest and conniving.

In the Godfather view of corporate capitalism, you have to give favors to hold the whole thing together, and holding it together is Rockefeller's main task in life. In his view, society is a web in which he is the chief spider. Rockefeller believes that *he* must plan for our future:

ROCKEFELLER: I'm a great believer in planning.

SCHEER: What kind of planning?

ROCKEFELLER: Economic, social, political, military, total world planning.

SCHEER: Does the question of class enter into this at all?

ROCKEFELLER: Not to me.

I asked him when we were on that plane ride about any possible conflicts between the needs of the multinational corporations and labor and he said there were none: "My feeling is that that segment [labor] is terribly important, but they're going to be taken care of if our economic system works, which is what I was talking to these guys about—we're hobbling the economic system by accelerating social objectives."

The "guys" that he had been talking with were Arthur Burns, head of the Federal Reserve System, and Alan Greenspan, the President's top economic advisor. Rockefeller had been huddled with them in one corner of the plane. I did not then understand the importance of our destination. Why were we flying to this Virginia mountaintop? The Presidential photographer told me that the year before, Vice-President Ford had made the same trip and almost crash-landed. When we disembarked, there were 15 limousines waiting and a few helicopters circling overhead. In a scene reminiscent of James Bond, our caravan wound its way through the hills of Virginia guarded by those helicopters. I sat in the back of my limousine—the poor little rich boy—with a telephone next to me and no one to call. Finally, we arrived at The Homestead, a spa made famous in the Thirties, when Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt threw her lavish parties there. It's an ornate affair of colonnades and high ceilings and I knew something important must be happening, because as I crossed the lobby with Morrow, he suddenly said, "Oh, there's David. Hi, David, this is Bob Scheer. Bob, this is David Rockefeller and his wife, Margaret."

David was in a golfing getup and was very relaxed and friendly, as was his wife, who wanted to know if Nelson's wife, Happy, had gotten in yet. Within the next half hour, I saw Thomas Murphy, chairman of General Motors, and Edgar Speer, head of U. S. Steel.

It turned out that we had flown down to one of the very important quarterly

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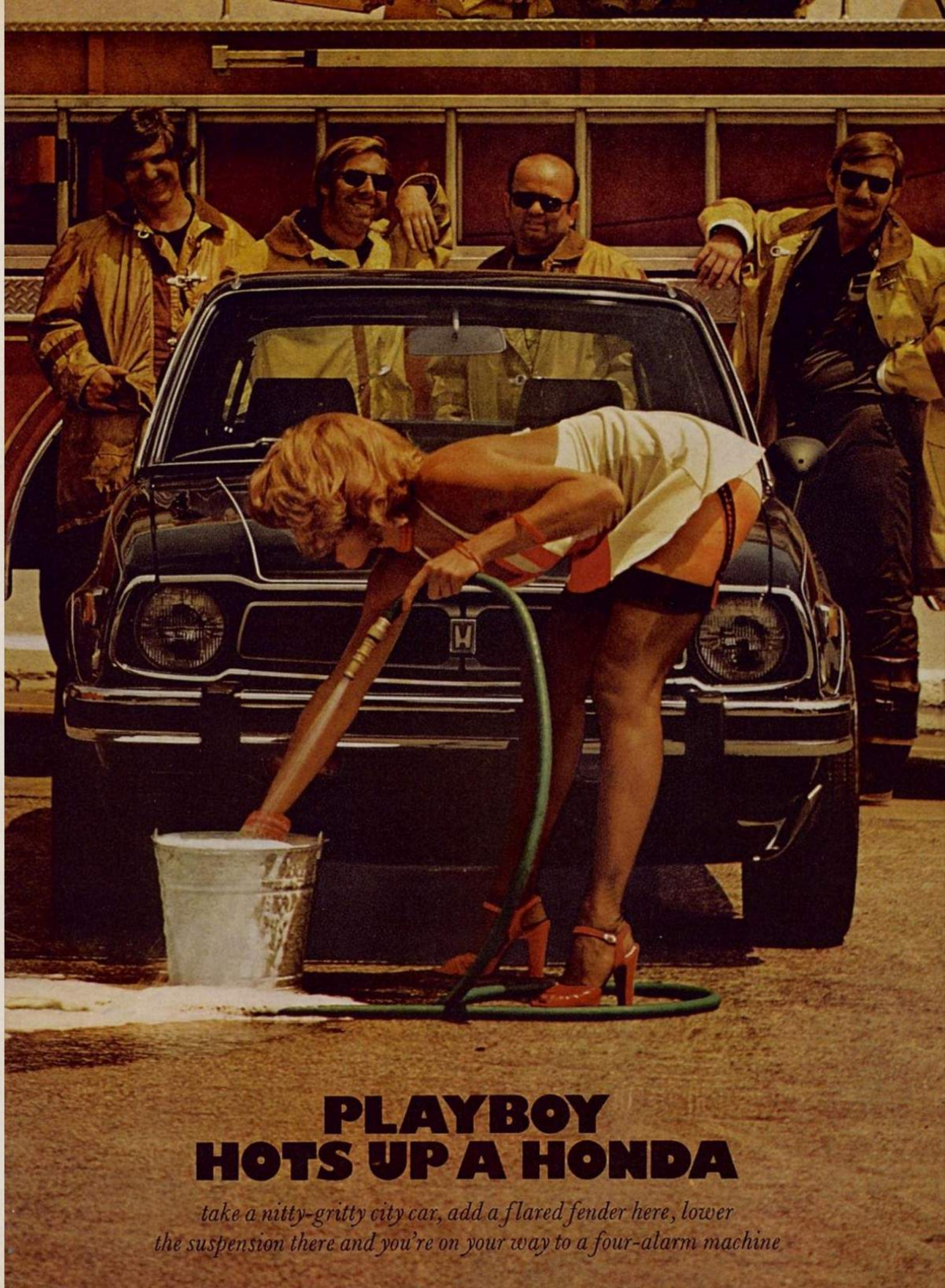

PLAYBOY HOTS UP A HONDA

take a nitty-gritty city car, add a flared fender here, lower the suspension there and you're on your way to a four-alarm machine

modern living **By BROCK YATES**

Above: Stalwart fire laddies cool off a couple of very hot numbers. Below: Close-up reveals some of the exterior details in our Honda transformation—white striping running across flared fender, Dan Gurney mag wheel, B. F. Goodrich radial tire and a mean-looking spoiler.

AND NOW, FELLOW PAUPERS, a vehicle uniquely suited to the times: we proudly present America's first recession sports car. Divest yourself of those bread-line blues. The minor inconveniences surrounding unemployment, bankruptcy, mortgage foreclosure, credit collapse, indentured servitude, debtors' prison, etc., that accompany what stockbrokers refer to as a downward adjustment need not prevent you from savoring the delights of motoring in the grand style. No, we are not suggesting that you steal a Ferrari Dino or hijack a Porsche Carrera in the name of the oppressed masses. We have cleverly devised a totally legal alternative—one that can be duplicated at modest expense and that transforms a zappy, nutball economy car into a neater, zappier, more nutball nickel-nosed GT machine.

The essential ingredient is a Honda *(continued on page 176)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETE TURNER

For the Honda hero driver, a new set of gauges mounted above the dashboard that are precise and easy to read, allowing the *pilote* to tend to business. They're framed by a Racemark small-diameter, leather-rimmed steering wheel put out by racing great Mark Donohue.

In redoing the Honda, we decided that if there were going to be any investment of heavy bread, we would put our money where our backside was. The elegant bucket seats are lightweight but give fine support. These, too, are from Mark Donohue.

NELSON ROCKEFELLER

(continued from page 78)

meetings of the Business Council, a group of the country's top 200 industrialists and bankers. Rockefeller closeted himself with some of the leaders to go over his speech for that night. I wandered the lobby in a daze. After 15 years of doubts, college debates with professors and confusion about whether America really has a ruling class, I had suddenly found myself right smack in the middle of it.

Rockefeller, of course, was in his element, and that evening, once the crab cocktails and steak had been put away, he rose to tell the assembled corporate heads what they wanted to hear: "I enjoy this opportunity because, frankly, ladies and gentlemen, I feel that those of you in this room symbolize, really, the essence of what our country stands for. . . . Now we find ourselves in a situation in which many of those values are challenged as never before. . . . No group knows this better than you, because you men and women—so many of you representing much-maligned multinational corporations . . . we, as Americans, should be so grateful that your ingenuity and your imagination and your drive has seen the opportunities that existed in this world. . . ."

We tend to think of large multinational companies as independent and rival entities, but the opposite is actually the case. The top men of finance and industry meet frequently for hard talks and friendly social encounters. They speak the same language and generally like one another, or at least it seemed that way to me at the Business Council gathering. Waiting in line for dinner, Walter Wriston of First National City Bank and David Rockefeller of rival Chase Manhattan were almost backslapping. Coke and Pepsi were about five feet apart in the receiving line. Farther down the line was Dr. Frank Stanton, former president of CBS, David Packard of Hewlett-Packard, Arthur Wood of Sears, Roebuck and on and on through the corporate elite. Douglas Dillon, who served on the CIA commission with Rockefeller, is also a member. It's a club of the people who actually run things in this country and the unique value of Rockefeller to all this, believe it or not, is that he is the club member who is supposed to have his finger on the public pulse. He has taken it upon himself to be *their* contact with *us*. He has chosen to be the politician rather than the banker or the captain of industry, and that decision flows not merely from ego needs but also from an understanding of the division of responsibilities within the Rockefeller family. On the plane back that night, I asked Rockefeller about the difference between his role and David's. He said, "Well, David is concerned with the world, he's the banker, so he has to take care of the global problems, and I started with the domestic—how to build domestic consensus for what has to be done."

This building of domestic consensus—that is to say, agreement among all of us on what we should *not* agree upon—has been Rockefeller's outstanding contribution to the corporate world. It involves the selling of that peculiar and perverse notion—which would be ludicrous in any country not so hooked on notions of classlessness and social mobility—that Rockefeller is somehow best qualified to interpret our needs and aspirations. He grabs your arm, gets close to your face and says, "You know, we've got a great country. I'm optimistic about the future and we're going to solve these problems."

Never, never in his entire life has Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller been permitted to think that his family and its holdings might have contributed to, let alone created, any of those problems. Since his youth, he has been surrounded by the "best" minds of the era, who have constantly reassured him that the Rockefellers were synonymous with virtue.

Rockefeller informed me that his mother had told him it was very important to associate with people smarter than yourself. That's why her husband, John D., always brought the most famous intellectuals in the world to the house. Take Nelson's favorite professor at Dartmouth, Stacy May. Nelson liked him so much that upon graduation *he hired him*. That gentleman has, in fact, been in and out of Rockefeller's employ for the past 40-odd years. "He was the chief economist for the War Production Board [World War Two]. He worked for me for years afterward. . . . He made these studies for me in Latin America." Can you imagine hiring your favorite college professor? Kissinger worked for Rockefeller for 15 years and, as someone who comes from the neighborhood next to Henry's, I can assure you that this sort of relationship is pretty one-sided. Rockefeller says that Henry is smart the way men used to say a woman had a cute ass—it's a useful attribute, it even turns you on, but it's negotiable. He didn't buy Henry with his $50,000 gift (which, along with similar gifts to other Rocky intimates, was revealed during the V.P. confirmation hearings)—the purchase occurred long before and was hardly so crass. Kids like Henry are raised not to believe in their own legitimacy. They can make up for it in all kinds of ways: Be witty or head of the class or at least a ladies' man; but deep down there is the horrible perception that you are on this planet by the barest of accidents. Nothing you say or think, none of your angst and none of your term papers matter one iota unless you plug into the people who have real authority. You can go to New York's City College at night, read *The New York Times* on the subway, even get to study and teach at Harvard, but real authority and power come rarely and they come only through association with those who were born to rule.

And that's how Rockefeller buys you. Most of the people around him are upward mobile—they still have to worry about their checks' bouncing. But the world is divided into those who worry about their checks' bouncing and those who don't, and our reality is not Rockefeller's, no matter how many campaign blintzes he eats. Last year, Rockefeller stopped to make a phone call at the Washington National Airport, the first such effort at personal dialing in many years, and he turned to Morrow and asked him for a nickel for the phone.

•

On the flight back to Westchester, I wondered how I was going to get down to Manhattan, but you soon learn not to worry about things like that when you're around Rockefeller. A limousine, chauffeured, no less, with a phone in the back, was put at my disposal. Chauffeured limousines just suddenly appear if you're on the right side. And, of course, what's really scary is that all of a sudden an important part of you wants to be on the right side.

Rockefeller knows how to take care of people, but he also will frequently cut them off. Bill Ronan now works in the Rockefeller family offices in Rockefeller Center after getting $625,000 without which he could not have survived that "family crisis." Morrow, it appears, was able to deal with his personal problems for less—he got $135,000, plus a $30,000 loan. This is the big time and that's why people hang in there. Some get big gifts and then get cut out. Henry Diamond (who was the *Wunderkind* New York State Commissioner of Environmental Conservation when Rockefeller was governor and then executive director of the Commission on Critical Choices) has now been dropped from the inner circle. But he had previously received a gift of $100,000. Some say he's on the outs because he's Jewish; others that it's because he turned his air conditioner on at the wrong time. It seems that in the 55th Street headquarters of Critical Choices, Rockefeller would not tolerate air conditioners above him leaking drops of water. That meant that those above him would sweat like crazy in the summer so that Rockefeller would not be disturbed by dripping water.

I honestly don't know if that's what turned him off about Diamond, but I do know that Diamond left Critical Choices and went off to join a law firm founded by William Ruckelshaus. Diamond is now on the list of people who don't get to see Rockefeller. I witnessed the depressing effect of his fall from grace

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"No, not this time . . . but I think the machine did."

director ken russell's erotic phantasmagorias have enveloped yet another famous composer in an orgy of audio-visual extravagances

"LISZTOMANIA"

THAT THERE was something called a fact sheet for a Ken Russell film struck us as a contradiction in terms, yet when we opened the press kit for *Lisztomania*, there it was—seven pages of concise facts, plus credits, biographies of the director and the stars and a synopsis of the film. In short, almost as many pages as the original 57-page script for the movie. The material is intended to aid the Roger Eberts and Pauline Kaels who must come up with a review before deadline. (IN THE EVENT OF PANIC, PRESS KIT.) There are items like: "*Lisztomania* is Ken Russell's second picture for Visual Programme Systems under his six-film contract about famous composers. The first was *Mahler*, released by V.P.S. last year. It was, in essence, a straight biography suggested by the life of Gustav Mahler, whereas *Lisztomania* has all the embellishments of brilliant visual fantasies on the Liszt-Wagner theme presented in the inimitable style which has made its director world renowned." The Liszt-Wagner theme, eh? Well, that clears up one worry: We thought *Lisztomania* was a film about the famous composer Frankie Lisztomania. The scenes shown on these pages confirm that bit about embellishments. We agree that Russell's style of

The life of young Franz Liszt was apparently a hard one. All those years of paying dues—and for what? A backstage encounter with an unclad classical-music freak? A boudoir rendezvous with one of the Beautiful People? That's for what! It's enough to make you apply to Juilliard, right? Roger Daltrey, of the rock group The Who and star of *Tommy*, brings an experienced hand or two to the role of Liszt, as you can see above, where he has to deal with the attentions of Continental groupie Lola Montez (Playmate Anulka Dziubinska). In the top-center photo, Liszt is discovered deliciously *flagrante delicto* with the Countess Marie d'Agoult (Fiona Lewis).

Count d'Agoult (John Justin) is outraged by the Countess Marie's infidelity. In the film's opening fantasy sequence, he challenges Liszt to a duel. In the midst of the swordplay and chandelier swinging, a portion of a statue's anatomy is punctured by the count's rapier. Take that, you breast! Marie begs her husband to spare Liszt's life, but the count decrees that "those who deceive by the piano shall die by the piano" (that line is in the synopsis of *Lisztomania*—we're not responsible for it). Liszt and the countess settle down to an idyllic life patterned on Charlie Chaplin's *The Gold Rush* (above). Moral: If a musician eats boiled shoe leather, he'll have sole.

visual chaos is inimitable—whether that is the result of good taste on the part of other directors or lack of inventiveness is another question. Russell has his own way with reality. In his new film, Franz Liszt and Richard Wagner are depicted as the world's first two pop stars. "Their concert appearances . . . are greeted with an audience reaction similar to that experienced when Gary Glitter or Slade are onstage today. Women admirers scream, faint and stampede for articles of Liszt's clothing." So that's how it was—groupies gathered outside the concert hall: "Hey, let's drop some 'Ludes and do Liszt. We can puke in the aisles, pass out. It'll be real neat." Roger Daltrey, lead singer for The Who and star of Russell's extravagant version of *Tommy*, seemed a natural to play the lead in this investigation of celebrity sex, innocence, etc. "Liszt was, in essence, a 'pop' star," says Daltrey. "Women *did* scream and faint and chase after him. . . . Liszt is a lot like Tommy spiritually, but you couldn't get a more opposite person physically. It's a more difficult part for me, because I have lots of dialog, which I didn't in *Tommy*, because the character was deaf, dumb and blind." Now, that makes sense. Russell, like Robert Altman and Richard Lester, tends to use the same actors from film to film. He obviously admires Daltrey. "Roger is a revelation," he says. "He *acts* as he sings and the results are magical." It should come as no surprise, then, that Daltrey acts at least four times in *Lisztomania*. Paul Nicholas as Wagner sings a fifth song composed especially for the movie and Rick Wakeman (of *Journey to the Center of the Earth* fame) electrifies and/or electrocutes several Liszt-Wagner themes. Pop goes

Liszt flees to Russia, where he meets a rich noblewoman, Princess Carolyn (Sara Kestelman), shown above as the guardian devil. Carolyn tries to divorce her husband in order to marry the now-middle-aged composer. The photos top center show yet another fantasy sequence (it is possible that the only factual sequences in *Lisztomania* are the film credits). Liszt starts to make love to Carolyn, only to find himself in a hell cave, pursued by Carolyn and his old flames Lola Montez, the Countess Marie and George Sand (Imogen Claire). And if that's not bad enough, a rock version of one of his own tunes blasts in the background.

Things look bad for the kid: In the final frames of the hell-cave sequence, Liszt loses his head as Carolyn, Lola, Marie and George achieve sexual retribution by placing the composer's penis on a guillotine. That's cutting it close in anyone's fantasy. Later, the ladies will join Liszt in heaven; but before he achieves that peace, he must fight the evil influence of composer Richard Wagner (Paul Nicholas). The countryside is ripe with revolution, marching to the tunes of the mad musician. Above: A Wagnerian monster, the spirit of pre-Hitler Europe, is seen symbolically raping the flower of German youth. You are there.

the sound track. The new film will undoubtedly appeal to moviegoers who were converted by *Tommy* to the Russell creed of *In Excess Deo*. It will also satisfy the cravings of die-hard Russellmaniacs. Without question, Russell has produced outrageous, forceful images. Anyone who casts Ringo Starr as the Pope deserves some credit, right? Provided Russell is not struck by lightning, we can expect more of the same. He is presently eying for film treatment the lives of George Gershwin, Hector Berlioz and Ralph Vaughan Williams and has plans for a fantasia of 100 Russian composers (and Deanna Durbin?). What's his secret? As the publicity release notes, "Again, Ken Russell proved his flare for impressing studio executives by giving an epic gloss to *Lisztomania* while bringing in the picture on a budget which is moderate compared with modern moviemaking standards." We'll take two quarts of the epic gloss, a roller and a very large dropcloth.

The top photo depicts a bouquet of the now-deflowered flowers of German youth. Wagner has turned into a Dracula-*cum*-Hitler vampire who sinks his teeth into Liszt to draw out his inspiration (above). Having married Liszt's daughter Cosima (Veronica Quilligan), Wagner attempts to steal his father-in-law's musical ideas. Finally, the Beatles may not be as popular as Jesus Christ, but Ringo Starr makes a great Pope, helping Liszt exorcise his demons.

FIONA

IT'S CALLED getting by with a little help from your friends. Fiona Lewis had worked with Oliver Reed on an obscure English film that you probably will never see. Oliver Reed had worked with Ken Russell on a film that you probably will see or have seen. When Reed heard about *Lisztomania*, he recommended Fiona for the role of Countess Marie. Obviously, she read her lines well enough to get the part. It was a bit of a change from previous roles. "Usually I played a character called simply The Girl, a cipher that just passed through the film, not much of a character at all, really. At least in *Lisztomania* I had the opportunity to play many roles in one and, under Ken Russell's direction, I developed a *complete* character." Two weeks after Fiona completed the shooting for *Lisztomania*, she

"I am fascinated by the whole process of making films," says Fiona. "It's like being in the blitz. All the people on a set have the same thing on their minds: We're in this movie together, we've got to make it. You rely on one another. The crew is just as important as the cast." Fiona is quite happy in either camp: She spends as much time studying the lenses on a camera as she does learning her lines. Give that girl a megaphone!

left London and set about becoming a resident alien in Los Angeles. To pursue her acting career? Well, not exactly. Fiona is now engaged in a form of employment that offers a little job security. Like what? Try free-lance writing. When she gets an odd moment, she interviews celebrities (such as Gene Wilder, Donald Pleasence and co-star Roger Daltrey) for *Calendar*, the *L.A. Times* supplement, and works on her first screenplay. "It's about a 14-year-old girl living in the south of France in 1929. Very incestuous." Not exactly a made-for-TV movie, but the lack of commercial prospects doesn't bother Fiona. "I love to write. I've published articles and have written several short stories. If the screenplay sells, fine. The important thing is keeping busy. I can't bear lying in the sun doing nothing." Chances are Fiona's name will be found in the credits of a lot more films—perhaps for acting, perhaps for scripting, perhaps for both. We can't wait to see the next reel.

It's been rumored that Ken Russell is a bit of a wild man who has found refuge in the not exactly sane movie industry. He abuses actors, bends minds, car keys, etc., in the name of his art. Not so, says Fiona. "Ken doesn't tell actors what to do. He just generates this incredible energy. The actors get swept up by his enthusiasm, his vitality, and they find themselves doing things they've never done before. That is Ken's forte as a director, his little piece of magic."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EVA SERENY

NELSON ROCKEFELLER

(continued from page 82)

when I last visited him. He was moody and had lost his sense of certainty and power. Kissinger is a brilliant intellectual opportunist and Diamond is only soso. I guess that's why he couldn't cut the mustard.

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On rare occasions, Rockefeller has come up against intellectuals who are not opportunists and it has confused him. Take Diego Rivera, the famous Mexican Marxist painter. Well, Rockefeller's mother had this terrific idea that Rivera should be commissioned to do the principal mural for Rockefeller Center. It was part of the radical chic of the Thirties and young Nelson was then a director of Rockefeller Center—cutting his business teeth negotiating salaries with the Rockettes. So he said, Terrific, I'll go get Rivera, "who's one hell of a guy," to come here and do a mural.

Rivera painted a huge mural in the lobby of Rockefeller's father's building—and right there in the middle of the mural was Nikolai Lenin as the hero saving the people from the capitalists. Rockefeller and his mother told Rivera that it had to go. And you know what Rivera did? He said no. That is an error you can be sure Kissinger has never committed. But Rivera didn't know how to handle success and Rockefeller simply ordered the offending mural chipped away.

The real point of all this concerns the relevance, or rather the political relevance, of art and, in a larger sense, ideas. Rivera wanted to do the mural precisely because he felt that Rockefeller Center was the *symbol* of capitalism. The Rockefellers wanted the mural because Rivera was a well-known artist who should have had his price.

According to Joe Alex Morris, the approved family biographer, who had full access to all correspondence on such matters:

> As the painting progressed, the directors of Rockefeller Center became alarmed. Instead of following the sketch and synopsis that he had presented, Rivera was putting on the wall a picture with far-reaching political implications. On May 4, 1933, Rockefeller wrote to Rivera: "While I was in the . . . building at Rockefeller Center yesterday viewing the progress of your thrilling mural, I noticed that in the most recent portion of the painting you had included a portrait of Lenin. The piece is beautifully painted, but it seems to me that his portrait appearing in this mural might very seriously offend a great many people. If it were in a private house, it would be one thing, but this mural is in a public building and the situation is therefore quite different. As much as I dislike to do so, I am afraid we must ask you to substitute the face of some unknown man where Lenin's face now appears."

When Rivera refused, Rockefeller wanted the mural removed to the Museum of Modern Art, where he could charge 25 cents admission (it was the Depression). This proved impractical, however, and Rockefeller ordered that it be destroyed.

> One Saturday midnight in February 1934, workmen began chipping the painting from the plaster wall. . . . It was typical of Rockefeller that he held no resentment against Rivera, although the artist wouldn't speak to him for years.

Ponder that last sentence—Rockefeller held no resentment. Imagine! He has scraped off the goddamn mural—broken up the plaster—and it is thought to be wondrous that he does not harbor resentment. He doesn't even harbor resentment over the fact that we have not yet elected him President. These are viewed as mere details in the management of our affairs that can be taken care of in due course by the right assistants.

Rockefeller learns from his tactical mistakes, and years later he told an admiring crowd at New York's New School for Social Research (whose administration admires the financial contributions it has received from the Rockefeller Foundation) that the Rivera mural should have been put on exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art not for a quarter but for a dollar. We all know that MOMA is a tax-deductible club for the Rockefellers. They use it for celebrating birthdays and the like, as well as for boosting the works of artists whom they have patronized. A driving force at the museum since its inception, Rockefeller is a major collector who can buy up much of the output of an artist and then "make" his reputation by exhibiting the work at the museum. The value of the collection owned by Rocky goes up accordingly. So when Rockefeller talks about the museum, it's as someone might talk about finding the wherewithal for his tropical-fish collection; it's a hobby that can be made profitable and, even if it doesn't make money, it's a hell of a lot of fun and it's tax-deductible. In the New School speech on March 15, 1967, made long after American students had begun to think for themselves, Rockefeller had the nerve to talk about the destruction of the Rivera mural as a funny little anecdote:

> I could relate another incident that grew out of a partly cultural, partly commercial experience, and that was this: My mother and I tried to help my father in the decoration of Rockefeller Center. Some of you remember that, too. We had Diego Rivera there and he undertook a major mural. Frieda, his wife, who was very attractive, but whose political implications [*sic*] were even stronger than his, got him incorporating the most unbelievable subjects into this mural [*laughter*]. I know that birth control now has become more acceptable. In those days, it wasn't. Of course, we were right across from Saint Patrick's, as you know [*laughter*].
>
> And then he got into politics, and he had Stalin—or was it Lenin? I've forgotten—featured in the center. And then he started some social commentaries on American life, and there was a lady with a syphilitic ulcer on her face playing cards [*laughter*]. I finally said, "Look, Diego, we just can't have this. Art is free in its expression, but this is not something you are doing for yourself nor for us as collectors. This is a commercial undertaking. Therefore, we have to have something here that is not going to offend our customers but is going to give them pleasure and joy," and so forth. "And you've got this so you have about every sensitive subject incorporated into your mural."

Now, Rockefeller has trouble reading speeches, because he has dyslexia that perhaps dates back to the days when his old man tried to turn him from a left-hander into a righty by attaching a rubber band to his hand with a long string at the dinner table and pulling on it every time he tried to use the left one. As a result, Rockefeller is a joy to cover because much of what he says is extemporaneous, outrageous and close to what he really thinks. In that little lecture on art and Rivera, he presented his entire view of ideas and intellectuals. That which can be collected and stored, no matter how weird or controversial, will produce no social change and might fetch a higher price someday—just as long as it can be placed in a museum or a scholarly book. It will be an entertainment for the elite and that, too, will not threaten real power. But ordinary people would be going into the lobby of Rockefeller Center, and for *them* to see that mural was threatening.

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While I was following Rockefeller around, he went to the Museum of Modern Art and spent an evening gloating. Elite guests of the museum were drinking champagne in the sculpture garden when Rockefeller came bounding through with Happy in tow, exuding all of that compulsive energy of his. I hung around while he greeted wealthy sponsors of the museum.

The first thing that hits you when you're standing next to Rockefeller is

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"Man's best friend. Shee-it!"

I ONCE DID AN S/M THING WITH A GUY. I TIED HIM UP, BUT I WOULDN'T HIT HIM. WE COMPROMISED: I POURED HOT CHICKEN SOUP ON HIM.
WE'VE SLEPT TOGETHER FOR YEARS, BUT I STILL WON'T TAKE A SHOWER WITH HIM. WE'RE SAVING THAT FOR MARRIAGE.
THE BOYS AT YALE ARE A VERY MESSED-UP GROUP. I THINK THEY HAVE MORE SEXUAL PROBLEMS THAN THE GIRLS.

ALL WE DO IS FEEL AROUND. IF I DID TAKE OFF MY CLOTHES, IT'D BE IN THE DARK. I NEVER SAW A NAKED MAN–JUST SOME HAIR.
ONE GIRL TOLD ME, "MAKE SURE YOU SPIT EVERYTHING OUT; THERE ARE A LOT OF CALORIES IN SEMEN."
SOME GIRL IN HIS CLASS GAVE HIM THE CRABS AND I ALMOST GOT THEM. THAT REALLY BUMMED ME OUT.

Who's been sleeping in my dorm?

an informal campus survey: how women are feeling about sex, what they're doing about it—and how they rate the college men in their lives

A TANTALIZING male fantasy is that women *must* talk about guys the way guys talk about *them*. One way to find out whether or not the fantasy has any truth to it is to listen to what women on campus are saying about their sexual attitudes after several years of exploding feminine awareness. Have these attitudes changed? Even though it's indulging in a form of eavesdropping, it seems important to determine what women are really feeling about themselves and about men.

The method was empirical, no claims of scientific certitude. What did emerge on many campuses, however, was expressed, in effect, by more than one coed: "Guys traditionally expected us always to be ready to jump into bed and birth control was *our* problem. Now we're learning to do what's comfortable, not what's fashionable or *expected* of us." For some, that means sack switching without commitment; for others, "It has to be special; I have to be in love." Some proclaim, "Romanticism is the opiate of the oppressed woman!" . . . *and* the voice of the virgin is still heard saying no in the land. What is new, then, in many of the nation's quadrangles (Ole Miss is in its own little time capsule) is a growing feminine assurance of the

SCULPTURE BY FRANK ROOT

right to listen to her own head and body, march to her own sexual drummer . . . and even call the tune.

We plugged our tape recorder into six campuses: Yale, a once-male Ivy bastion gone coed (two men to one woman); Vassar—reverse play (two females to one guy); Albertus Magnus, all women, religious overtones; Northwestern, Big Ten–dom; Bryn Mawr/Haverford, commingling of neighboring once–female/male preserves; and the University of Mississippi, a glimpse of the traditional South.

And this is what the women had to say (we've changed their names to protect their privacy):

Kay, 19, Bryn Mawr:

So-called sexual liberation has been a hype for many college women because it's gotten a lot of them jumping into bed, but it hasn't resolved some basic conflicts. When I lost my virginity, at 17, I kept waiting for all the little bells—and nothing happened. I still haven't resolved the conflicts between my strong sexual needs and my romantic ones.

I'm more powerful sexually, in a way, than men are. They're only capable of having one orgasm in a certain amount of time, whereas my body is capable of and sometimes needs ten or twelve in a row. Obviously, a man can't stay hard enough to be able to bring you to orgasm that many times, but there are other ways. And guys who either aren't familiar with them or don't want to put their hands into the mess they just created bug the hell out of me. If somebody puts his fingers into me and then wipes his hands off on the sheets, it makes me feel like my body is dirty and I get really angry.

I happen to enjoy oral sex very much and I had to get over the hang-up of feeling I was dirty or disgusting because my sexual apparatus is internal and, because it can't be seen, you don't know what you're getting into. I started going with guys who wouldn't touch me and who would say, "I'll do anything, but don't ask me to do *that*!" It's been a point of constant argument in the past, my pleading with them and saying, "What's wrong? I'm really clean!" They expected fellatio from *me*, but their attitude was, "I'll touch your breasts and maybe kiss them, then I'll make love to you." How did they expect me to get aroused? I felt like saying, "Sometimes I do something for you because I want you to enjoy it, not because it's the biggest pleasure for me." With most guys, it's the build-up, the climax, and then the guy will just fall off, not caring. I've been with only two who asked afterward, "Do you want me to do this? Are you still excited?" Sometimes you have to fake climax so he thinks he's done a good job and you don't get him pissed off. What's the difference? You'll just cross him off your list. I've gotten really good at fooling people or smiling sweetly and saying, "That's OK, I wasn't that excited, anyway." The point is, a woman is dependent; she's always *there*, but a guy has to be excited to the point where he's hard enough to make love or there's not a damn thing she can do about it.

I know one guy who has trouble having an orgasm . . . he can be hard enough to enter, but he can't come. At first I took it as rejection, then I guess I learned how to use him. I said, Why shouldn't I have a couple of orgasms and a man none for a change?

Sally, 21, Yale:

Goddamn it, *nobody* should talk to you! PLAYBOY represents everything I and other feminists have been fighting against: women being presented as unequal and made for man's pleasure. That destroys whatever sensitivity and sexuality people have. But if I can expose that ridiculousness, maybe there's some value in talking.

What *is* happening on campus is that women are coming to terms with their own sexuality and refusing to be restrained by the values of the past. What we're learning is that women have to continually strive to make sure they aren't being repressed. A woman just can't let herself be co-opted into a man's existence; you have to keep challenging a relationship to make sure it's not hurting you.

I don't really believe in love. People looking for it are looking for someone to possess. I don't think there's much value in long-term commitments *or* marriage. And you can have kids without getting married.

Most of the men I love best are looking for a monogamous relationship, and if I slept with them, it would just mess them up; they'd have too much emotion tied up in me. I don't sleep with that many men and I'm not pretending that I can jump out of bed and feel nothing has happened. But it's better to love some people from a distance, for their good as well as yours, which is why I don't always sleep with the men I love most. It's usually better to go to bed with someone you don't love. Provided both people like it, it's sort of recreational sex based on human need. The most important thing is that people not hurt or exploit each other.

A great thing that's happening for women is being able to talk about sex with one another. You find things that many people have in common that maybe even doctors don't know about, things they've never said to anybody. Or sometimes they'll talk about whether a guy is good or fun in bed, even whether his pelvic bone is in the right place. Women think a much wider range of men are good-looking than men allow for in women and are less specific. I don't think they discuss male genital size; men are more concerned about that themselves. What makes a guy good in bed is the atmosphere, how comfortable you can be with him. Maybe close womenfriends talk about orgasm, but not that much. Probably, when women are first having intercourse, they may not have orgasms, but it's kind of kept quiet. When they've had more experience, it's assumed they *are* having them. There's a real consciousness now that women are *supposed* to have orgasms, although you meet some who are incredibly naïve and don't even know what they are. One woman I know expected an ejaculation just like a man's.

A lot of men around here talk about how women's groups at Yale are lesbian, when, in fact, the whole Yale superstructure is a lot more male homosexual than lesbian. It may be a kind of latent homosexuality, subconscious and nonphysical, but this *is* a male society. The division between male and female has hurt the female in the past and one way to reconcile it is to move toward androgyny. I don't know how far it will go, but if everyone ends up bisexual, that might be good. I think most people are basically bisexual and I hope there can be equal feeling and satisfaction in heterosexual and homosexual relationships. There *is* a real bisexual alternative. Lesbianism may be a necessity on an immediate level, as a means of change.

I think it's significant that so many people see lesbianism as so threatening. If two women are shown in PLAYBOY making love, it's presented like they'd love to have a man walk in and make it a threesome. Well, if lesbianism threatens all the men who read PLAYBOY, that's *good*, that's the point. But you're from PLAYBOY; what the hell am I doing talking to you?

Barb, 17, Vassar:

I've become *less* liberal in my sexual attitude since I came to college. When I was 15 and 16, I thought it was great to have these wild, whenever-you-feel-like-it, whenever-it-feels-good sexual relationships. I really don't believe that's valid anymore.

I would definitely set about deliberately seducing some guy who appeals to me, though. I'm not attracted to a man's looks initially, which I'm proud of. We have to have common ground . . . things we can talk about, similar values. I need gestures and glances to reinforce the physical aspects of the experience . . . a few words to make it more fulfilling.

I could never take part in a sadistic-type situation, but I have no feelings of repugnance toward oral sex—mutual oral sex is very satisfying—or anal intercourse, though I haven't tried it. I had four lovers last year, when I was 16. They all used condoms because I was so young and hesitant to go to anyone about birth control. I'm definitely going to work out a better method. None of my lovers had any sexual problems. Well, one had a

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FLASHMAN IN THE GREAT GAME

mutiny rampant, civilians murdered, a garrison besieged—and old flashy is in the middle of it, shaking in his boots

Part two of a new adventure satire
By GEORGE MacDONALD FRASER

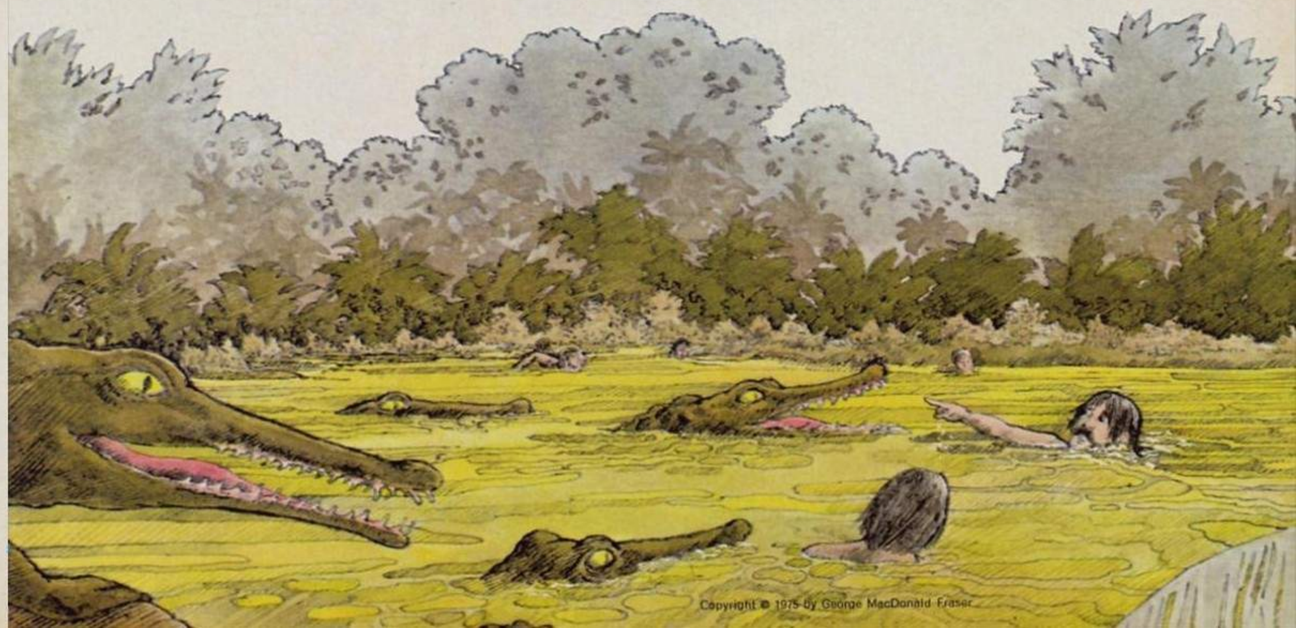
You may think it impossible for a white man to pass himself off as a native soldier in John Company's army, and, indeed, I doubt if anyone else has ever done it. But when you've been called on to play as many parts as I have, it's a bagatelle. None of 'em was as hard to sustain as my lifetime's impersonation of a British officer and gentleman. The truth is we all live under false pretences much of the time; you just have to put on a bold front and brazen it through.

I'll admit my gift of languages has been my greatest asset and I suppose I'm a pretty fair actor; anyway, I'd carried off the role of an Asian-Afghan nigger often enough, and before I was more than a day's ride on the way to Meerut, I was thoroughly back in the part, singing Kabuli bazaar songs through my nose, sneering sideways at anyone I passed and answering greetings with a grunt or a snarl. I had to keep my chin and mouth covered for the first three days, until my beard had sprouted to a disreputable stubble; apart from that, I needed no disguise, for, once I'd dyed my skin, I was dark and dirty-looking enough. By the time I struck the Grand Trunk, my own mother wouldn't have recognised the big, hairy Border Ruffian jogging along so raffishly with his boots out of his stirrups and his

SYNOPSIS: It hardly seemed likely that the prime minister, old Lord Palmerston, would invite Colonel Flashman to a secret meeting at Balmoral Castle just to show him some greyish little cakes, but that is what happened one day in the summer of 1856. The cakes were Indian chapatties, reputed to be a signal for mutiny among the East India Company's sepoy troops—and if Flashman had been able to foresee where they were to lead, he would have fled wailing from the room. As he freely admitted to himself, the gallant lancer officer, hero of Balaclava to the public, had a liver as yellow as yesterday's custard. What was worse, the Russian agent reportedly behind the agitation in India was the cruel and sinister Count Ignatieff—Flashman's old nemesis—who, by the oddest chance, happened to be visiting Balmoral just at that moment.

Thus, Flashman set off for the Indian city of Jhansi to report on the mutiny rumours. Part of his mission was to placate the Rani of Jhansi, who, to his lecherous delight, turned out to be a fascinating young woman quite susceptible to cavalry whiskers and gallantry.

One night, as he was drinking with Ilderim Khan, a friend from former adventures, Flashman was invited to a rendezvous with the Rani at her pavilion. That turned into one of the most explosive sexual encounters in Anglo-Indian history. Waking up alone and half-drugged, Flashman found two Thugs on the point of murdering him and narrowly escaped with the help of Ilderim Khan. The assassins had been hired by Ignatieff, and so it was now imperative that Flashman go into hiding, disguised as a native cavalryman in the garrison at Meerut.



lovelock curling out under his puggaree; on the seventh day, when I cursed and shoved my pony through the crowded streets of Meerut city, spurning the rabble aside, as a good Hasanzai should, I was even *thinking* in Pushtu, and if you'd offered me a seven-course dinner at the Café Royal, I'd have turned it down for mutton-and-rice stew with boiled dates to follow.

But, at the last minute, my nerve slackened a little and I rode about for a couple of hours before I plucked up the courage to go to see Ilderim's cousin Gulam Beg—I rode on past the native-infantry lines and over the Nullah Bridge, up to the Mall in the British town; it was while I was sitting my pony, brooding under the trees, that a dogcart with two English children and their mother went by, and one of the brats squealed with excitement and said I looked just like Ali Baba and the 40 Thieves. That cheered me up, for some reason—anyway, I had to have a place to eat and sleep while I shirked my duty, so I finally presented myself at the headquarters of the Third Native Light Cavalry and demanded to see the *woordy-major*.

I needn't have worried. Gulam Beg was a stout, white-whiskered old cove with silver-rimmed spectacles on the end of his nose, and when I announced that Ilderim Khan of Mogala was my sponsor, he was all over me. Hasanzai, was I, and late of the *polis*? That was good—I had the look of an able man, yes. I had seen no military service, though? . . . Hm. . . . He looked at me quizzically and I tried to slouch a bit more.

"Not in the Guides, perhaps?" says he, with his head on one side. "Or the *cutcha* cavalry? No? Then doubtless it is by chance that you stand the regulation three paces from my table and clench your hand with the thumb forward—and that the pony I see out yonder is girthed and bridled like one of ours." He chuckled playfully. "A man's past is his own affair, Makarram Khan. You come from Ilderim—it is enough. Be ready to see the colonel sahib at noon."

He'd spotted me for an old soldier, you see, which was all to the good; having detected me in a small deception, it never occurred to him to look for a large one. And he must have passed on his conclusion to the colonel, for when I made my salaam to that worthy officer on the orderly-room verandah, he looked me up and down and says to the *woordy-major* in English: "Shouldn't wonder if you weren't right, Gulam Beg—he's heard boots and saddles before, that's plain. Probably got bored with garrison work and slipped off one night with half a dozen rifles on his back. And now, having cut the wrong *(continued on page 122)*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS. B. SLACKMAN

you won't have to worry about keeping them down on the farm after they've seen jill de vries

Country Girl

AS FAR AS OCTOBER PLAYMATE Jill De Vries is concerned, big cities are strictly for the birds. A country girl born and raised in the hinterlands of Illinois, she has no use for crowds and skyscrapers, smog and subways. "Cities are just too busy, too hectic," she says. "People are so involved in their own little worlds. And cityfolk always look so darn sullen and unhappy. Who needs it?" Not Jill, who has carved out an idyllic life for herself in a tiny farm community ten miles or so outside Bloomington, Illinois. Though she lives in a farmhouse, surrounded by 14 acres of hay and no visible neighbors, she spends most of her days either working in Bloomington as manager of her boyfriend's shop, The Joint General Store, which deals mainly in water beds, boots and American Indian jewelry, or just lazily swimming in a nearby lake with her

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER

"I can't stand it when men light my cigarettes or open doors for me," says Jill, "but generally I'm not what you would call a liberated woman. I like to look up to a man and feel that he's dominant."

"I want to be the one who makes the pass," she says. "You might say I'm flirtatious—but in a shy, subtle way. I'm not really aggressive."

guy's Labrador retriever, whose name, incidentally, is Karl Marx ("My boyfriend is a political-science major," Jill explains). Once in a great while, she will go to Chicago on a shopping trip to buy merchandise for the store, but the experience always leaves her somewhat frazzled and jumpy. "I just can't handle big-city life," she says. "Not even for one afternoon." And it's no wonder. Of Dutch stock, Jill grew up in Wichert, Illinois ("a little-bitty Dutch community"), and spent much of her early youth helping her father grow tulips and gladioli. In fourth grade, she became a cheerleader, an extracurricular activity that lasted eight years, and took piano lessons, which lasted 11. Today, although somewhat out of practice, she can still play a Chopin nocturne with admirable proficiency. "For a long time," she recalls, "I wanted to be a concert pianist—I was really quite serious about it, in fact. But my music teacher convinced me that it was really a rough life, and by the time college rolled around, I'd given up the idea." By then, she'd also given up cheerleading, because, as she says, "I realized how dumb it really was." Starting out at Illinois State, she wandered into the field of education, eventually majored in the subject and decided to teach kindergarten. Why kindergarten? "Because little children are so much fun to be with," she says. With college more or less behind her (she still needs a few student-teaching credits) and teaching positions being scarce, her future is in limbo. But Jill isn't worried—she's too easygoing for that. In the meantime, she's been doing some modeling (our June layout on *Dads and Grads* featured her as one of the girls popping out of a gift-wrapped box) and growing gladioli in her back yard. Jill says, "I try to live for the moment and not worry about the future." We're not worried about your future, either, Jill.

"A man's got to be straightforward and honest with me at all times," says Jill, who despises guys who try to hype her. "I suppose I prefer the nonchalant types—the men who don't pay any attention to me at all—they really turn me on the most."

A sensualist by nature, Jill finds the country an ideal place to live and love. And, of course, there's plenty of room out there for both.

MISS OCTOBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Jill De Vries

"Nature puts me at ease and relaxes me," she says. "I enjoy making love outdoors—in the grass, in a haystack, it all depends on my mood. And there's nothing like sex on a water bed—there's so much more feeling to it. It's much better than a hard bed."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Momma," said the girl the evening before her wedding, "there's something I've been meaning to ask you."

"Yes, I know, dear," gushed her mother, "and I've been waiting patiently for you to ask it. Tomorrow you will learn that a woman's body and a man's body are even more different than you think, which is quite wonderful. Now, the very first thing——"

"But, Momma," interrupted the bride-to-be, "I already know how to fuck! I just want to know how to make lasagna."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *hooker's income* as John dough.

The traveling Texan picked up a woman in a hotel bar in New York, ordered several rounds of double drinks, then demanded the biggest steaks in the hotel restaurant, and finally ended up with his willing companion in the largest suite in the establishment. "Ah'm fr'm Fort Worth and Ah'm big!" the visitor boasted as he began to remove his shorts. And so he indeed proved to be as he tumbled naked into bed with the woman.

The man paused, though, after his first thrust. "Golleeeee, ma'am!" he exclaimed. "What part of Texas *you* fr'm?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *lesbian twins* as lick-alikes.

When a corpulent spinster named Snow
Was approached by a dwarf for a blow,
She replied, "I have pride!
Your request is denied!
I could never, sir, stoop quite that low!"

It was part way through a stag-film party that the fellow turned to his date and muttered, "Lets' get outta here and be by ourselves."

"I'm with you," the girl purred back, "every inch of the way!"

A coed at a state university was asked in her sex-education class to sketch the male genitalia on the blackboard. There was a flurry of embarrassment in the class, but the instructor explained that there was no reason for this, and the young lady herself did not appear to be put out by the request, for she proceeded to do a quite realistic chalk rendering of a handsomely erect organ. "I think we should start with basic things," commented the instructor. "Would you mind drawing it the other way?"

"Other way?" said the girl.

When the gentleman complained of a persistent backache, his doctor suggested that he engage in intercourse only in the woman-above position. About a month later, he ran into the medical man on the street.

"Tell me, have you been following my advice?" the doctor inquired.

"Yes, and it's fine except for one thing," replied the patient.

"What's that?"

"Well, my back's feeling pretty good, but every night the kids stand around the bed and chant, 'Daddy is a sissy! Daddy is a sissy!' "

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *nocturnal emission* as dream cream.

Twas a hardened old Biblical fossil—
Though a find, it seemed hardly colossal—
But the Vatican thought,
From the wonders it wrought,
'Twas the peter of Paul the apostle!

A stunningly stacked blonde asked to see the finance-company manager. When seated in his office, she said, "Look, I read a story once where a girl couldn't pay back a three-hundred-dollar loan, so the guy in charge went and locked her in a room until she'd worked it off at fifty bucks a lay. That couldn't really happen, could it?"

"It's unlikely," replied the man as he drank the girl in, "but . . . well . . . er . . . perhaps not completely impossible."

"Good!" said the blonde, smiling. "I'd like to borrow twenty thousand."

The perpetual erection sported by the new member of the nudist colony was causing some grumbling among the older male members, so the secretary of the establishment had a word with the newcomer. "But I don't wear a watch and it's how I tell the time," he protested. "Look," he continued, striking a pose north to south, "it works just like the pointer on a sundial. See, it's exactly eleven-forty."

"But it's not," said the secretary, glancing at his watch. "It's only eleven-thirty."

"Oh, hell!" exclaimed the fellow, as he began to masturbate furiously. "The damn thing's slow again!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. $50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Maybe one of these nights we could go to a movie or something."

A FEW DAYS WITH A MAN WHO GIVES TIME TO NOBODY

CHARLES BRONSON AIN'T NO PUSSYCAT

personality **By HARRY CREWS** Charles Bronson walked away from the crew and cast, off down the railroad track, across the high trestle, and stood with his back turned to the place where the next shot was being set up for a movie called *Breakheart Pass*. When he is shooting in the studio, he will—if he is not in his dressing room—take a chair to the farthest corner and sit there alone, looking apparently at nothing. But here at the tag end of the Bitterroot mountains, high above a little town called Reubens in northern Idaho, he habitually simply walked away from the train and waited to be called to do the shot when it was ready. Everybody saw a lot of Charles Bronson's back. His characteristic gesture was to show his back to the largest number of people possible. I never heard anybody say he thought Bronson did this to be offensive or hostile or even unfriendly. It was just part of who Charles Bronson is. A very large part. So while dozens of property men and make-up men and wranglers and grips and cameramen shouted and wrestled with lights and reflectors and generators, Bronson quietly walked back down the Union Pacific track, across the trestle and stood looking into the valley below, several hundred feet almost straight down, where a little stream breaking over white rocks caught the brilliant sun.

He stood utterly still and I tried to remember what that way of standing reminded me of. And then I knew. Charles Bronson stands like a pit bulldog. He somehow manages that kind of balance with only two feet. It is the kind of balance only the very finest athletes, the world-beaters, have. As a matter of fact, some world-beaters *were* on that train with us—one of the world's great fighters, Archie Moore; Joe Kapp, who was always known as a man who would stick his head in the fire and because of it took the Minnesota Vikings to the Super Bowl; Ben Johnson, who set a calf-roping record of 12.5 seconds at the Pendleton Round-Up in 1949; and Yakima Canutt, World Champion Cowboy in 1917, 1919, 1920 and 1923—but the greatest *natural* athlete on that train was Charles Bronson. Or so I became convinced in the time I spent with him.

So symmetrical is he that it is impossible for him to make an ungraceful move, and it is from that symmetry

ILLUSTRATION BY MELINDA BORDELON

that his bulldog balance comes. It begins, though, in his bones, the balance does. His bone structure is straight and true and absolutely without flaw. Don't let anybody ever tell you he is bandy-legged or bow-legged, because he is not, even though some writers have described him so. His legs are the most heavily muscled part of his body and the fully developed quadriceps might make him appear slightly bow-legged to someone who did not know what he was looking at. But I did know, and he is not.

"May we have the actors, please?"

It is Ron Schwary, assistant director, the man responsible for setting up the shot, getting things ready for the director, Tom Gries. He thinks he has it now and is calling for the players: Bronson, Ben Johnson and Charles Durning. They've done this scene before. Better than half the day has gone into shooting an action that will take less than a minute on the screen. A couple of lines have been blown. A couple of marks have been missed. The cameras were wrong for whatever reason at least once. But then Bronson noticed that the scene itself was being played wrong. Or so he thought:

Bronson: "The audience can see there's no use for this rope. It makes more sense for me to go down the embankment at the end of the trestle."

"If that's the way you think it ought to be played," said Gries. "Yeah. OK. Just make it look good."

"But," said Johnson, "it's a line here Durning's s'posed to say about he might slip off the rope and escape. Hell, we ain't got a rope now."

Gries smoothed down his scalp with the palm of his hand (his head is shaved slick as a baby's ass). "All right. Here. Durning can say something like: 'He might try to get away' "—Gries looks up now toward Johnson, smiling—"and you just give him a cowboy answer."

The crew repositioned the cameras and the lights for the shot. Now Schwary was calling for the scene to be shot. Far down the track, I saw Bronson's shoulders lift. He often breathed deeply before starting a scene. Then he turned and came directly toward us down the track. He had maybe 25 yards to walk. The trestle was very uneven, with crossties and broken rock. But Bronson, coming across it, could have been walking over a ballroom floor. He came as smoothly as a model with a book on her head. And he never looked down. He never does. No matter how rough the ground. And yet his feet go unerringly to the place where they need to be. No bounce. No wobble. No hitch in his gait. But he does not glide. Or float. He seems to be suctioned to the earth, growing from it, joined to it even when he's moving over it. And as he comes straight toward you, you see that his center of gravity is very low in his body. Truly, his center of gravity must be in his cock or directly behind it. He does not smile. He rarely does, and when he does, it looks like it hurts him. Since his features are so distinct—heavy, even—you'd think they would also be mobile. Not so. No expression is his habitual expression.

He stopped on his marked spot. Shook his shoulders. Breathed. Relaxed inside that incredible cock-of-the-walk posture. The director went over and stood head to head with him for a brief moment. Then he looked up at Johnson.

"Are we all ready?" he asked.

"I think I got the line," said Johnson.

"The line?" Gries said.

"The one I give to Durning when he says he might try to escape."

Gries held his hands up, palms out. "Don't tell me," he said. "Just let me hear it when we shoot it."

The assistant director raised his megaphone. "Kill all radios. Kill the A.C. generator. Could we have quiet on the set, gentlemen? *Roll 'em!*"

The director leaned slightly behind the camera and called: "Action!"

Bronson went down the slope like running water.

Durning: "He might try to get away."

Johnson: "He might *shit*, too."

"Cut!" said Gries. "Good. We'll play it just like that."

"You're gone keep it like that?" said Johnson.

"I thought the line was great," said Gries.

"Well," said Johnson, "there's another movie I cain't take my old mother to see."

"All right, once more, please!"

Charles Bronson came back and lined up to shoot the scene again. While they made some last-minute adjustment with the cameras, he held his spot, looking to neither the left nor the right. He spoke to nobody. Nobody spoke to him. All around him, men were laughing and joking and talking. Only he was still, his eyes so hooded he could have been asleep. The grab-ass went on. Johnson had found a turd that had dropped from one of the train's toilets onto the track. He said: "I believe they got yore spot marked right here, Durning." Bronson does not turn to look. He almost never does.

Gries calls over their heads: "We seem to be having too much fun, gentlemen. A little more seriousness, *please*." But his tone says he is joking, too. Everybody laughs. Except Bronson. They all look like they're having a hell of a lot of fun. Except Bronson. Not only does he look like he is not having any fun, he looks as though he has never had any.

•

Everybody has something to say about Charles Bronson. Everybody. Sometimes it's very short: "Can't act." Or: "I don't like violence; I don't like Bronson." Or: "Sumbitches say he cain't act. But he can." They come, opinions do, from all directions.

When my 12-year-old boy, Byron, found out I was going to see Bronson, he raced to his room and came back with a *Mad* comic: "Give that turkey this and see what he says." After admonishing him about calling distinguished people turkeys, I looked at it. The cover was Bronson. Death Wish Bronson bringing death to muggers, turning on the steps in Central Park, firing his evil gun at evil hearts everywhere, all the while squinting like it was the end of the world.

A couple of hours later, a college professor I know, who is just so goddamned intellectual he won't eat onions, sighed, looked out of his office window and said sadly: "There must be something wrong with me, I *love* Charles Bronson. If Robert Redford was over there under a tree jerking off, I wouldn't walk across the street to see it. But Bronson? Well. . . ."

The next morning, going through the Atlanta airport, I stopped by Benny's for a drink. Benny is a great fat fag friend who always gives me a drink when it's too early for the bars to be open at the airport. We sat in the back of his little shop, I drinking vodka, he drinking some abomination before the Lord called a tequila sunrise.

Benny, a little breathless, said: "The French call him *le sacré monstre*."

"Run that by again, Benny. You know I don't speak that shit."

"The sacred monster. *Le sacré monstre*. That's what they call him. Only the French could have hit it straight on like that. The Italians call him *Il Brutto*; that means the brutal one or the ugly one or something like that. Whatever it is, it's not as good as a sacred fucking monster."

"How come you know so much about him?"

"I see all his movies. I read every single word written about him." He swallowed his tequila sunrise and made another. "Doesn't everyone?"

"Why?" I said. "Why do you read that stuff and see all the movies?"

He held up his hand. "One: I think he's a great actor. And two: I admire him for the money he makes."

"How much does he make?"

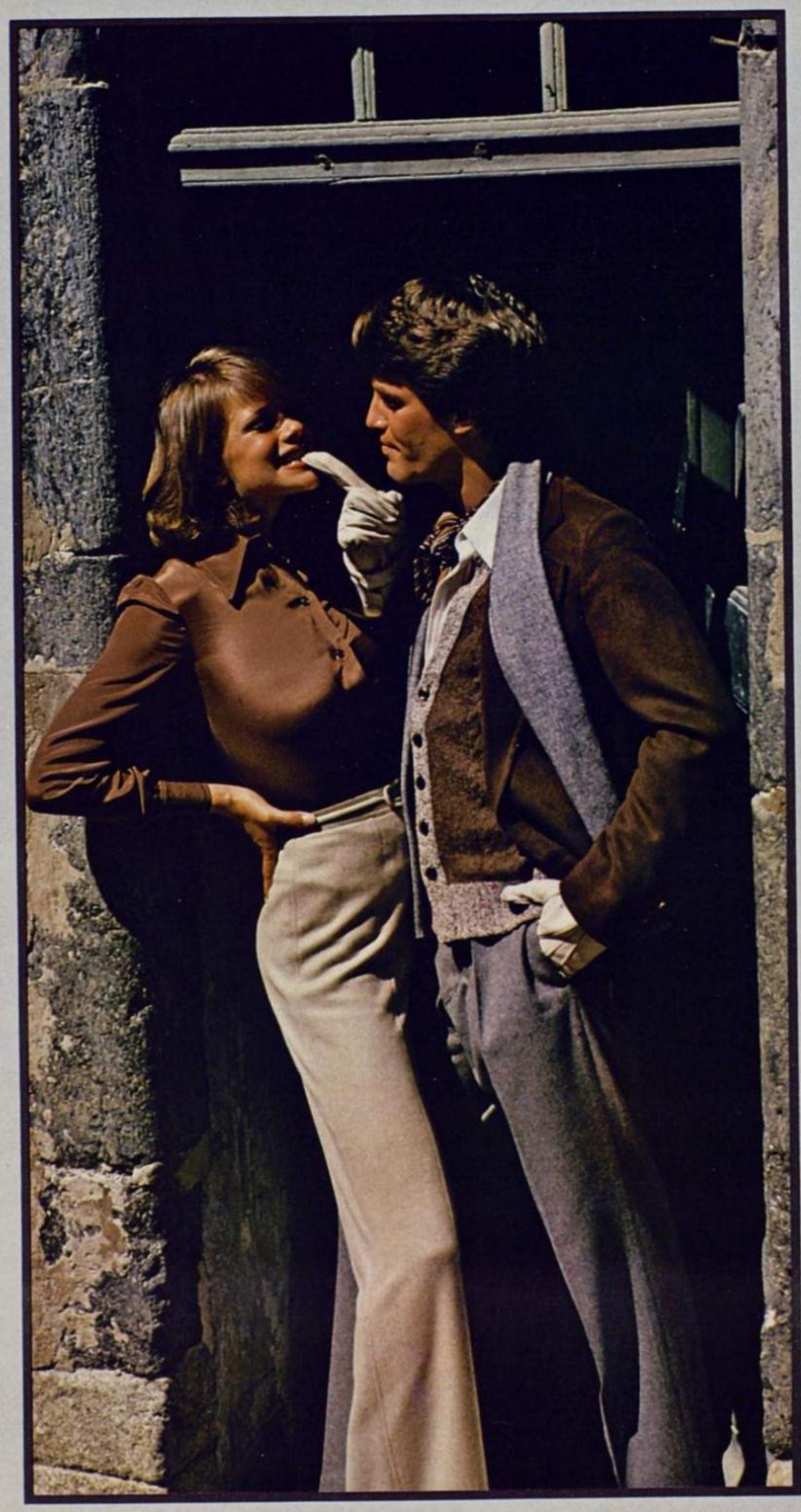
"I don't know for sure, but I read somewhere a million dollars a picture. See if you can find out for me, will you?"

"I'll try," I said.

(Note: I don't know for sure, either, Benny, but here is the best information I could get: On *Breakheart Pass*, he got $1,000,000 for showing up. All expenses are covered: the house he and his wife, Jill Ireland, rent in Lewiston, Idaho, cars, food, two governesses for their four-year-old daughter, Zuleika, and so on. Plus $2500 a week walking-around money. Plus ten points of the picture. Now, Benny, even allowing for your 20-to-40 percent Hollywood hype, that's still a lot of cheese, any way you cut it.)

When I was about to go, Benny said:

(continued on page 150)



PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST

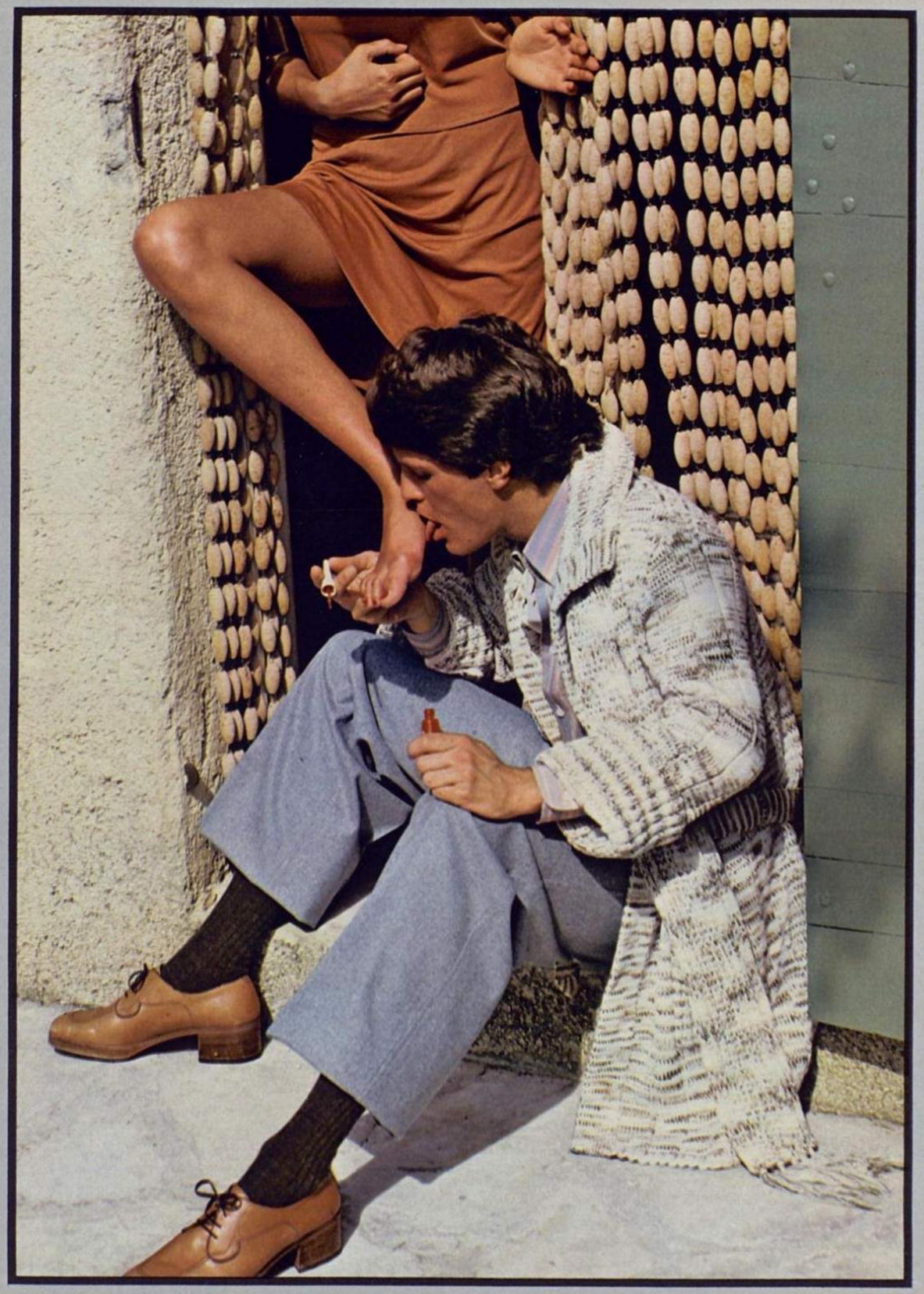
the definitive statement on the coming trends in menswear and accessories

attire

By ROBERT L. GREEN

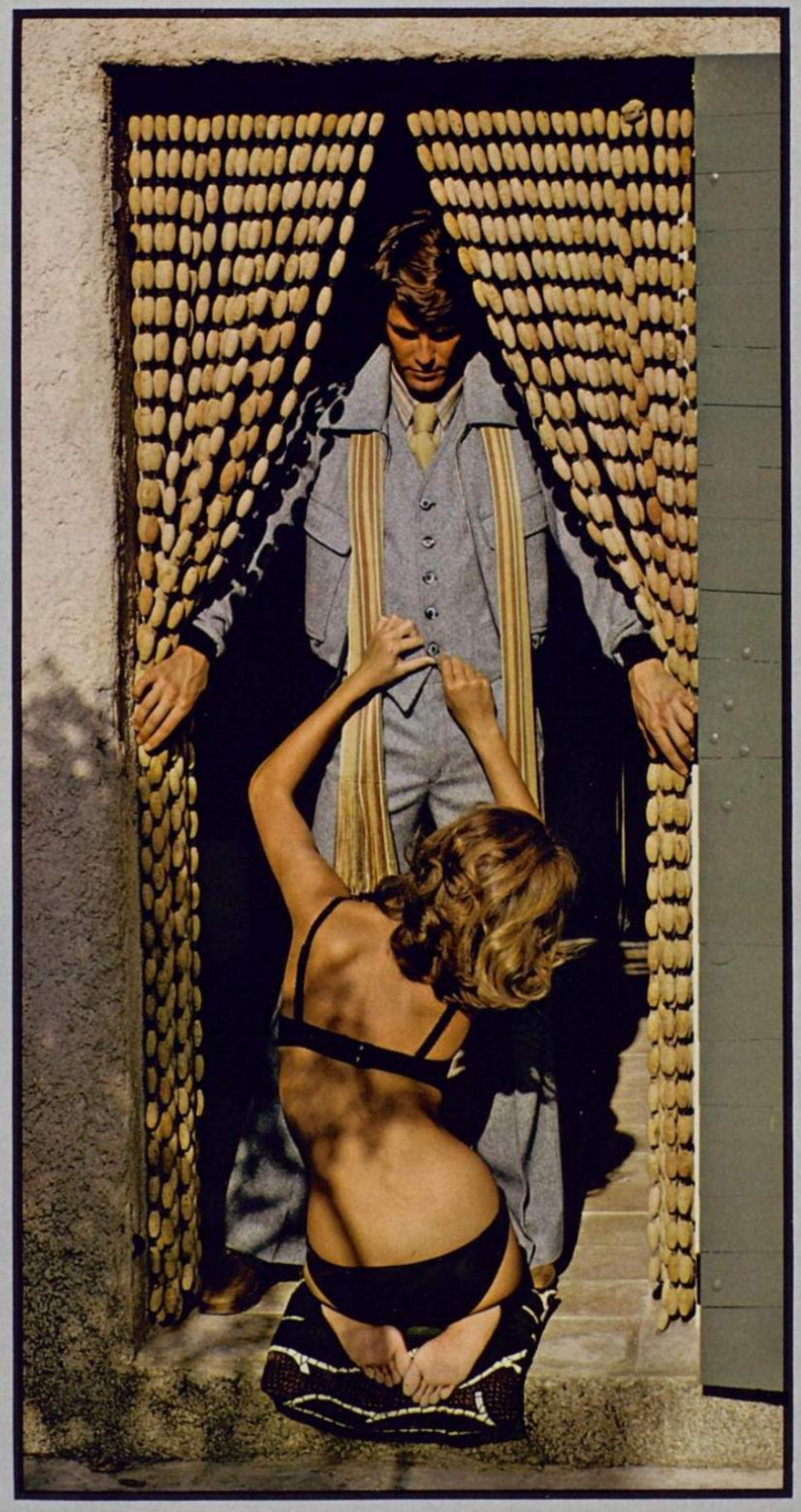
Elegance with a sense of individuality is what's happening in fashion this season. Our *au courant* doorman likes an ultrasuede jacket, $170, and flannel slacks, $40, both by Bill Blass for PBM, a wool sweater vest, $37.50, and a cotton shirt, $35, both by Blass for Gates, plus a flannel scarf, by Handcraft, $10, and doeskin gloves, by Gates, about $25.

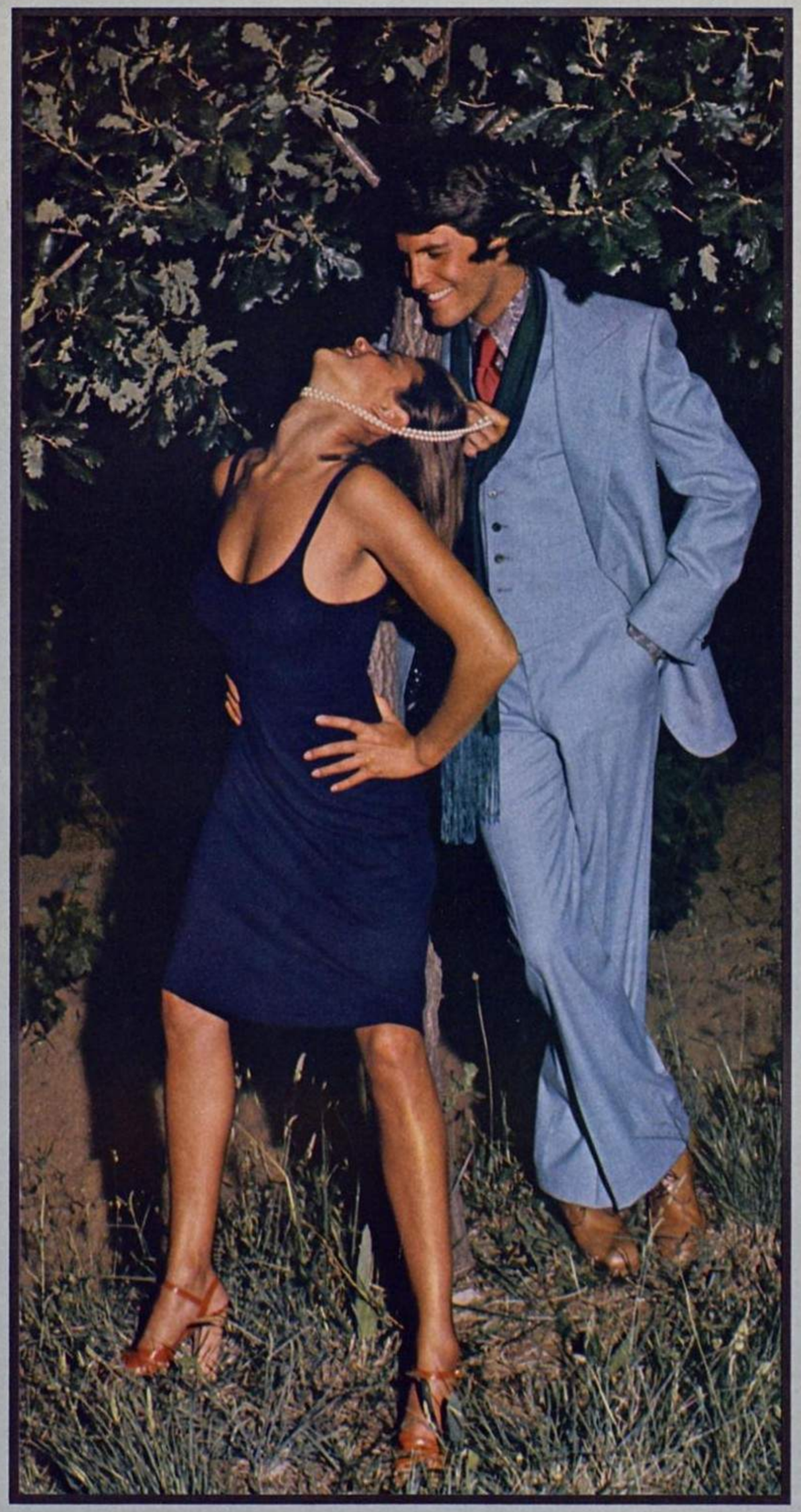
PHOTOGRAPHY BY HELMUT NEWTON



Who could resist playing footsie when he's in a sweater coat avec giant shirt collar and matching fringed scarf, by Mark Birnbaum for Carara Fashions, $100 the set (includes cap, not shown), combined with a shirt, by Yves St. Laurent, $18.50, flannel slacks, from Trousers by Barry, $60, and a rayon scarf, from Carré by Berkley Cravats, about $8.50?

The lad responding to a come-hither curtain call wears a wool-polyester three-piecer with zip-front jacket, by Tedder for the Swedish Fashion Group, $185, worn with polyester/cotton shirt, by Gant Shirtmakers, $18, and set off by a lamb's-wool tie, from Kipper by Berkley Cravats, about $7.50, and a knit rayon fringed scarf, by Handcraft, $8.





Hoisted by her own string of pearls, our damsel in distress seems to enjoy her powerlessness; she's been won over by a worsted flannel three-piecer, by GGG Clothing, about $325, worn with a cotton shirt, from Courage by Eagle Shirtmakers, $22.50, and a few added fillips: a silk necktie, by Cerruti CXIII, $15, and a scarf, by Handcraft, $8.

Sunday morning with the papers was never like this. He likes a three-piecer, by Alexander Julian and Walter Green, about $330, that's been mated with a plaid polyester/cotton shirt, by Sero, $17, a wool challis necktie, $12.50, a silk pocket square, $10, and a flannel "Hemingway" cap, $15, by Alexander Julian. Would Papa have approved? Momma does.

FLASHMAN

(continued from page 99)

throat or lifted the wrong herd, he's come well south to avoid retribution." He sat back, fingering the big white moustache which covered most of his crimson face. "Ugly-looking devil, ain't he, though? Hasanzai of the Black Mountain, eh? Yes, that's what I'd have thought. Very good. . . ." He frowned at me and then said, very carefully: "Company cavalry *apka mangta?*"

Which abomination of bad Urdu I took to mean: Did I want to join the Company cavalry? So I showed my teeth and says: "*Han,* sahib," and thought I might as well act out my part by betraying some more military knowledge—I ducked my head and leaned over and offered him the hilt of my sheathed Khyber knife, at which he burst out laughing and touched it.[1] He gave instructions for me to be sworn in and I took the oath on the sabre blade, ate a pinch of salt and was informed that I was now a skirmisher of the Third Native Light Cavalry, that my naik[2] was Kudrat Ali, that I would be paid one rupee per day, with a quarter-anna dyeing allowance, and that since I had brought my own horse, I would be excused the customary recruit deposit.

Thereafter, I was issued with a new puggaree, half boots and *pyjamy* breeches, a new and very smart silver-grey uniform coat, a regulation sabre, a belt and bandoleer and a tangle of saddlery which was old and stiff enough to have been used at Waterloo (and probably had), and informed by a betel-chewing havildar that if I didn't have it reduced to gleaming suppleness by next morning, I had best look out. Finally, he took me to the armoury and I was shown (mark this well) a new rifled Enfield musket, serial number 4413—some things a soldier never forgets—which I was informed was mine henceforth and more precious than my own mangey carcase.

Without thinking, I picked it up and tested the action, as I'd done a score of times at Woolwich—and the Goanese store wallah gaped.

"Who taught you that?" says he. "And who bade you handle it, *jangli* pig? It is for you to see—you touch it only when it is issued on parade." And he snatched it back from me. I thought another touch of character would do no harm, so I waited till he had waddled away to replace it in the rack and then whipped out my Khyber knife and let it fly, intending to plant it in the wall a foot or so away from him. My aim was off, though—the knife embedded itself in the wall, all right, but it nicked his arm in passing, and he squealed and rolled on the floor, clutching at his blood-smeared sleeve.

"Bring the knife back," I snarled, baring my fangs at him, and when he had scrambled up, grey-faced and terrified, and returned it, I touched the point on his chest and says: "Call Makarram Khan a pig just once more, *uloo kabacha,*[3] and I will carry thine eyes and genitals on this point as kabobs." Then I made him lick the blood off the blade, spat in his face and respectfully asked the havildar what I should do next. He, being a Mussulman, was all for me, and said, grinning, that I should make a fair recruit; and presently the word went round the big, airy barrack room that Makarram Khan was a genuine saddle-and-lance man, who knew how to treat Hindoo insolence.

So there I was—Colonel Harry Paget Flashman, late of the 11th Hussars, 17th Lancers and the Staff, former aide to the commander in chief, and now acting sowar and rear file in the skirmishing squadron, Third Cavalry, Bengal Army, and if you think it was a madbrained train of circumstance that had taken me there—well, so did I. But once I had got over the unreality of it all and stopped imagining that everyone was going to see through my disguise, I settled in comfortably enough.

It was an eery feeling, though, at first, to squat on my charpai[4] against the wall, with my puggaree off, combing my hair or oiling my light harness, and look round that room at the brown, half-naked figures, laughing and chattering of all the things that soldiers talk about—women, and officers, and barrack gossip, and women, and rations, and women—but in a foreign tongue which, although I spoke it perfectly and even with a genuine frontier accent, was still not my own.

For one thing, I wasn't used to being addressed in familiar terms by native soldiers, much less ordered about by an officious naik who'd normally have leaped to attention if I'd so much as looked in his direction. When the man who bunked next to me, Pir Ali a jolly rascal of a Baluch, tapped my shoulder in suggesting that we might visit the bazaar that first evening, I absolutely stared at him and just managed to bite back the "Damn your impudence" that sprang to my tongue. There were a thousand tiny details to beware of—I had to remember not to cross my legs when sitting, or blow my nose like a European, or say "Mmh?" if someone said something I couldn't catch, or use the wrong hand, or clear my throat in the discreet British fashion, or do any of the things that would have looked damned odd in an Afghan frontiersman.

Of course, I made mistakes—once or twice I was just plain ignorant of things that I ought to have known, like how to chew a majoon[5] when Pir Ali offered me one (you have to spit into your hand from time to time or you'll end up poisoned), or how to cut a sheep tail for curry, or even how to sharpen my knife in the approved fashion. When I blundered and anyone noticed, I found the best way was to stare him down and growl sullenly. My worst blunder, though, was when I was walking near a spot where the British officers were playing cricket and the ball came skipping towards me—without so much as thinking, I snapped it up, and was looking to throw down the wicket when I remembered and threw it back as clumsily as I could. One or two of them stared, though, and I heard someone say that big nigger was a deuced smart field. That rattled me and I trod even more carefully than before.

My best plan, I soon discovered, was to do and say as little as possible and act the surly, reserved hillman who walked by himself and whom it was safest not to disturb. The fact that I was by way of being a protégé of the *woordy-major's,* and a Hasanzai (and therefore supposedly eccentric), led to my being treated with a certain deference; my imposing size and formidable looks did the rest and I was left pretty much alone.

It was easy enough soldiering, and I quickly won golden opinions from my naik and jemadar[6] for the speed and intelligence with which I appeared to learn my duties. At first it was a novelty, drilling, working, eating and sleeping with 30 Indian troopers—rather like being on the other side of the bars of a monkey zoo—but when you're closed into a world whose four corners are the barrack room, the stables and the maidan, it can become maddening to have to endure the society of an inferior and foreign race with whom you've no more in common than if they were Russian moujiks or Irish bogtrotters. What makes it ten times worse is the outcast feeling that comes of knowing that within a mile or two your own kind are enjoying all the home comforts, damn 'em—drinking *barra* pegs, smoking decent cigars, flirting and ramming with white women and eating ices for dessert. (I was no longer so enamoured of mutton pilau in ghee,[7] you gather.) Within a fortnight, I'd have given anything to join an English conversation again, instead of listening to Pir Ali giggling about how he'd bullocked the headman's wife on his last leave, or the endless details of Sita Gopal's uncle's lawsuit, or Ram Mangal's reviling of the havildar, or Gobinda Dal's whining about how he and his brothers, being soldiers, had lost much of the petty local influence they'd formerly

[1] *The offering and touching of a sword hilt, in token of mutual respect, was traditional in the Indian cavalry.*

[2] *corporal*

[3] *son of an owl*

[4] *cot*

[5] *green sweetmeat containing bhang*

[6] *underofficer*

[7] *native butter, cooking fat*

"My problem, doctor, is that I haven't been able to find a psychiatrist worth sleeping with."

enjoyed in their Oudh village, now that the Sirkar had taken over.

When it got too bad, I would loaf up to the Mall and gape at the *mem-sahibs*, with their big hats and parasols, driving by, and watch the officers cantering past, flicking their crops as I clumped my big boots and saluted, or squat near the church to listen to them singing *Greenland's Icy Mountains* of a Sunday evening. Damn it, I missed my own folk then—far worse than if they'd been 100 miles away. So I would trudge back to barracks and lie glowering while the sowars chattered. It had this value—I learned more about Indian soldiers in three weeks than I'd have done in a lifetime's ordinary service.

You'll think I'm being clever afterwards, but I soon realised that all wasn't as well with them as I'd have thought at first sight. They were northern Moslems, mostly, with a sprinkling of high-caste Oudh Hindoos—the practice of separating the races into different companies or troops hadn't come in then. Good soldiers, too; the Third had distinguished itself in the last Sikh war and a few had frontier service. But they weren't happy—smart as you'd wish on parade, but in the evening, they would sit about and croak like hell—in the beginning, I thought it was just the usual military soreheadedness, but it wasn't.

At first all I heard was vague allusions, which I didn't inquire about for fear of betraying a suspicious ignorance—they talked a deal about one of the padres in the garrison, Reynolds sahib, and how Colonel Carmik-al-Ismeet (that was the Third's commander, Carmichael-Smith) ought to keep him off the post; and there was a fairly general repeated croak about polluted flour, and the Enlistment Act, but I didn't pay much heed until one night, I remember, an Oudh sowar came back from the bazaar in a tremendous taking. What had happened was that he'd been in a wrestling match with some local worthy, and before he'd got his shirt back on afterwards, some British troopers from the Dragoon Guards had playfully snapped the sacred cord, which he wore over his shoulder next the skin—as his kind of Hindoos did.

"*Banchuts!*[8] Scum!" He was actually weeping with rage. "It is defiled—I am unclean!" And for all that his mates tried to cheer him up, saying he could get a new one, blessed by a holy man, he went on raving—they take these things very seriously, you know, like Jews and Moslems with pork. If it seems foolish to you, you may compare it to how you'd feel if a nigger pissed in the font at your own church.

"I shall go to the colonel sahib!" says he finally, and Gobinda Dal sneered, "Why should he care—the man who will defile our atta[9] will not rebuke an English soldier for this!"

"What's all this about the atta?" says I to Pir Ali, and he shrugged.

"The Hindoos say that the sahibs are grinding cow bones into the sepoys' flour to break their caste. For me, they can break any Hindoo's stupid caste and welcome."

"Why should they do that?" says I, and Sita Gopal, who overheard, spat and says:

"Where have you lived, Hasanzai? The Sirkar will break every man's caste—aye, and what passes for caste even among you Moslems: There are pig bones in the atta, too, in case you didn't know it. Naik Syed Hyder in the second troop told me; did he not see them ground at the sahibs' factory at Cawnpore?"

"Wind from a monkey's backside," says I. "What would it profit the sahibs to pollute your food—since when do they hate their soldiers?"

To my astonishment, about half a dozen of them scoffed aloud at this: "Listen to the Black Mountain munshi!"[10] "The sahibs love their soldiers—and so the *gora*-cavalry broke Lal's string for him tonight!" "Have you never heard of the Dum-Dum sweeper, Makarram Khan?" and so on. Ram Mangal, who was the noisiest croaker of them all, spat out:

"It is of a piece with the padre sahib's talk and the new regulation that will send men across the *kala pani*—they will break our caste to make us Christians. Do they not know this even where you come from, hillman? Why, it is the talk of the army!"

I growled that I didn't put any faith in latrine gossip—especially if the latrine was a Hindoo one, and at this, one of the older men, Sardul something-or-other, shook his head and says gravely:

"It was no latrine rumour, Makarram Khan, that came out of Dum-Dum arsenal." And, for the first time, I heard the astonishing tale that was, I discovered, accepted as gospel by every sepoy in the Bengal Army—of the sweeper at Dum-Dum who'd asked a caste sepoy for a drink from his dish and, on being refused, had told the sepoy that he needn't be so damn particular, because the sahibs were going to do away with caste by defiling every soldier in the army by greasing their cartridges with cow and pig fat.

"This thing is known," says old Sardul, positively, and he was the kind of old soldier that men listen to, 30 years' service, Aliwal medal and clean-conduct sheet, damn your eyes. "Is not the new Enfield rifle in the armoury? Are not the new greased cartridges being prepared? How can any man keep his religion?"

"They say that at Banaras, the *jawans* have been permitted to grease their own loads," says Pir Ali, but they hooted him down.

"They say!" cries Ram Mangal. "It is like the tale they put about that all the grease was mutton fat—if that were so, where is the need for anyone to make his own grease? It is a lie—just as the Enlistment Act is a lie, when they said it was a provision only and no one would be asked to do foreign service. Ask the Nineteenth at Berhampore—where their officers told them they must serve in Burma if they refused the cartridge when it was issued! Aye, but they will refuse—then we'll see!" He waved his hands in passion.

"It is true enough," says old Sardul, sadly. "Yet I would not believe it if such a sahib as my old Colonel MacGregor—did he not take a bullet meant for me at Kandahar?—were to look in my eye and say it was false. The pity is that Carmik-al-Ismeet is not such a sahib—there are none such nowadays," says he with morbid satisfaction, "and the army is but a poor ruin of what it was. There was Sale sahib and Larrinsh[11] sahib and Cotton sahib—they used to call us their children and they would have died before they put dishonour on us; and we would have followed them to hell! They were pukka-sahibs, not the *cutch*-sahibs we have now." He wagged his head.

"And the English common soldiers . . . why, in my day, an English trooper would give me his hand, offer me his water bottle—not realising that I could not take it, you understand. And now these new ones spit on us and call us hubshis and monkeys."

Most of this talk was just rubbish, of course, and no doubt the work of agitators. It wasn't such a burning topic of conversation most of the time that one could take it very seriously. Of course, the Hindoos put tremendous store by their religion and an incident like that of Lal's string did stir up old grievances, for the moment at least.

I'll confess that old Sardul's remarks about the British had some justice. I rarely saw a British officer on parade; they seemed content to leave their troops to the jemadar and the N.C.O.s. And there was no question that the British rankers in Meerut were a poorer type than, say, the 44th men of my Afghan days or Campbell's Highlanders.

I got firsthand evidence of this a day later, when I accidentally jostled a dragoon in the bazaar and the brute turned straight round and lashed out with his boot. "Aht the way, yer black bastard!" says he. "Think yer can shove a sahib arahnd? *Banchut!*"

I just put my hand on my knife hilt and glared at him. "Christ!" says he and took to his heels until he got to the end of the street, where he snatched up a stone and flung it at me—and then made off. I'll remember you, my lad, thinks I, and the day will come when I'll have you

(continued on page 188)

[8] *a highly offensive term*

[9] *flour*

[10] *teacher*

[11] *Lawrence—any one of the famous brothers who served on the frontier and in the mutiny*

THERE IS SUCH A THING AS A FREE LUNCH

if you are devoted, pure of heart and don't mind standing in the unemployment line for two hours every other week

humor **By ROBERT S. WIEDER** We called him Charge, because he was your hard-charger species of young American go-getter businessman, but he was so contained the first time he showed up, we almost didn't notice him. Also, Corbin was late, and since she's the punctual type, we wondered if she was a no-show, or what?

I recall me, Holland and Boyle was there already. I think Boyle must show up at the curb in the dark dawn like the Rose Parade was coming. Me and Holland pull in a couple minutes early, while Pyken, who used to be a bookkeeper at J. C. Penney's, appears at 10:15 like he was attached to the minute hand. Then it's usually Corbin, Frazier and Pappas, and finally, of course, Pullman storming in like a hippo with a hard-on, outraged because the goddamn state wouldn't have the decency to deliver his goddamn unemployment check to his goddamn door, and telling everybody in the building with normal hearing about it.

That was pretty much the 10:15 Core, except that Marquez and his buddies was in on and off, depending on what the canneries was up to, and Carmichael, Borden, a lot of the black guys, you never knew when they'd be back on a job for a couple days. And I guess you could count Brooks, the skinny little women's libber who works at the Sweet Sweetback Massage Parlor, and Waldo, the freak who writes. They're the kind you're never sure what they're up to, but you know they haven't kicked work and will come in on and off goddamn forever.

Anyhow, this Charge was breathing hard through his nose and tapping a foot and hugging himself, obviously a rookie with a cloud of a temper who wasn't *(continued on page 136)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL FRANTZ

SAPPHO

part one of photographer j. frederick smith's portfolio of stunning portraits inspired by ancient greek poems on loving women

You have come—it is well—
How I longed for you!
And once more you add fire
To the fire of love in my heart!
Blessings, many blessings, fall
On us for as long as we were apart.
—JOHN RAGAN

WHEN IT COMES to love, our language is at a loss for words. We borrow from the Greek, recognizing, perhaps, that theirs was the first culture in which men and women were free to explore relationships that went beyond the requisites of biology, of mere survival. Consider: from Eros, our concept of arousal and desire; from Plato, our concept of an ideal love without desire; and from Sappho, a lyrist who lived on the isle of Lesbos around 600 B.C., our concept of love between women. Even her place of residence yielded a word for feminine intimacy. Some scholars believe that she was the leader of a cult of women devoted to Aphrodite; others claim that she was a famous singer who attracted young girls seeking to learn the art. References in various Greek comedies—the Hollywood gossip columns of the age—suggest that she ran a school for scandal. The only evidence we have—a few complete poems and several fragments—indicates that she was intense, emotional and deeply attached to her friends. For almost 25 centuries, this legacy of love has challenged and inspired poets such as Dante Gabriel Rossetti, William Carlos Williams, Ezra Pound, Mary Barnard, A. C. Swinburne and Edward Storer. Recently, Chelsea House Publishers commissioned J. Frederick Smith to create a portfolio of photographs to illustrate a volume of Sappho's verse. The assignment proved to be a catalyst for Smith's considerable talents—stunning variations on a classical theme. The pictures shown here are among those selected for *Sappho: The Art of Loving Women*, which will be published next month. And you'll be happy to note that there will be a sequel in our February issue. How's that for a special valentine?

How many restless thoughts recall to me
The lovely Atthis, and I long for the slender one.
Sadness devours my soul. From far there comes to us
The sound of her sharp cry, and it is not
Unheard, for night the many-eared carries it
To us across the sea that flows between.
—PART OF "ATTHIS AT SARDIS."
TRANSLATED BY EDWARD STORER

So, like a child after its mother,
I fluttered after you.

—ANONYMOUS

Thy soul
Grown delicate with satieties,
Atthis.
O Atthis,
I long for thy lips.
I long for thy narrow breasts,
Thou restless, ungathered.

—EZRA POUND

My words are nothing but air,
But they are life breath to hear.
—ANONYMOUS

Night shut their eyes and then poured down
Blackness of sleep upon their lids.
—ANONYMOUS

The stars about the lovely moon
Fade back and vanish very soon,
When, round and full, her silver face
Swims into sight, and lights all space.
—EDWIN ARNOLD

How fair and good were the things we shared together,
How by my side you wove many garlands of violets and
Sweet-smelling roses, and made of all kinds of flowers
Delicate necklaces. . . .
—EDWARD STORER

"Sappho, if you are content to remain there, no more will I
Love you! O rise and shine out upon us! Set free
Your glorious strength from your bed, and then, casting off

Your Chian robe, bathe yourself like the marsh lily by
The shore of the river. And Cleis will hand to you
From your chest a saffron robe and a peplum of purple. . . ."
—EDWARD STORER

FREE LUNCH

(continued from page 125)

used to lines or waiting. He had ex–upwardly mobile wrote all over him. He was about 26 but had been running so hard achievement-wise that his face was pushed forward into his early 30s. Pappas started talking to him, as he often will to first-timers, he being the missionary sort. The guy had just got sacked off a brokerage, it seems—blown out of 35 grand a year—and was a bit shook up. He was telling Pappas how his boss done it to him:

"I guess he thought 'You're fired' was too cold and direct," says Charge. "But 'You're terminated'——" He shook his head, whewed. "It sounds so drastic and permanent."

"Forget it," says Pappas. "Being out of work is like being out of cancer. The longer the better."

"Huh?" The guy's eyes pop out. "Standing in line with simpletons and bums in this craphole for a hundred ten a week?"

Pappas shrugs. "One man's craphole is another man's calling."

"Some calling. It's indentured servitude. It's degrading!"

"Who you calling servants?" snaps Miz Frazier. She's one of them sweet, doughy, quiet types who'll astonish you now and then by the way she takes no shit. "I'm no servant. If you don't like it here with the F-ten-fifteens, why don't you just go find another Core?"

"He's new here," Pappas tells her. "Just got canned."

"Oh, well, isn't that wonderful, then?" she says, all motherly. "I hope you'll be with us a long time, dear."

"Jesus Christ!" The guy looks at Pappas. "There's a real cancer-ward attitude in this place; misery loves company."

"Hey, asshole," says Boyle, thrusting his bizarre expression into the conversation. "You already called us degrading and simpletons, and now we're miserable, too." Boyle is no more than 25, but he's been in the 10:15 Core since *I* can recall, and was, in fact, one of the earliest long-hairs in the place. He sounded half-gassed, as usual, since I gather he don't sleep the night before appointments but stays up involved with liquor and drugs. As a result, his appearance has been compared to tornado damage and he can produce a glower that has drove more than one stranger from the Line and even the building. Boyle give the kid a look. "I guess if shit was diamonds, you'd have the runs. Well, if our Core don't appeal to you, you can always switch to a Tuesday, with the fucking three-day-weekend snobs."

Charge just shook his head with amusement. "I don't know what the hell you're talking about."

"Our Core," said Pappas. "On your *Claimant's Handbook* schedule page, you're given a day and time to report to pick up your checks. In this state, you come in every other Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday, to window C or F, in fifteen-minute clusters, from eight A.M. to four P.M. You wound up in the Odd Thursday F-ten-fifteen group. In every such group, you'll find two types of person—a few dedicated lifers and a large changing periphery of short-timers. The latter we call the transients. The former are known as the Core. Welcome to Core F-ten-fifteen."

Holland, who resembles a randy Stan Laurel, goes to his wallet and comes up with one of these little green business-style cards we had printed a couple years ago for a laugh that say:

THE ODD THURSDAY F-10:15 CORE
Spatium Obsidemus

which is Latin for "We take up space."

"Miz Frazier thought it up. You can sign the card on the back, if you want."

"Mothering damn," says Charge. "You act like it was the Kiwanis you've got here."

"We're a damn sight more exclusive than the goddamn Kiwanis," says Pullman, whose voice can tilt pictures on the wall.

That was a fact, and I told the guy: "You won't find one person in ten that'll last over a year at one stretch on the Line."

"*Over* a year?" he says. His head comes forward out of his collar, eyes darting. "You people have been here together drawing unemployment for over a *year*?"

We hadn't added it up in a while, we realized, and started figuring: me, Pyken and Boyle since '70, Pappas and Miz Frazier since '71, Holland only since '72, Pullman going back God knows how long, the others mostly from the recent influx; it came to something like 45 collective years, and Charge's mouth is open and he wonders if the *Guinness Book of World Records* knows about this.

"You poor sons of bitches." He is struck with pity.

"*Poor?*" says Holland. "We're pulling down a hundred and ten dollars tax-free for a two-hour week. Pakistan should be so poor."

"Yes, but Christ, look at the process of humiliation you have to go through, at the beck and call of moronic civil servants——"

"What ingratitude," Pyken deadpans, coming off the Line with his check.

"This is his first day," Pappas points out. "Hi, Doris," he smiles, for she's clerking F window today, and hands her his cards and turns back to us. "He's been in Information all morning."

"Hi," she says. "Hey"—she pulls out a crossword-puzzle book, a craze of hers—"what's a six-letter word starting with B for highwayman?"

"*Banker*," he smiles, "but they probably mean bandit." She says thanks and he winks, comes off the Line. "I can see where you'd get a bad impression from Information; it's the Dracula of Government lines; but if you can get through that one, you're halfway home," he tells Charge.

"Are you kidding?" says Charge. "I can't believe the help here; they don't speak English, they speak Regulation. They've got assholes like air locks. Jesus, bureaucrats are the meat loaf of humanity. And the *lines*. Half the city must be in here!"

"Keeps 'em off the street," says Boyle.

"How can you waste whole chunks of your life standing in these lousy endless glacial *lines*?" He throws it up to us.

Well, the quickest way to get a Core lifer talking is to raise the subject of Line Strategy, and instantly there's line-shortening tactics flying at him on how a pro can thin out the transients faster than a cattle prod when things bog down. You know, saying you saw a Cutty Sark truck overturned a block away, taking out a hypodermic kit and asking if anybody wants a little bang, faking the dry heaves, painting red blotches on yourself, asking if anybody minds if you play with your pet wasps, fiddling with your privates; you know. The basic ploys. Charge's jaw is hanging.

By now, Boyle is getting his card signed by Doris, who wants to do a bit of business with him. "I'm pretty negative on downers," he's advising her. "A lot of dudes have taken the long count on reds and wine, Dorie."

"Well, what's a good recommended amount?" she leans forward on the counter conspiratorially, a card up hiding her mouth.

"None is my recommendation; but that's just a personal attitude," says Boyle. "I ain't into life at thirty-three and a third is all."

"Well," she decides, "bring me a dozen next time, anyway, just to see."

"You got it," Boyle tells her.

I draw my check and ask her about her Chihuahua and then, coming off the Line, I see Charge looking like he's just been told he was adopted and I figure it's three to one we'll never see him again.

•

He was back two weeks later, though. His face was either leaner or longer or both, and the cut of his hair, which had not been exactly *long* to begin with, was now on the order of what Boyle liked to call the Baptist Athlete look. I says hello to him and ask, you know, Whatcha been doing? and he gives this ironic little laugh and says, "Nothing."

"Well"—it's my stock answer—"the world could use a little more nothing. Too much of everything as it is."

He drew back; obviously thought that was a stupid thing to say. "Sentiment is no substitute for income," he mutters.

"Only the dead are wealthy," says

(continued on page 144)

"I don't know about you, Watson, but I'll be damned glad when this Baskerville case is finally closed."

Above, top to bottom: Model 4401 stereo and quadraphonic preamplifier that minimizes unwanted noise, by Bose, $599. Model 1801 power amplifier, also by Bose, offers extreme reserves of power for impressive reproductive clarity, $986. Stereo control center accommodates a tuner, two turntables and two auxiliary units, from Technics by Panasonic, $629.95. Model 634 AM/FM two- or four-channel stereo receiver, by Fisher, $799.95. Four-track, two-channel reel-to-reel tape deck, by Akai, $599.95. Portable stereo cassette with built-in condenser mike and speaker can be used as a component tape deck or go-anywhere tape machine, by Uher, $378.

Right, top to bottom: Model JC-2 preamplifier is as handsome as it is technically impressive, offering direct input for moving-coil cartridges, by Mark Levinson, $1175. Model SL-1300 turntable with automatic tonearm and unique repeat selector switch for up to five replays, from Technics by Panasonic, $299.95. Model 4400 receiver simulates four-channel sound from two-channel stereo programs, by Marantz, $1250. A direct-drive, fully automatic turntable, by Kenwood, $279.95. The SE-1S lightweight electrostatic headphone set weighs only 14 ounces, reacts to all audio signals more uniformly than the standard cone type, by Marantz, $129.95.

KEEPING YOUR FI HI

this year's battle cry in the high-fidelity evolution is "more power to the people"

THE FRENCH have a saying that the more things change, the more they stay the same. In today's hi-fi field, you see it in two ways: the soft-pedaling or total absence of four-channel products from many new audio lines and the very nature of the new lines, which—as in the early days of hi-fi componentry—emphasize such audiophile appeals as manual turntables, separate and high-powered amplifiers (power seems to be the name of the game these days) and experimental and large speakers. All of these new items are high-priced. There are, of course, some units at the cheap-and-cheerful end of the spectrum, but the message of most new equipment is loud and clear: This is high quality, and

Above, top to bottom: FM preamplifier with digital-readout tuning, by Revox, $1665. Model AS-980 AM/FM tuner-amplifier can handle both two- and four-channel stereo; has four independent level meters for precise output-level control, by Akai, $850. Model RX-802 AM/FM stereo receiver offers multiple-speaker selection, monitor control and speaker-overload protection, by Rotel, $479.95. The ER-139 three-way-system speaker features a ten-inch downward-facing woofer and eight tweeters that produce a more nondirectional "open" sound, by Electrostatic Research, $199.90 each. The FEW-3 Frequency Equalizer is a multistage, narrow-band-frequency balance control that enables audiophiles to make precise sonic adjustments, by BSR, $199.95.

Right, top to bottom: Model L300 Summit is a studio-type monitor designed for the home, by JBL, $897 each. The SR-X/Mark 3 electrostatic ear speaker produces well-balanced sound devoid of dips or peaks; it's to be used with an SRD-7 adapter, both by Stax, $230 complete. At $1295, the Tri-Tracer 1000 stereo cassette deck, by Nakamichi, offers three heads and a Dolby B noise-reduction system. For those with more modest means, there's the A-360S stereo cassette deck that also offers the Dolby, by Teac, $389.50. Model SX-1010 AM/FM stereo receiver features twin tone controls that permit "shaping" of sound, by Pioneer, $699.95.

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high quality costs. At any rate, and a few exceptions notwithstanding, the great middle area of audio products is less accounted for than ever in most manufacturers' new offerings.

In a sense, this high-end development is the hi-fi industry's answer to both the failure of four-channel to take over the market and the doldrums of our economy. To understand why, for instance, a company like Lux Audio has the temerity to enter the U. S. market this year with a brand-new line topped by a $3000 amplifier, or why an old hand like Fisher is making every effort to forge a new image with supercomponents that include a manual turntable, it helps to *(continued on page 159)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

"I won't be home for dinner tonight, Doris. Things are piling up here at the office."

broken waffles from *I Ragionamenti*, by Pietro Aretino, 1536

Ribald Classic

so YOU WANT to be a procuress, eh? It takes a lot of guts, very great courage to trick men neatly and come off without any bumps or beating. You must be armed with a tongue that cuts, a heart that takes chances, a presumption that persuades, a brazen face, a step that doesn't drag, a patience that lasts, an obstinate ability to lie, a limping yes and a four-footed no. If you want to be a bawd, you must be equipped with enough science and shrewdness to send the professors back to school.

Let me tell you of an adventure I once had when a very gentle gentleman came to me, longing for a great lady of the town with whom he'd fallen in love by dint of staring. He asked me to approach her, handed me two ducats and began to explain where I might find her.

I took the words right out of his mouth, saying, "I know very well who she is, the church where she always attends Mass, the altar she kneels at and the prayer stool she uses. Sir, I am no bawd, but I feel compassion for your hopeless love and I consent to act as honest go-between." I promised that no later than the next day at vespers I might be able to comfort him with some good news. In truth, he was a decent, good-looking man and not at all familiar with the ways of bawds.

You can imagine how his heart danced the next day when I told him that I had brought a missive from the lady (composed, in fact, carefully by my own hand). He could barely stay in his skin! "My dear sir," it began. "When shall I ever be able to pay my debt to fortune, the stars, the heavens and the planets, which have made me worthy of being the servitor of your kindness?" And so on, through many honeyed phrases, until it came to the closing words, "And if you do not come tonight to the place and at the hour of which the trusted bearer of this letter will inform you, I shall be tempted to do away with myself." And as a special touch, I had sprinkled the paper with a little water, just as if it had been moistened by her tears.

He trembled with happiness and forced me to take two more crowns when I told him to go to a certain place at eight o'clock and wait for me there.

Can you see him, then, summoning his barber, next drenching himself in perfume, changing his shirt and putting on a purple doublet covered with hammered-silver spangles, dining on fresh eggs and cardoons spiced with great quantities of pepper, sending out his servant to hear the striking of the hour, selecting a necklace worth about 14 ducats to give her and finally—though it is no more than six o'clock—taking his sword and cape and hurrying off to the appointed place?

The clock struck seven and I did not come; in a while, it struck eight and still I did not appear. Can you hear him saying to himself, "I swear that my ears are playing tricks on me; there could have been no more than seven," and at the slightest noise, saying, "Ah, there she comes! She was delayed, of course."?

At last the clock struck nine. "Whore!" he is saying. "I shall give that thieving bawd so many wounds, I shall give her so many——" And now he is soughing, a man left in the lurch, and taking four paces toward home and then changing his mind and taking four back. Meanwhile, the freezing wind lashes him and cuts his face. Finally, when ten strikes, he takes the road to his lodgings and, as he enters, flings his cape and sword on the floor, grinds his teeth, shouts, "Shouldn't I cut off her nose? Shouldn't I give her two hundred lashes? Filthy, lying bawd!"

And can you see him getting into bed, making it creak with his twisting, lying first on one side and then on the other, writhing like a snake between the sheets, scratching his head, biting his fingers, clutching at the air, lifting a lament? He sends for his landlady to lie with him, but, seeing what a poor substitute she is for his imagined love, he sends her away in haste. Can you picture all this?

He waited for daybreak, which seemed a month in coming, and, as soon as it was light, he jumped out of bed and raced to my house and began banging angrily at the door. I laughed to myself and went to open it.

"So you have tricked me! Whom do you think you are dealing with, eh?" he cried.

"With one of the most courteous, respectable gentlemen in all of Italy," I replied, "and I'm astonished that his lordship rushes in fury to attack someone who is so fond of him. You have my word for it, I waited until dawn for you, frozen stiff with the cold."

"I counted ten strokes of the bell and then I left," he said.

"Well, just after it stopped tolling, I got there. To tell your lordship the truth, it took a long time to prepare her." And, saying this, I made my voice very soft and intimate. "I bathed her in rose water. Oh, if your lordship could have seen the softness and whiteness of her neck, her legs, her loins, her tits; if you could have seen the pink of her nipples! I washed her thighs, her melons, her slit—and I almost fainted at the beauty of that delicate white flesh. It is almost unbearable to see. I palped it, I kissed it, I fondled it, talking to her all the time of you. . . ." And I went on with such talk until he could stand it no longer. His face grew red and his third leg lifted up in spite of himself.

And do you know what happened? He took me to the bedroom, put me on the bed, threw himself on top of me and gave me such a screw as I'd never had before. A storming-the-fort, all-conquering, razing-the-city screw. Just as I'd planned all along.

Well, we bawds, plying our profession, have the same privileges as the man who makes waffles—he gets to eat all the waffles that are broken. So, having satisfied his lust on me, this gentleman saw the delighted look on my face and departed angrily. I have never laid eyes on him since. —*Retold by Robert Mahieu*

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

FREE LUNCH *(continued from page 136)*

Pappas, behind him. "They have no worries."

"What're you talking about?" he snaps, but he don't really want an answer; just folds his arms and says, "I don't understand you people. Do you really live like this, standing in line every two weeks for years, just killing time waiting for your survival money?"

"It's frighteningly like work, isn't it?" Holland says.

"I don't see how you can do it," Charge snorts loftily.

Well, I tell him, you don't *need* a *whole* lot of scams going. I mean, Congress is already talking about a fourth *legal* extension. And you can always take off in the fall, run up to the farm belt and work out in the sun a couple weeks to tone the muscles, build up the wind, qualify for the 26-week minimum. Then another two weeks during the Christmas rush as extra help downtown—which, if you got fast hands, is definitely the season to be jolly. That's another 26 weeks. And they got so many extensions going now, if you can't turn that into 65 weeks at full rate, you should probably be getting permanent disability anyway. And there's never any shortage of small businessmen ready to run a Boomerang, where you front the dough for your "employer's" unemployment-insurance payments and then get laid off and nearly double your money, less his five percent, twice a year. And so on, ad infinity. Unethical? I'm talking about the *Government*, remember, which is the approximate Vatican of hustlers.

By that time, you been showing up here for a year and, if you're smart, you're in a Core and got some action with at least one clerk, and the other staff all know you, so they lose kill sheets, change figures, sign nonsense, write clearance requests just right, etc. It's just a matter of what Pullman calls "financial symbiosis," which means that Pyken helps the office staff with their taxes, and Holland gives them medical advice, and I tell them how to train their Doberman, and Pullman tutors their kids, and Boyle does what he does.

"Other things, too," adds Holland with this look of cocky discretion, which means sex is concerned.

He's right, you know; it's enough like work to scare you.

"What did you used to be?" Pullman asks the guy.

"I was a tax-free-municipals consultant, but——"

"Oh, man," says Boyle, "there's so many Important People's kids out of that line of work, you're probably looking at an eighteen-month ticket up front."

"That's not what I mean." He looks at us like we're such simpletons it hurts his stomach. "I don't see how you can demean yourselves like this, month after month. Self-respect is the marrow of the personality, you know. Christ, there's no excuse; you all speak English, you're white——"

"This is true," says Holland, his voice lowered. "You notice that the Core isn't exactly riddled with minorities?"

Well, this was common knowledge, and Boyle told him. Black folks are OK, but I don't think they got the will power of Caucasians; they can't get off work and *stay* off work; they sooner or later gotta get back on a job. Nobody's saying a lot of whites ain't just as bad, but it's a rare black you'll find on his third extension, and most'll be lucky to make it the first 26 weeks without hitting the classifieds. When they get hooked, they get hooked. They'll come in first time on the Line, laughing, waving their handbook and two-week card, grinning like a cat eating shit. But in five weeks, you know they're gonna be making calls to places, trying to score, have trouble sleeping, all that.

"White people, now," says Boyle, "they get off the stuff and they can stand back and take a good hard look at what they used to be, that whole strung-out scene."

"I'm talking about work, not heroin," Charge snaps.

"Heroin is Kool-Aid next to work," says Pappas.

"You think if there was a serious smack shortage half the country would start sweating?" Boyle demands. "Haw! Just take a look at it. Waking up every morning about three hours earlier than could possibly be good for you, stupid with sleep and probably spastic from an alarm that Chinese interrogators would kill to have, nerves like piano wire, in such a fit to get to your goddamn *job* you don't even eat. Who could keep food down, anyway, thinking how your ass'll be fired when the son-of-a-bitch seven-fifteen don't show up till seven-thirty-three? Wearing a goddamn *suit*, dying from booze lunches, taking crap from everybody in sight, worried, vulnerable, unhealthy, going nuts—a lousy Work Junkie. A Jobbie, who if he don't get his daily fix goes all to hell and often as not turns to crime or suicide. Is that a way to live?

"So, anyhow, white folks get two, three checks under their belt and they look back and they say, 'Jeez, if that's self-respect, give me degradation and ninety-five dollars a week.' And that's why you see whites in here for four, five extensions—maybe eighteen months—and why there's almost no blacks and *chicanos* in the F-ten-fifteen Core."

"Jesus shit!" Charge whaps his forehead with the heel of his hand, can't believe it. He flaps his arms, gurgles: "A country-club attitude on the bread line."

"Not to brag"—Pappas inspects his nails—"but if there are levels of legitimacy in unemployment, we are the distilled spirits, as it were. The cream."

"How do you reckon a thing like that?" he snorts.

"Booth's Law," says Miz Frazier. This was explained to him. It wasn't an easy thing for him to accept.

You have to know about Morris T. Booth, who not only did 91 weeks *at* $75 and *in* the late Sixties, but in *Seattle*; and is sort of the DiMaggio of reformed Jobbies. They say he's pulled checks in more cities than the Actors Guild. He ran a Workers Anonymous Clinic in L.A. for a while and he's got a couple books out, *Always Bring Your Handbook* and *Claimants Please Read*. They ain't easy to get. I had an uncle had *Claimants* he used to read me from, and of course Pullman has *Handbook*. Pullman's copy is autographed, too, and I'll tell you something else. Him and Booth were both Tuesday 1:45s at Oakland in 1965 for about four months. Pullman was window F and Booth was H and they'd talk now and then and Pullman says you'd be floored how Booth was down to earth as the guy next door.

You don't see that much anymore, either. People are colder nowadays, stick to their own Line; you hardly know anybody in your neighboring Cores, even.

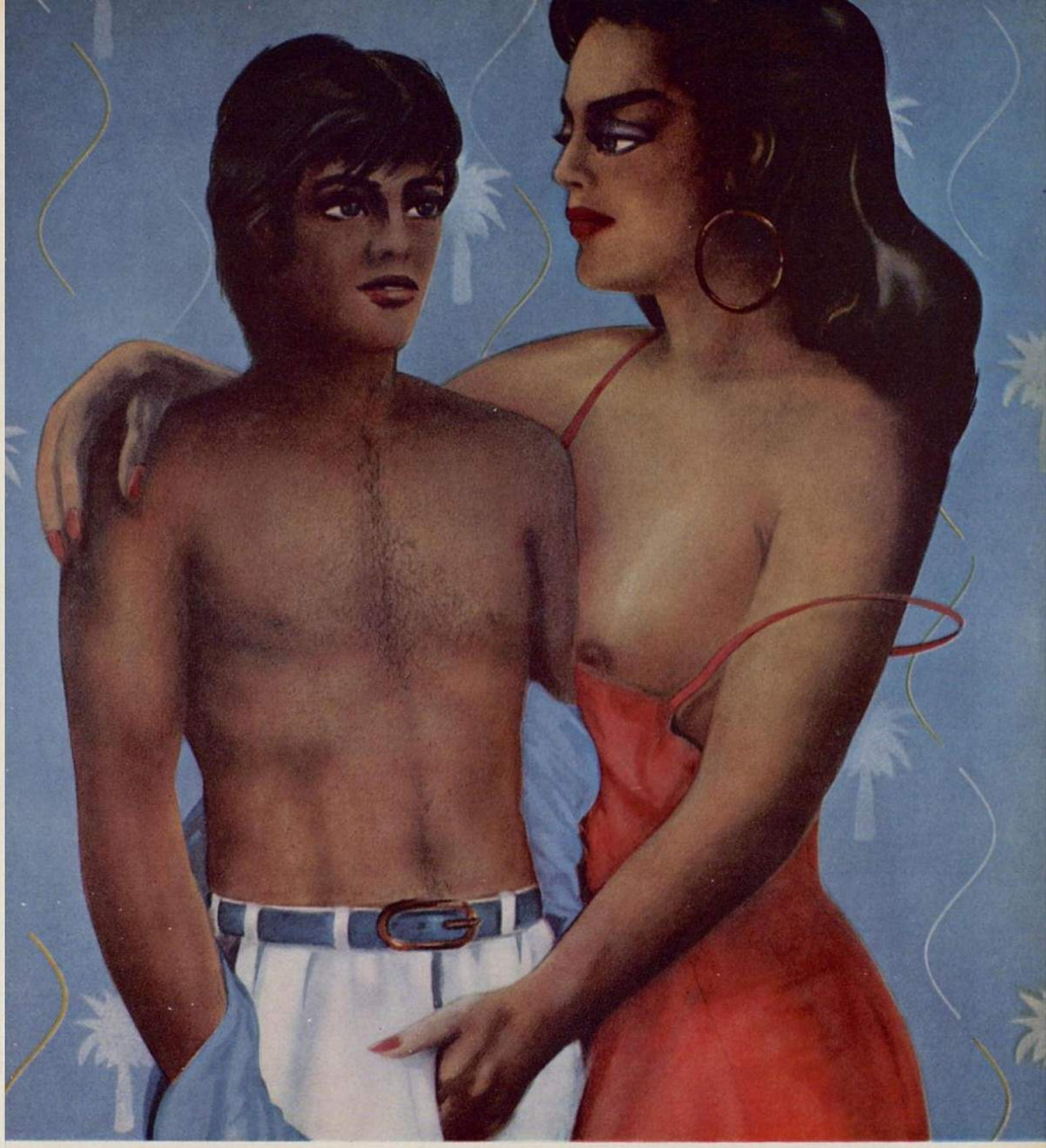
Anyway, Booth had come up with these laws over the space of his years on the Line, and law number three was that the earlier in the morning you were, the smaller your Core would be and the bigger your transient-turnover rate. A lot of people had noticed that, of course, but it was Booth figured out it was because the closer to eight A.M. you were scheduled, the more you were gonna be caught in commute traffic and the harder it'd be for you to resist the pressure, to stay cool, Jobbies all around you, *rushing to work*. Hell, a lot of people break just seeing the want ads or watching *What's My Line?* But the commute traffic, Jesus, it takes a special type of personality to come down here in the middle of all those lunatics and still be able to smile and relax.

Charge smirks condescendingly. "I guess it *would* be a lot easier to take working people's money if you didn't have to look them in the eye while doing it," he says, very bone-assed about it.

"Oh," booms Pullman, "*much* easier. The Government is proof of that." He harrumphs for attention and steps into a space between Lines, throws his arms out and makes like Billy Graham being interviewed by the Main Clerk: "Thank *God* for the American Way of Life, where burdens are shared, the pioneer spirit lives and our most precious freedom is the freedom from *want*, bop-shebop!" He gets a big round of applause from the usual large crowd of persons with nothing else to do currently.

Me and Boyle had got our cards signed now, and Elma, who was working F window and had lost some of that weight off her can with Holland's diet, signed Charge's and he turned and did a little

(continued on page 214)



fiction

By DANNY SANTIAGO

A MESSAGE FROM HOME

he looked like a boy, but on her crazy shell bed, he could make music like a man

"YOU'RE A FALSE MEXICAN," the lady said too loudly in Spanish. It was Saturday afternoon and very crowded in the market, with long lines at the cash registers. The lady handled the money and he carried the groceries, because this was Los Angeles, California. Also, she did the talking and he did the listening, because she was a citizen and he was illegal.

"You never take me no place. You never buy me nothing."

The lady was very strong and outweighed him by 30 pounds, but he could no doubt beat her up very easily. The trouble was, she liked to

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRISTIAN PIPER

scream. They would hear her all the way to city hall. Illegals cannot afford to hit their women if they scream. There are several other things illegals cannot afford to do, but they can sit home and watch television as fine as any certified American. And he suggested going there.

"Why did God send me a dead fly from Guanajuato, where they are all pure Jews and cowards?" the lady answered.

One month ago, they met at the Club Rosita, which is large and loud and dark. Young men and old women go there to find each other. The women call it dancing. The men call it pushing the trucks around. Fresh from Mexico and very timid, he stood there for three hours on a single bottle of beer, till the lady bumped him by mistake. She was a respected widow and never danced with strangers, but he had a very sincere face. She was a little bit old and a little bit fat but still fairly low mileage, as they say. And she worried about him, because downtown, where he lived, Immigration raided every day, while she herself had a quiet little room for rent, very clean.

When Rosita's closed, they walked to the lady's house and he rented the room, but he never slept there. The lady's bed was bigger and softer. It was made of brass and abalone shells and was quite noisy. "I have never heard such a bed," the neighbor told him. "It plays tunes better than my phonograph and all night, too, waltzes, two-steps and Charlie-Stones. Be careful, little man, or you will soon wear out your needle."

The lady's cozy little home was like a palace to him with its refrigerator and radio, its tub, television and toilet. For once in his life, there was always more than enough to eat and drink, and more than enough of everything else, too, including pretty handmade pillows of every shape and color. Then, on a Sunday, the lady's sons and daughters came for a surprise visit with their wives and husbands. When he held out his hand to present himself, they passed him by, as if he might be a mule. And that reminded him he had a mother, too, in Mexico, and had promised to send money home every week. He was ashamed.

So the lady found him a safe job with her far cousin, who loved him like a son and paid him 75 cents an hour. He unpacked the crates that came from Mexico. To keep the pretty pots from breaking, the crates were stuffed with grass. It was almost green still and had the smell of his homeland on it. He often chewed the grass while he worked. But at the end of the week, what with the rent and groceries and an American haircut here and an American shirt there, no money was left over to send to his mother. Then one day, while he was unpacking a crate, he found a big, ragged man-sized turd in the bottom, nested there like an egg. It was hard as a rock and had no smell, but it lay staring up at him without saying a word.

He stopped chewing the grass from his homeland. And that same night, when he came from work, the music stopped, too. The brass bed forgot how to play its pretty little tunes. The lady bought tequila. She fed him six raw eggs every morning and the bravest of chilies every night. She was very clever and knew various unusual things to do to him, but she couldn't get the music started again. The lady was very understanding on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, but today her understanding finally left her.

"Do you want to hear a funny story?" she asked.

"Why not?" he said as he carried the groceries from the market.

"One time there was a little farmer and he had a cute little wife and they lived in the state of Guanajuato."

"Hurray for them," he said.

"But a big, fierce cowboy from Jalisco, he carried off that little wife, and when he slung her on his horse, she screamed no louder than a *tortilla*."

"Maybe she was deaf and dumb," he said.

"Some men," said the lady, "would chase that cowboy and kill him to get their wife back, but not this little coward. Oh, no. Instead, he ran to the nearest tree to hang himself. But he had no rope and, like all those Jews down there, he was too stingy to buy any, so do you know what he did?"

"He jumped up and grabbed a branch with his left hand, yes? And with his right hand, *yaaach*, he seized his throat and strangled himself."

"How did you guess?" the lady asked.

"It was my uncle."

They happened to be passing the Club Rosita just then. Inside, the *mariachis* were playing very lively and with two trumpets. The lady stopped and flapped her ears.

"How brave and manly they sound," she said.

"We got beer at home," he said, "and comics on the television."

"*You bore me!*" the lady shouted.

She showed him her broad back and marched into Rosita's as free and easy as any man alive, while he stood on the sidewalk with his arms full of groceries like a woman and talked to himself: "Only last week, they hooked five illegals in there," he said, "and threw them back into Mexico. Not me," he told himself. "I will never go back. I would rather be dead."

When he was 12 years old, his family owned land and burros and a team of oxen. There was enough to eat, almost. But his father got thirsty and drank the oxen. Then he drank the good acres of flatland. "Who needs burros," his father said, "when I've got all these lazy no-good sons? What are their shoulders for?" So he drank the burros, too. But there was still the mountainside. You hired oxen and plowed. You stumbled along behind on one foot and one knee because the field was that steep. Now there was never enough to eat. And then your father started drinking the mountainside and you left home. You walked the roads of Guanajuato and you did whatever there was to do. Sometimes they paid you, sometimes not; it was like washing strange cars without permission. No, you would not go back there ever.

He shifted the grocery sacks from arm to arm. "And what about my lady?" he asked himself. "Left to herself in Rosita's, she will find somebody else. Then will come a certain little telephone call, and it's *adios*, U.S.A. Besides," he said, "who will know me for illegal with my American haircut and my fine American shirt?" So in he went and found the lady and slid the groceries under her table. She gave him no welcome, but she didn't send him to China, either. And he ordered beers and they sat drinking. The *mariachis* leaned on the bar, waiting for business, nine of them with their ruffled shirts and silver braid on their black *charro* suits.

"How handsome they look," the lady noted.

"They are too fat for their pants," he said.

"*Muchachos*," she called.

"People will stare at us," he begged, "police, Immigration and everybody."

But already the *mariachis* were ringed around the table and the lady was smiling up into their faces, as if all nine of them might be her lovers.

"A song," she ordered.

"Name it," they said. "We play everything."

"Your own favorite," she told them generously, "whichever pleases you most."

By calculation, they chose an old song very popular in the lady's better days, but by chance it celebrates the glories of the state of Guanajuato, its beautiful landscape, its noble cities and brave men to whom life is worth nothing without honor. No mention is made of any cowards in that state or tightwads, either. It is a fine, stirring song, though not exactly what the lady might have ordered, and when it ended, she failed to applaud. But there were four ears at the table.

"Again, brothers," said Teodomiro Sánchez Villaseñor, to call him finally by his name.

The *mariachis* played the introduction. Then Teodomiro got up and sang the words. His voice was not the best, but it was good enough and louder than anyone would expect. The *mariachis* smiled at one another, glad to give their lungs a rest. And Teodomiro sang of the road to Salamanca, which he knew so well with his own two feet. He sang of the heroic

(concluded on page 176)

THE TAILGATE TRENCHERMAN

rooting for the old alma mater is no sinecure, so fuel up with a pregame picnic

food and drink **By EMANUEL GREENBERG** THERE ARE NAIFS who still believe that a football game is all about 22 jocks having at one another on a brisk Saturday or Sunday afternoon. But anyone arriving at a gamesite an hour or so before kickoff would have to have second thoughts. There, laid out on the tailgates of station wagons, on folding tables and steamer rugs—even charcoal grills—one would see a mind-boggling epicurean spread. This is the *real* pregame warm-up, and many devotees would rather leave the tickets at home than forget the charcoal briquettes.

Tailgating is a natural by-product of another great American sport, called beating the traffic. Many Old Boys returning

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT

for Home-coming planned their journey so as to reach the parking area well before kickoff. That left plenty of time to stoke up on sandwiches and have a tot of anti-freeze against the autumn chill. But some folks can't let well enough alone.

It wasn't long before sandwiches were upstaged by platters of cold cuts, fried chicken, imported cheeses and wines—leading, inevitably, to a further escalation: poached salmon, whole roast *filets* of beef and lamb steaks and kabobs agrilling. Crocks of *pâté* are now rather commonplace, caviar with champagne not at all uncommon. And there's at least one reported instance of a chauffeur's doffing his livery and slipping into a white jacket before serving the martinis.

A disposition to conspicuous gourmandizing isn't limited to the Saturday campus scene. Pro-football fans are also into lavish tailgating. In Minnesota, home of the Vikings, the burghers have been known to turn out in dinner jackets to cheer their favorites on. Sportscaster Don Criqui tells in wonder of tables set with napery, crystal stemware, elegant cutlery and, for throwaway chic, candelabra!

It's more an exuberant stunt, of course, than a gourmet event. And it can get to be hilarious, manipulating an oyster fork with numbed, mittened fingers. True believers also speak an argot of their own. The line-up refers to that week's menu; an interception is stopping an edible on its way down the table; extra points are what you get for remembering to pack the corkscrew; and the guy pouring drinks has to be a cheerleader.

There *is* a happy middle ground between that kind of gamesmanship and a bag of sandwiches. You'll want rations with zip and style, but they should be easy to handle. Hot, thick soups or chowder in individual Thermoses, lusty casseroles and rich hand-held desserts are suited to the bracing weather. Add plenty of strong, steaming coffee and whatever wines or spirits match the food and the mood. Just be sure to take enough, which is about twice as much as you think you'll need.

Elaborate equipment can become a burden, but vacuum bottles and wide-mouthed jugs are necessities and an insulated bag with separate compartments for hot and cold can be handy. There are also fitted picnic baskets, traveling bars, folding tables and chairs, insulated casseroles and Styrofoam chests for ice cubes. The chest can do double duty as an icebox, keeping raw salad ingredients crisp, soda, beer and juices cold. Take lots of paper napkins, Wash 'n Dris, paper towels for mopping up and two large plastic bags—one for garbage and one for stuff to be washed back at the ranch. Vacuum bottles will perform better if prerinsed with icy or boiling water, depending on what they will carry. Tightly covered casseroles wrapped in layers of newspaper stay hot for hours. Be sure to take a good corkscrew and a couple of combination openers, and guard them as though your life depended on it. It just might.

Our tailgate feed, described below, is ample for four well-honed outdoor appetites and even allows for extracurricular munching. The menu is designed so that you can hold the soup, crab roll or dessert for a fortifying after-the-game snack.

OK, fellas, let's hear it for old Gastronomy U!

SHERRIED LOBSTER BISQUE

Small clove garlic
2 cans (approximately 13 ozs. each) lobster bisque
¼ cup cream
¼ cup dry sherry
2 ozs. diced lobster meat

Cut garlic in half and rub lightly around inside of small saucepan. Discard. Combine remaining ingredients in pan and heat slowly to simmer, stirring frequently. Divide among four preheated individual Thermos bottles or pour into quart Thermos.

KENTUCKY CHOWDER

1-in. cube salt pork
1 small onion, chopped
1 16-oz. can cream-style corn
1 8-oz. can whole-kernel corn, drained
¼ cup chopped pimiento
⅛ teaspoon pepper, or to taste
2½ cups milk or light cream
2 ozs. bourbon

Dice salt pork finely. Cook slowly in 2-quart saucepan until pork bits are crisp and brown. Pour off all but 1 tablespoon fat. Add onion and sauté until limp. Add remaining ingredients and bring to simmer over low heat, stirring. Simmer several minutes, stirring, but do not boil. Pour into prewarmed Thermos.

CHIVE-BUTTERED FRENCH BREAD

½ stick butter
1 tablespoon finely minced chives, fresh or frozen
½ tablespoon minced parsley
½ teaspoon lemon juice
Crusty French bread

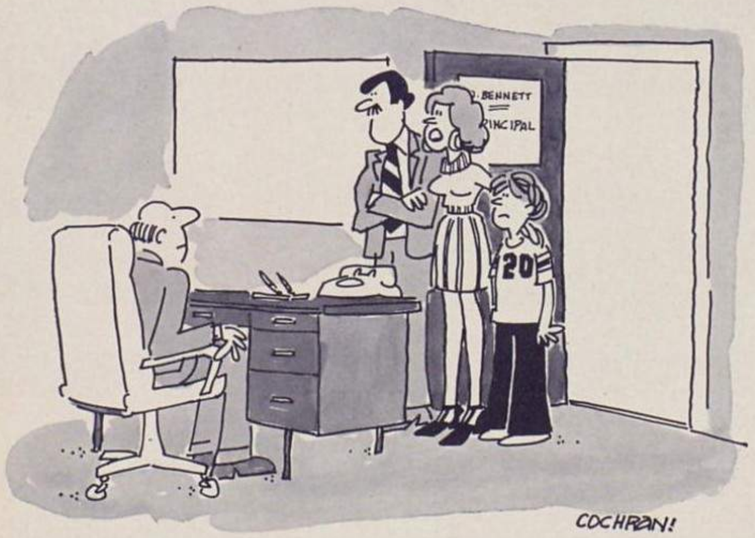
Leave butter at room temperature to soften. Blend in chives, parsley and lemon juice. If you're using sweet butter, you might want to add a sprinkle of salt. Split the bread lengthwise, butter cut sides, then put together again. Slice bread in 2-in. segments. Wrap in aluminum foil, keeping it in loaf form. To serve, simply unwrap.

SNOW-CRAB ROLLS

1 6-oz. package frozen Alaska snow crab, thawed and drained
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ cup diced celery
1 tablespoon finely minced onion
1 tablespoon pickle relish
⅓ cup mayonnaise
2 tablespoons chili sauce
Salt, pepper to taste
Small club rolls or hamburger rolls

Chop crab-meat chunks into small pieces. Combine all ingredients except rolls. Taste for salt and pepper. Transfer

(concluded on page 161)



"The fact that Mrs. Watkins spanked Kevin is immaterial. What we are objecting to is that Mrs. Watkins then asked Kevin to spank her!"

© B&W T Co.
Milds, 13 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine; Kings, 16 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75

CHARLES BRONSON *(continued from page 116)*

"Somebody at PLAYBOY doesn't like you."

"Everybody loves me everywhere," I said.

"So maybe they'll send you to interview Mount Rushmore next," he said. "From everything I've read, the second head from the left on Mount Rushmore talks more than Charles Bronson."

"I wouldn't have taken it if it had been an interview," I said. "I'm just supposed to hang out and see what happens."

We had a couple of more drinks and I left. Ten days later, when I got back home, I was met at the airport by a guy named Jingo, whom I've known for maybe four years. He's a kind of reject from someplace like Oakland, California. He wanted big-time degeneracy but couldn't handle the freight and so ended up in a small north Florida town wearing a lot of tattoos, riding a greasy Harley 74, a chain around his waist, a mouthful of blunted and yellow teeth and a compulsion to get into fights he couldn't win. He's always beat up bad: swollen eyes and cut lips, and nostrils clogged with black blood.

There's only one flight a day into the little town where I live. He had been meeting the plane from Atlanta for the past three days.

"I got the whole thing figured," he said.

"What whole thing?" I said.

"Jesus," he said, "didn't you go see Bronson?"

"How'd you know that?" I said.

"Then you did?"

"Yeah."

"We're gonna sell him," Jingo said.

"Sell who?"

"Bronson, for Christ's sake."

He'd caught me at the place where you get your luggage. I had my bag now. "Tell me tomorrow, Jingo. Or, better, wait until next week. I'm tired."

He grabbed my arm. "You know what we can get for Bronson's sock?"

"His what?"

"Sock. Sock, damn it. *One* sock."

I could only stare at him.

"Fifty, maybe sixty bucks."

"Jingo, I don't *have* Bronson's sock."

"Who's gonna know? Tell me that. Who? We can say you ripped off his dirty-clothes bag. Right? We can also take a bite out of a piece of bread. Say you got it off his plate when he wasn't looking, after he was through, you know? A fucking piece of stale bread, we get sixty, maybe a hundred dollars. His *mouth* touched it, you see?"

"Jingo, go home," I said.

He gave his little I'm-only-shitting smile, which was not funny at all but had much of the malice of the world in it, and said: "You can put out a contract on a man's hand in New York for six hundred dollars. You realize what we could sell his knucklebones for?"

It was quite a long time before I could convince Jingo we were not going to peddle the knuckles of Saint Bronson or any other bogus mementos.

He kept saying everybody else was selling Bronson and there was enough for everybody to have a piece of the action. Everybody was selling him. Yeah. I was reminded of the publicity man who sat in the screening room at Burbank with me three days earlier while I watched a movie called *Breakout*. When it was over and the lights came up, the guy said: "Stripped to the waist, Bronson's money in the bank." It wasn't so much what he said as how he said it. He positively leered. I felt like rearranging his teeth for him. But I let it pass, because I didn't think it would have pissed Bronson off if he'd been standing there. After all, he refers to himself as a product that has to be packaged and sold a certain way, just like—as he is fond of saying—a bar of soap.

•

I met Bronson the first time standing beside the flat-bed railroad car that housed the kitchen on the picture train. He was yelling up to the cook that he wanted a bacon-and-egg sandwich. The kitchen had a sign on it that said: YOU CAN WHIP OUR TATERS, BUT YOU CAN'T BEAT OUR MEAT. And another that said: KEEP THE WEST ALIVE; BALL A COWBOY TODAY.

It's just a chuckle a minute, folks, when you are around your heavyweight movie people.

Bronson's publicist, a delightful and generous man by the name of Ernie Anderson, introduced me to Bronson. We shook hands and Bronson went back to the business of getting his sandwich.

Ernie took me by the sleeve and pulled me aside. "Now, don't crowd him. For God's sake, don't crowd him. Because if you do, see. . . ."

Ernie only told me that about 900 times. We left the Lewis and Clark Hotel that morning at daylight, loaded into minibuses with the rest of the crew and drove southeast about 20 miles, out past Culdesac, through the Nez Percé Indian reservation, finally stopping at Reubens, where the train was waiting. On the drive out, Ernie kept telling me how hard Bronson was to talk to, that he might not talk at all.

"Listen," he said, "when Charlie is in a bad mood, I'm furniture. That's all I am, I'm just like a piece of furniture."

Frankly, I didn't give a shit if he talked or not, because I was at death's door after coming down with a severe case of drunk the night before. I'd managed to cleverly secrete a flask of medicine on my person, however, and was only looking for the right moment to get well. Bronson doesn't drink, though—except for about one bottle of Campari every two pictures—and I didn't want to blow the whole goddamn assignment on the first day just because I needed a drink. I probably should not have had the vodka out there to start with. I'd already had to sign a release saying that if I got hurt accidentally or otherwise, I couldn't sue the production company. But it was a cold mother up there in the snow and wind and ice of Idaho, and I couldn't bring myself to go off to the mountains dry and unprotected from the chill. I was determined to keep it to myself, though, since Ernie had gone to some trouble to impress upon me Bronson's aversion to alcohol.

"Listen," he said, "when we were shooting *Breakout*, the character Charlie plays always had a beer in his hand. All the time. One beer after another. Well, for Charlie, we had to put mineral water in the cans. You know how much it costs to put mineral water in beer cans?"

I told him I did not. What I didn't tell him was that I found the idea a depressing perversion of the natural order of things. Mineral water, for God's sake? Isn't that what little old ladies drink so their bowels'll move?

"OK," said Ernie. "It's all right. We can get in his car."

Apparently, Bronson had given him some sign that he wasn't in such a bad mood that we'd have to be pieces of furniture. We walked along the track, following Bronson, who was now chewing away on his sandwich.

He stopped by a gun-metal-gray boxcar that was spotted with blisters of peeling paint. He reached up and took hold of the sliding side door—the same kind of sliding door you see on all boxcars—and pulled it back. *Voilà!* The star is home! I could see before I got inside that it was heavy gravy, at least a couple of hundred thousand dollars' worth of boxcar. Red carpeting, color-coordinated kitchen with yellow cabinets, stove and refrigerator, color television, electric lights, walls paneled in heavy black wood, acoustical ceiling. The middle of the car was a kind of living room. At each end was a rather large dressing room complete with bed, lighted mirrors and bath.

I eased myself down at a table and tried not to show how shaky I was. Bronson went immediately to the stove and started making coffee. He turned and squinted at me through the smoke of a cigarette dangling from his lips.

"Coffee?"

"Yeah," I said, "I'll have a cup."

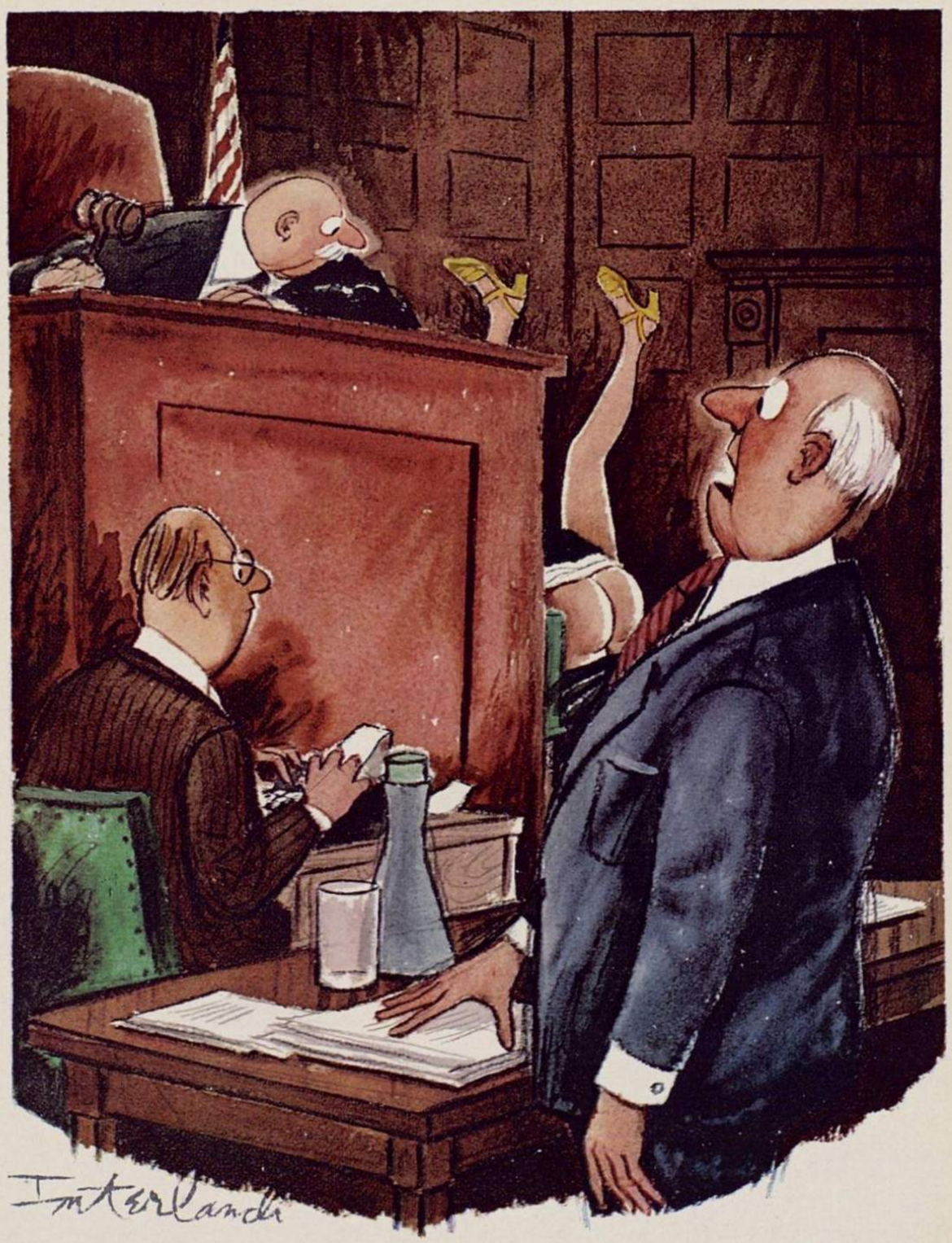
I could see the cups at the end of the counter and I started to get up to get one.

"No," he said, "sit still. I'll get it."

"Someplace I can take a piss?" I said.

Standing at the sink, he motioned with his head. "Back there."

It was a large bathroom, done in an off green, containing your basic chemical shitter. I doctored myself and came back out feeling better about myself, the day and the world at large. Bronson had left the sliding door open and I stood in the doorway looking out. The steam engine gave two



"Objection, your Honor! Prosecution is attempting to sway the witness!"

blasts of the whistle and we started to move forward.

Behind me, Bronson said: "This used to be a hunting car used by railroad executives." Hunting comes out in two distinct syllables—hunt-ing—betraying his years of work at the Pasadena Playhouse and elsewhere, trying to get rid of his Russian-Lithuanian accent. He got rid of the accent, only to replace it with a way of talking that suggests he learned English as a foreign language. But the choppy way he separates words into distinct syllables gives a strange and considered force to what he says. "They left the outside of the car the way it was so they could leave it on sidings and nobody would be tempted to break into it."

He brought a cup of coffee to the table. Then he took a chair over to the open door and sat staring out at the snow and broken rock slipping past as the train climbed into the mountains. Unlike most people, Bronson has no trouble letting a conversation fall to silence. There is no such thing as an awkward silence around him, because you come to understand early on that silence is his natural state, or so it was with me, and I was content to sit and listen to the rhythmic clack of the train wheels and watch him burn up cigarettes, which he does with a certain single-mindedness. He does not chain-smoke, but almost, and has since he was nine years old.

But he says as soon as *Breakheart Pass* is in the can he'll quit permanently. For a man whose discipline makes him climb ropes at the age of 53, work with a speed bag and a heavy bag, do flying karate kicks, abstain from alcohol, eat vitamins like candies, his addiction to cigarettes and coffee does seem strange. But such discipline also means he will probably succeed in quitting now that he has decided to do it.

I had been talking to Ernie, who was sitting quietly at the table across from me, when Bronson turned from his place at the door and said: "Where do you come from with that accent?"

"South Georgia," I said. "Down around the Okefinokee Swamp. A farm." And then, in the garrulous way I have that would make me the world's worst interviewer if I ever tried to interview anybody, I went from talking about farming to talking about mules, about how I didn't learn to drive a car until I was 21, because we never owned a car. "I still don't know anything much about cars, but I know a hell of a lot about mules."

"So do I," Bronson said. "They still had mules in the mines when I was a boy in Scooptown, Pennsylvania."

When I mentioned the mules, his face changed. He smiled, but not with his mouth. It was all done with his eyes. When you are close enough to see the green specks that float in his eyes, you suddenly realize what amazing eyes they are. He can smile with them, snarl with them, make an absolutely indifferent wall with them or use them to make himself accessible—or at least to the extent that he is ever accessible, which is not often and not very.

"But it's all changed there now," he was saying. "The mules are gone, the slag heaps, for the most part, are gone. Hell, they've even got grass planted in the yards, green growing things everywhere. All different than it was."

The mules are gone from Bacon County, too. I told him that there had not been any mules there since I left to go into the Marine Corps when I was 17 years old. Then, for whatever reason, I got into telling a story about a drill instructor brutally and literally beating the shit out of a boy on Parris Island.

"Yeah," he said. "There are a lot of bastards like that. I met my share of son of a bitches in the Service. I remember back during World War Two, when I was in gunnery school at Kingman, Arizona, the squadron had a party. This sergeant's wife wanted to dance with me. Great big fat woman. Hell, I didn't want to dance with her. *Nobody'd* want to dance with her. I told her no. Little later, the sergeant comes over to me and wants to know why I've been propositioning his wife. Apparently, she'd gone over and told him I'd been after her. I told him I hadn't propositioned her and I wasn't interested in her that way or any other way. So he wants to fight. Fight a sergeant, when I'm a private? I didn't need that, and I knew it. I back off. He follows. I back. He comes on. I back all the way down the dance floor, until I'm against the wall and I can't back any farther. So I picked the bastard up and threw him. For some screwy reason, I thought if I didn't hit him, I wouldn't get in trouble. So I threw him. When he landed, he broke his arm. I got six months' hard labor, carrying sides of beef into the mess hall and cans of garbage out of it." He stops talking and an introspective, almost bemused look comes into his eyes. He turns to stare into the deep valley below

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The Charlie Burch.
(Smirnoff and root beer.)

A friend of ours recently found himself with some unexpected guests, a bottle of Smirnoff and a supply of root beer. Neither he nor anyone present had mixed Smirnoff and root beer before. But the occasion called for a drink, the hour was late and the only place open was a good distance away. They voted to make do with what they had.

Our friend thought the result so surprisingly good that he suggested we try it. We agreed, and we pass the simple formula along, named after its inventor.

In so doing, we have no wish to convert anyone from plain old root beer when that's what the occasion calls for. Everything in its place, we always say.

To make a Charlie Burch, pour 1½ oz. Smirnoff into a tall glass of ice. Fill with root beer.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless®

the trestle we're crossing high in the mountains.

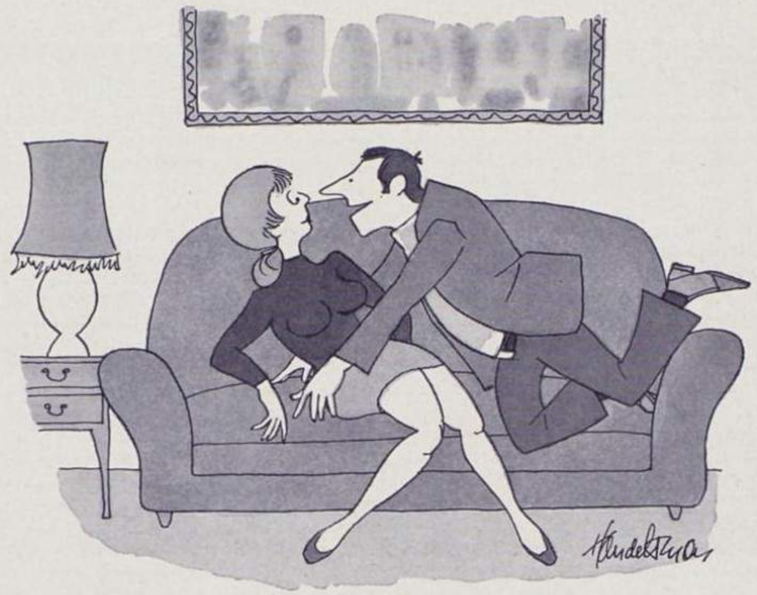
In the time I was with Bronson, I came to believe that, while he would not back off from trouble, he would go to considerable trouble to avoid *bullshit*. To fight over a fat lady you don't know and have no interest in is bullshit and Bronson knew it, so he let the guy back him down the floor. There is so little bullshit in the man that he will do almost anything to keep from having to deal with the bullshit in somebody else. But after he's backed as far as he can go, if pressed, he will break your arms for you. He is, in fact, the straight-on, tear-your-balls-off kind of guy that he so often portrays with such power on the screen.

"You cannot lie to the camera," Gries told me. "It ultimately sees through to who you are, touches the basic quality of your character. That's why Nixon came off so badly in the debates with Kennedy. And that's why Bronson can so successfully play the kind of roles he plays. He brings tremendous authenticity to them. He makes you believe."

When he was telling the story of the fight, I realized that when he has something he wants to talk about, he is articulate and talks with great animation. He just doesn't seem to want to talk much with very many people. And, particularly, he doesn't want to talk to every Tom, Dick and jag-off sent by some newspaper or magazine to interview him. When a reporter is sent out by, say, *The New York Times*, or some other equally prestigious publication, the reporter thinks Bronson ought to fall down in a faint, slobbering to please him. When he doesn't, the reporter writes that Bronson is inarticulate and hostile. The truth is no more spectacular than this: He doesn't talk when he doesn't want to and he is hostile only when he has something to be hostile about—which seems to me a damn fine way to be.

Bronson was smoking and drinking coffee and staring at the snow-crusted countryside. I was talking with Ernie about critics—in this case, literary critics. "I think a hell of a lot of writers quit writing or don't write any more than they do because they can't stand what critics write about them. A guy named James Boatwright reviewed a novel of mine in *The New York Times* and he wasn't just unhappy that I had written the novel, he seemed unhappy that I was alive." I looked over at Bronson, the weight of whose gaze I had felt fall upon us, and said, "I think some actors have probably been run off the screen for the same reason."

"You have to ask yourself who you wrote the book for," Bronson said. His voice was more violent than it had been, because it had gone utterly flat and laconic. "Did you write it for the critic in Los Angeles? For the one in Rome? In New York? In Hong Kong?"



"Are you or are you not for sexual freedom? It's time to lie down and be counted."

I allowed as how I had known what he was driving at for a long time.

"You won't satisfy them all," he said, "so to hell with them."

Did he read what critics had to say about him?

"Sometimes reviews are sent to me by my agent or somebody and I'll glance at them. But I don't make any effort to see reviews. No, I actually don't read them much."

"I stopped reading reviews of my novels," I said, "except for one or two lousy fuckers I compulsively read because they are such bad critics and bad people. They obviously don't like books at all. That's probably why they became literary critics, so they could say shitty things about books."

"Some men make their reputations like that," he said. One massive shoulder tightened under his jacket. "And they all have their little pet bitches. There's a lot of pear-shaped guys, like that Jay Cocks, who think if an actor is in shape he can't be any good." He turned to look through the door again, his glowering stare more hooded than ever.

Time magazine's Jay Cocks tends to turn up in conversations with Bronson, who is already on record as saying, "One way or another, I'll get that man. Not physically, but I'll get him." If I were Jay Cocks, I'd leave the country. Or, better, volunteer for the astronaut program and leave the world.

The train came to a banging, couple-rattling stop on the edge of a high trestle between Craigmont and Craig Junction, about 4000 feet above where we had started two hours earlier. Bronson caught the edge of the door and dropped lightly to the ground. He was already halfway back to where the scene would be shot before Ernie, who went out ahead of me, could get out of the car.

They were shooting at the very back of the train, which meant I could sit in the caboose and watch the action and stay warm. The caboose was paneled in heavy, carved, hand-fitted wood. Comfortable couches lined the walls. When I got there, Kapp and Moore were talking. Shortly, Richard Crenna, who plays the governor of Nevada in the picture, and Ed Lauter, who plays an Army colonel, came in. It was warm and I took off my jacket. Kapp saw the hinge tattooed on the inside of my elbow and fell out.

"You got it wrong," I said. And I tried to explain that some guy had mistakenly put that on me in Alaska while I was hurt bad from alcohol, that I had no other tattoo and that I had not consented to the hinge.

Joe Kapp said: "That's what you *think* you did. That's the way you *remember* it. But as soon as I saw you, I knew you were the kind of guy who would get a tattoo on the head of his dick."

Which only goes to show that a man can be a great quarterback, a natural leader of men, and still badly misjudge character.

Ben Johnson came through in an enormous sheepskin-lined coat, a cud of tobacco

in his cheek, his U. S. marshal's gun strapped tight to his leg, and demanded, "Where you boys got that goddamn shitter hid? I cain't find it." Somebody directed him deeper into the car, where the dressing rooms were, and he bulled on through, chewing and wheezing.

Gries, who had just come in and sat down, waiting for the cameras and lights to be positioned outside, laughed and said, "When I called Ben and told him I needed him for this picture, he said, 'Do I git to ride a horse?' I said yes. He said, 'Do I have to talk much?' I said no. He said, 'I'll take it.' "

Outside, the wind had picked up. I could hear it and knew that out there in that weak sunlight, with the thin mountain wind whistling down the valley, it was one cold mother. Everybody who could ducked into the caboose from time to time, if only to stay for a minute, trying to warm the ends of their fingers and their freezing noses.

Except Bronson. He stayed outside, with all apparent patience, waiting to be called to give his lines. He had walked back down the track and stood by himself, throwing rocks, some of them as big as a five-pound bag of sugar, at a target only he could see. He threw them as though it were a workout, regularly and without stopping.

Crenna was in his first picture, *Red Skies of Montana*, back in 1952, with Bronson. He had one line. He was allowed to say, "I could eat a hamburger." Bronson didn't have any lines at all.

I told Crenna what Bronson had said about critics. "Oh, yeah. Sure," he said. "You know right off that some critics will pan this film simply because it's a Western. Other critics will pan it because it has Bronson in it. *Only* because it has Bronson in it. A knee-jerk reaction. Some critics will start out by having fun with the title, *Breakheart Pass*. 'Don't break your heart with boredom by seeing *Breakheart Pass*,' something like that." He stopped talking and watched Bronson for a moment through the window. "I don't think reviews get to Charlie much, though, unless they're especially personal. In the twenty-five years or so I've known him, he's not changed much. He's his own man. Stays pretty much to himself. If he cares what other people think of him, he doesn't show it."

Kenny Bell, a still photographer, came in and sat down. He had been on four pictures with Bronson. I asked him about Bronson's reputation for being temperamental on the set, for blowing up.

"Almost never," he said. "Charlie's a professional. I've been on eighty-four features and I've never seen an actor who was more professional than Charlie. He always comes on the picture knowing his job. He's always got his lines. And he expects everybody else to be the same way. But there is one thing, and you can put this in caps. When somebody fucks up and keeps on fucking up, Charlie doesn't hesitate to let him know about it. But if the picture's right, Charlie's right. That's the way he is."

I went outside and walked down the track. Bronson gave me a quick, uninterested glance. He threw another rock and then turned toward me. He watched me, and it is difficult to convey the feeling Bronson gives when he looks directly at you. He has a way of *focusing* himself on you, and it is literally a pressure you can feel on the surface of your skin. As I walked toward him, I didn't have the slightest notion of what I would say to him. Certainly, I did not know I was going to ask him a question; there is ample evidence on the record to show that he does not much like pointed and direct questions. And it was too early to risk putting him off. But there was something that I *did* badly want to ask him and it popped out before I knew I'd say it.

"I've read where you said, 'I don't have any friends and I don't want any friends. My children are my friends.' Did you say that?"

He looked at me for a long four-beat, which is a thing he often does, as though he were considering very carefully what he wanted to say. "Yeah," he said finally, "I said that."

"Doesn't that strike you as a strange thing to say?"

"No."

"Jesus, come on," I said. "It is strange, too. *Everybody* has friends. What reason is there not to have friends?"

"There's no reason not to have friends. Just the opposite is true. There's every reason to have friends. But I don't think you ought to have friends unless you're willing to give them time. I give time to nobody."

•

It was cold and dark, though still early, and I was tired, too tired to sleep, so I walked around Lewiston, thinking of what were purported to be the facts of Bronson's life, at least what I had been able to find out from him and from others.

He was born Charles Buchinsky, a name that he used in the first 11 of his pictures. He changed it to Bronson during the McCarthy years, because Buchinsky sounded Eastern European and therefore suspect. The Pennsylvania coal-mining town where he spent his early years was ugly and dirty and poverty-stricken. There was never enough money and never enough food for him and his 14 brothers and sisters. If he talks about anything at all, he will sooner or later get back to those early, terrible years. You don't have to listen very closely to what he says to know that as a child he felt nobody loved him, that nobody cared whether he lived or died. He worked in the mines until he was old enough to escape by joining the Army during World War Two, in which he served as a tail gunner in a B-29. (There have been writers who have maintained he did not serve as a tail gunner in World War Two, that it is all a fabricated publicity story. I believe he did. I even *know* he did, even though I have no hard evidence to prove it. My evidence is the sound of his voice and the look in his eyes when we were telling sea stories, I about the Marine Corps, he about flying. At some point, he raised his hands and began to talk about the placement of his thumbs on the cool, curved firing mechanism of the gun. It was enough for me. He has had such a weapon in his hands. And he has heard shots fired in anger.)

After the Service, he fell in love not with acting but with the money actors made. He didn't have to be very smart to know that it beat the hell out of shoveling coal. He became attached first to the Philadelphia Play and Players Troupe, where he designed scenery. From there, he went to study and work in the Pasadena Playhouse. Starting with something called *You're in the Navy Now*, he became the guy who held the horses. He held the horses in 52 pictures before anything much happened. He was the presence, the muscle, the body that rarely spoke, always the menace in the background. The heavy, but not the superheavy. He didn't become superheavy and, consequently, his star didn't really begin to shine until 1968, when he starred in a French production called *Adieu, l'Ami*. It was a huge success in Europe, and it was in Europe that Bronson came into his own. Today, he is bigger in Europe, the Orient and the Middle East than any other actor, and in the United States he is as big as anybody. I am, of course, talking about box office, selling tickets. How good an actor he is is another thing. Some of his pictures have just torn my ass with boredom—*Mr. Majestyk* and *The Stone Killer*, to name two. In others, I loved him. He made the hair get up on my neck, made me want to eat tacks, in pictures like *Rider on the Rain*, which still has to be the best thing he's ever done, and *Hard Times*, which I saw before it was released while on this assignment. *Hard Times* is a simple, stark, gutsy, down-but-not-out, back-against-the-wall melodrama. I thought the story had enormous holes in it, that the relationships between the characters were not clear—particularly the relationship between Bronson and the character played by Jill Ireland—but Bronson didn't write the story, he only acted in it. Somebody else has to take the responsibility for the story. His responsibility is to make a character named Chaney believable. He does. Or at least he did for me.

Chaney is a bare-knuckles fighter. He will fight anybody, anywhere, and the only money he makes is money he makes betting on himself. The fights are not legal, are not staged in arenas. They take place anywhere—in warehouses, train yards—and anything goes, including biting, kicking, gouging, as long as the fighters are on their feet. James Coburn, a fine journeyman actor, turns in a creditable performance, and Strother Martin gives what I think is his best performance ever, even superior to his role as the prison warden in *Cool Hand Luke*. It is a testament to Bronson's work in this picture that when the three of them are onscreen at the same time, Bronson simply blows them away. Even as hard and as well as Coburn and Martin work, they remain little more than props to Bronson's performance. But while Bronson's acting is superior, the story is vapid; and while it will undoubtedly do tremendously well at the box office, Bronson himself will catch a huge ration of shit because of the way the picture is put together. But that is the nature of critics. Even when they know something is wrong, they rarely know where to place the blame.

I was thinking all of that while walking through the damp, wintry streets of Lewiston, more than a little mystified by the phenomenal, inexplicable success of this not-so-good ole boy from Scooptown, Pennsylvania, when it occurred to me that Lewiston *made* Bronson. If his success lives anywhere, it lives in Lewiston. Isn't Lewiston middle America? Doesn't middle America force-feed the rest of the world its values and aspirations? Doesn't the rest of the world lust after what Lewiston has already acquired? The rest of the world says it is not true. But wouldn't Frenchmen and Germans and Japanese sell their souls to slip into suburbia down by the Clearwater River on the outskirts of Lewiston? Of course they would.

So I thought: The town must be pretty well stirred up because Bronson is here. Why don't I go listen? Hollywood is a huge, extremely complex, multimillion-dollar machine whose sole purpose is to put the skin on baloney. Surely, Lewiston has as many baloney eaters per capita as anyplace else in the world. I determined to spend an evening among the wild baloney eaters, and immediately I felt better.

In Lewiston, on a Saturday night, you can go to Bullwinkles Tavern out on Main Street, where you can drink a little beer or wine or win a little money on one of its six pool tables. Or you can truck on out of town on the N and S Highway to a great bar called The Stables, where the John Horse band is working out, putting down some tight, inside sounds. It's a place where you can get a little vodka to clean you up and, at the same time, be hassled by the guy who owns the place if you happen to have a tape recorder with you and no papers saying you're on assignment from PLAYBOY. After you give the guy at The Stables about as much shit as you figure you can without being arrested, you can move back into town to Effie's, a great little place that serves nothing hard but where you can lie back in a booth with a Coors and what has to be the biggest hamburger in the world. (One of the guys from the picture went down and photographed the thing. Incredible. Big as a plate and thick as your wrist. Lady told me Ben Johnson had been in there twice to scoff on one.) Or you can go to Curley's in North Lewiston, or The Huddle, or the Long Branch Saloon, or Smitty's (The Barrel) across the Snake River in Washington. There is no shortage of bars, and if you make a few and listen closely on a Saturday night, you'll hear the voice of the world talking on about how it is to be in love with Bronson.

•

"Come here. Hell, you can see it from here. I'll show it to you." The lady is wearing what looks like a nurse's uniform and is an absolute lake of fat. I've watched her drink seven cans of Coors. She takes a can down in two hits. Her body is never at rest. Her shoulders slosh and gurgle. Fat runs down and laps like waves when it hits the shore line of what must be a girdle at her waist. She gets off the bar stool and leads us to the back door. She has three friends with her, two

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ladies and a man. The two ladies are tiny, hurt things with spots of mustard and catsup on the front of their dresses. I figure they must be waitresses. The man is the husband of one of them, but I never find out which one. The fat lady goes through the door sideways and out into a dark little alley full of hungry cats and rusting water heaters.

She points. "Him and Jill lives right up there."

"Where?"

"Up there on the hill, looking down. You can see it."

"Where the light is?"

"Right there."

"Jesus, he's up there right now."

"What you think he's doing up there?"

"God, I don't know, he——"

"Doing what everybody else does, I imagine." The man's thin, reedy voice comes out of the dark unconvincingly. You know he does not believe it. Neither does one of the ladies.

"Charles Bronson don't have to do what everybody else does."

"No, I guess he don't, at that," says the man.

"When you got what he's got, you do just what you damned well please."

"He can take him a bath or eat him a steak or him and Jill can go up in a airplane and look down. He ain't like you and me."

"Let's git us another Coors. At least we can do that."

•

It's getting on toward midnight now. The bar is heavy with smoke. The drinkers are tired and a little stunned. You can see them beginning to fade toward Sunday. But suddenly everything is stirred up, everybody's awake, calling to one another across the dance floor. Somebody has come in with Bronson's autograph.

"I was in the Pay Less, the wife and me, when I seen him over in radios. He was in there with his wife and his little girl, just a tiny little thing——"

"Zuleika. Her name's Zuleika."

"One good thing—the weekends don't fly by here like they used to."

"I walked over there to him and——"

"What'd he do?"

"I almost give 'm my pipe to sign this paper with, but I didn't. Damn, was I nervous. The closer I got to him, the more my chest closed up. I got next to him, I could hardly breathe."

They are all crowded around the bar now, where the paper with his signature is spread out.

"Writes messy, don't he?"

"I think it's beautiful," says a young barmaid, her fine blonde hair caught at her neck with a clip. "Just beautiful." Her hand goes out and her fingers touch the name. Her nails are red as blood and the paint is chipping on her thumbnail. Her fingers tremble slightly as they touch the paper and her chapped mouth goes soft and slack and lovely.

"Don't git that French-fry grease on it."

"I wouldn't ruin that name for nothing in the world."

•

"I'd like to come up against him just one time."

"I don't know if you would or not, Ted."

"He ain't tough. Hell, you can look at him and tell he ain't tough."

"You go to all his pictures, Ted, you know you do. Every last one of them."

"I didn't say I didn't go to see his movies. I said I'd like to come up against him one time. I'd like to break his goddamn face for him, that's what I'd like to do."

•

"We ain't drunk. Not real drunk, anyway."

"Why's she got her head on the table?"

"She's tired. She worked hard today. I ain't seen you in here before."

"I ain't been in here before. I'm here to write a thing about Charlie Bronson. I came up from Florida."

"Write a thing?"

"A piece for a magazine."

"You lying son of a bitch."

"No, it's true. Really."

"Have you seen him?"

"Talked with him today the first time."

"I got a picture of him. Got it out of a magazine when I found out he was coming. Got it in my room. I got a room over by the tissue factory."

"What do you think of him?"

"And you talked to 'm today, huh, just today?"

"Right."

"You know, you got eyes just like his. You're both all wrinkled and ruined around the eyes."

"Neither one of us can see. So we squint. He wouldn't be Charles Bronson in Coke-bottle glasses, would he?"

"He cain't see?"

"I don't think very well. He's got glasses, but I've never seen 'm wear them. But he's got 'm."

"You cute and you got eyes just like his. You got the same cute eyes. Where you staying?"

"Over at the Lewis and Clark Hotel."

"Did you see that sign they got in the bar over there? Says, PLEASE DON'T HIT THE ACTORS IN THE FACE."

"They're clever as hell, those movie people."

"I went over there, hoping I'd see *him*, but *he* never showed up. I did meet a fella from the picture, though. He was a [deleted]. His name was [deleted]. He didn't wanta do nothing but butt-fuck me, though. Said if I'd butt-fuck him, he'd take me out there on the train and innerduce me to him. I'da done it if I thought it was the truth. But it was a lie and I known it for a lie."

"You cain't believe ever'thing you're told, all right."

"But you really are writing about him? Been right up close to him and all?"

"Close as I am to you right now. That's what this is for. It's a tape recorder."

"A tape recorder? I thought it was a radio. You got me on there?"

"Yep."

"You got him on there?"

"His tapes is back in the room."

"I wouldn't mind going back to your room and hearing them tapes. And, to boot, I wouldn't mind fucking them cute eyes of yours right out of your head."

"I'm working. I never mess around when I'm on a job."

"You always drink this much when you working?"

•

I went back to the bar in the hotel and had one drink. When I got up to the room, I needed to put down some notes before I went to sleep, so I took off my clothes, broke out a bottle of vodka and climbed up in the bed. But before I did, I turned on the television. I lay there writing and sipping. But then a voice, a disturbingly familiar voice, impinged on what I was doing. In a way that I am not able to explain, it was scary, like a nightmare, like something unnatural and unreal, as though you had got a letter and opened it up and found it was from God.

I reluctantly raised my eyes and there full-screen on the television was Crenna's face looking straight at me. I had spent a long time talking to Crenna that day. He is originally from Los Angeles, but he might have been from the Okefinokee Swamp in Georgia, so well did I get on with him. My kind of people.

But now he was in the box! His face was coming through the wire. His voice was all fantasy and hard-edged diamonds. I had spoken to him as a man only that day, but now, in a celluloid and plastic alchemy, he had become part of my dreams. He was staring at me. I snatched the cover off, got up, stumbled over and hit the OFF button. I stood at the window, looking out over the darkened city of Lewiston. It *is* fantasy. It *is* magic. And

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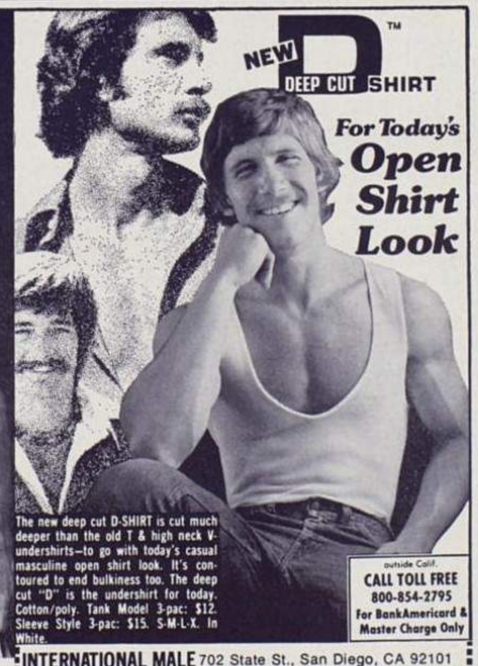

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•

Each time they reshoot the scene, Bronson has to climb the steps of the tender, jump down to where the fuel is, walk over that to the locomotive and appear in the doorway, where he squats. It doesn't sound like much, but after you've done it ten or twelve times, it becomes a little much. A few times the trouble has been the camera. Scott Newman, Paul Newman's son, who is playing a young soldier, has run out of frame twice and missed his mark once. Earlier, he leaned too far out the window and went right offcamera. And yet each time, Bronson does it again, nothing showing in his face.

"I give time to nobody." That line has been running through my head ever since he said it and particularly today, watching him work. It was said by one of the world's most famous husbands and fathers. He insists that Jill and their six children (all but Zuleika are from earlier marriages) travel with him. The time and energy he devotes to travel arrangements, tutors, governesses, sometimes as many as 100 pieces of luggage and negotiating whole floors of hotels to accommodate such a family, is phenomenal. Jill told me that Bronson insists upon the entire family having dinner together every evening. A full slow dinner. She said it is one of his happiest, most contented moments.

"I give time to nobody." He has been working at a frantic, almost hysterical pace. Remember, for 20 years nothing happened. Then things began to break, but it all didn't really get off the ground until *Death Wish*, which in terms of a long career was only yesterday. Now he's working like there's no tomorrow. As I write this, *Breakout* has just been released in Europe. It was supposed to begin showing in theaters in this country in July. I had to rush out to Burbank to see his next film, *Hard Times*, because they were sending the only print they had to Europe to be shown to theater owners there. And he was already shooting *Breakheart*.

Standing in Colgems Square outside Producers Building Number Three, where we had just seen *Hard Times*, Bronson's agent, Paul Kohner, was talking to Larry Gordon, who was the producer of the film. They had a fine cut on the picture, but it was not color coordinated, the music for the sound track was not ready and there were jumps and bleeps in some of the dialog. But I had flown there on a few hours' notice, because they were shipping it off to market.

Kohner was not entirely happy about it. "You're releasing this picture too early," he said, "after *Breakout* has had only five weeks. A Bronson picture needs more than five weeks. It deserves more than five weeks."

"As long as there's a nickel left in *Breakout*," said Gordon, "the theater owners are not going to run *Hard Times*. But we've got to get it to them. They're hot for it and we've got to get it to them."

Kohner demurred for another moment, but with a marked lack of conviction, and then changed the subject. "All right. The picture's fine. All you have to do now is find another one for Charlie."

"We've already got it," Gordon said.

"Good. I hope so," said Kohner, "because we have nothing for the fall."

Meanwhile, Bronson is in Idaho, shooting *Breakheart Pass*.

Meanwhile, he's got to have made $5,000,000 in the past 18 months.

Meanwhile, they have nothing for the fall.

What, one asks oneself, is the goddamn hurry? Is Bronson a bubble the men around him believe will finally burst? Did the man wait 20 years to be a flash in the fucking pan? Must they send his pictures out like baloney on a production line, feeding the public as many as it can possibly swallow before throwing up? It is, as any fool can see, a self-fulfilling prophecy. Bronson deserves better. Even if he doesn't want better, he deserves better. When he is genuinely interested in the script, as he was in *Rider on the Rain*, and when the story plays to his strong suit, he is an excellent actor. Strother Martin, a fine actor himself, is on record as saying, "Many years ago, I saw Charlie play an immigrant who was learning to read and write for his citizenship. Most eloquent. I've always admired him very much."

They had taken a break. Thirty or 40 people headed for the coffeepots. I happened to be in front of Bronson. I drew a cup and offered it to him.

"No," he said, "you waited in line. I'll get my own."

After he had his coffee, I followed him out to the edge of the gorge, where he was staring at the ground, making patterns in the snow with his boot. I was still thinking about "I give time to nobody." And I was wondering how it felt to have waited this long for what had come to him. Because I knew from my own experience that when you wanted to do a thing, whether you were very good at it or whether you were only a journeyman craftsman, if you could not do it, it was a kind of death.

The day before, Jill Ireland had told me, "You get caught in this acting thing and you almost can't do without it. You want a job. But you can't get one. You know you can do it, but, damn it, you can't do it unless someone asks you to. It's enough to drive you to suicide when you can't work."

And I was standing beside a man who had waited as long as anybody had ever waited for stardom in the history of the movies. I decided to try the sort of direct thing he doesn't like.

"You mind talking?" I said.

"No," he said, "I don't mind."

"Are you bitter about holding all those horses, man? About having to wait so long to make it?"

"No, I'm not bitter. That's all gone. I don't think about it."

"I read somewhere . . . I seem to be always telling you I read something and——"

"It's all right," he said. "I don't care."

"I read about your saying your ma sold you. You wouldn't tell me about that, would you?"

"Not a lot to tell. I don't even know it for sure. But as far as I'm concerned, I *know* it. She was always threatening to sell us. Then one summer, she said she knew where I could get a job. She took me to Upstate New York. I saw the money change hands. It was two Polish onion farmers she sold me to. When she left, I knew, I mean I *knew* it right away, I wasn't just working for these men, they *owned* me. It showed in everything they did with me."

He said it all in a flat, even voice, without emotion. Which I found profoundly moving. So I watched him make patterns in the snow with the toe of his boot, until I remembered that Yak Canutt had said that Bronson was one of the greatest natural stunt men he had ever seen. It was a way to change the subject, so I did.

"Do you ever consciously study films in an effort to learn ways of doing certain physical things on the screen—falling, rolling, things like that?"

He actually smiled, the only time I saw him do so in the time I was with him. "I watch films to see what *not* to do."

It fit what I thought of him at that moment. Bronson's been around enough blocks to find out whatever he needs to know. He does not suffer advice gladly. Ernie Anderson said that when they were filming *Hard Times*, they brought a consultant on location to show Bronson how to jump out of a moving boxcar. He told them to get the guy the hell out of his way, saying, "I know more about jumping out of boxcars than he does."

The director called for the actors. Bronson turned and walked away. Anybody else would have said something like "See you later" or "Take care" or *something*, but Bronson simply walked off. But it did not bother me at all. He says only what is necessary to say, and I like that. I like it a lot.

One of the last things Jill Ireland said to me was, "I hope he has a long life and time to do all the things . . . and enjoy the money he's made."

So do I.

KEEPING YOUR FI HI

(continued from page 140)

understand that four-channel's anticipated big splash has turned out to be little more than a modest ripple. Six years after its introduction, the most optimistic sales estimates remain below 15 percent of total sales, hardly enough to support a revolution in sound. Perhaps, in the not-too-distant future, the four-channel, mass-market push will be on again, with many of today's problems resolved.

But for now, the high-fidelity-components industry is still a special-interest group catering to near-elitist tastes. After some years of trying to tell the recording giants that they ought to make records to conform to their latest electronic inventions, the audio-components people are once again doing their own thing, which is, simply, designing electronics to bring out the best in existing recordings. In a sense, we have witnessed a protracted battle between the software and the hardware men, and the software crowd has won, as, indeed, it has throughout the history of recorded sound.

From the standpoint of the hi-fi buyer, this means a resurgence and an application of those basic tenets of good sound that created the hi-fi field in the first place. In record players, for instance, the automatic changer is giving way to the single-play model—perhaps with some automation but essentially an updated version of the manual type that was once the *sine qua non* of the true audiophile. The magic phrase here is direct drive, which eliminates some messy parts and makes for smoother operation. One company—Technics by Panasonic—is trying to straddle both worlds with a unit that offers direct drive and also changes records; but so far no one has followed this example. What the new turntables do offer—in place of stack and play—are such desiderata as truer speed, lower motor noise and refined tonearms that really work with the new superpickups at very low tracking forces.

In many of the latest amplifiers, distortion is virtually at the vanishing point; more than one lab technician has admitted that his test instruments have more residual distortion than the units being tested and that he has had to beef up his dummy loads to handle all the output power some of the new wattage monsters are capable of furnishing. The interest in high power is itself significant: The *aficionado* courts high wattage not because it sounds louder but because it sounds *clearer*. This is a complex subject, but two points may help clarify it. One, modern circuit design leans heavily on the use of large amounts of controlled feedback to reduce distortion, and in creating an amplifier this way, the audio designer finds himself—as one put it—"involved in really high power whether we like it or not. It's the only way we can be sure

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Nutritional therapy for hair is not new. Major nutritionists, such as Adelle Davis, have prescribed it for years.

Vitamin and mineral research has revealed information of great importance to health care in general. And more scientific breakthroughs in these areas continue.

But fifty years ago, little was known about what we today consider basic nutritional knowledge. For example, vitamins A, B, and C were not yet discovered. And according to Clara Mae Taylor, Professor of Nutrition at Columbia University, the fact is that we are still on the verge of realizing the full impact of nutrition on our lives.

Vitamins and minerals in the right combinations and in the right proportions are necessary to keep your body healthy. And the same holds true for your hair as reported in a definitive text by Drs. Agnes Savill and Clara Warren of Great Britain.

Even Gaylord Hauser, the internationally acclaimed beauty and health expert, claims that the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition.

There is no doubt that a balanced diet is good for you and your hair.

Head Start is a vitamin and mineral compound designed to help just one part of your body. Your hair.

Head Start is a vitamin and mineral capsule developed by Cosvetic Laboratories.

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Only Head Start has the proper vitamins and minerals in the right doses for the healthiest possible hair.

Hair grows seven times faster than body cells.

In her study, Columbia's Dr. Clara Taylor reported that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years.

Therefore, hair must receive the same king of specific dietary attention you'd give your body in general.

And according to Dr. Allen Lorincz of the University of Chicago, the skin sheds cells from its surface all the time. Since the regrowth of the surface cells on the scalp is believed to be seven times faster than on any other part of the body, general nutrition—even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin—just isn't sufficient in this day and age to sustain growth of a healthy scalp.

What you need is a regular program to insure that your hair and scalp are healthy. You need Head Start. It's as fundamental as taking a once-a-day vitamin.

The little capsule with 12 ingredients.

As you grow older your hair needs more vitamins.

Your circulatory System becomes less efficient as you grow older. And it's generally held that aging produces a slow-down in the blood flow to certain parts of the body. That's one reason you get wrinkles and other earmarks of old age.

But it can also contribute significantly to the tendency of men (and in some cases, women) to begin to lose their hair—to go bald— as proper blood flow slackens.

The body's blood delivery system simply breaks down. The tiny capillaries that feed the surface of the skin just don't work as they did when you were younger. Circulation is poor.

And your hair—which still needs the same amount of nutrients it used to—starves to death. Head Start can give you the help you need. Because Head Start provides large doses of nutriments in a concentrated form. That way your scalp can receive more of what it needs.

Laboratory tests indicate hair needs certain vitamins and minerals.

Doctors, who specialize in nutrition, use laboratory analysis of hair to determine vitamin and mineral deficiencies. And say that the body is a factory, food is its fuel, and one of its products is hair.

Thus the richer the fuel in vitamins, minerals, and protein, the healthier the body, including the hair.

Medical researchers today are using the electronic microscope to analyze hair (magnified 1000's of times). When the hair is magnified certain mineral deficiencies can be detected.

Doctors also report that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate—which assures that the food your hair needs reaches your bloodstream and skin.

In other tests, inositol, a hard to get vitamin, was recommended by Adelle Davis to help thinning hair. According to her, nearly every case reported that hair was no longer falling out.*

And zinc sulfate and inositol are only two of "12" ingredients—each specifically included with healthy hair in mind—that make Head Start the perfect vitamin and mineral supplement for your hair.

Head Start has worked for thousands of users.

There's nothing particularly mysterious about balding cases other than hereditary situations. It occurs for the same reason that some other scalp disorders occur. Dry, unmanageable hair, is a result of unhealthy hair and scalp.

And doctors, like Dr. Quigley in his report to The Lee Foundation For Nutritional Research, are linking both these conditions to vitamin deficiencies and poor hair care. But after over three years of testing and daily use, thousands of Head Start users state that Head Start works.

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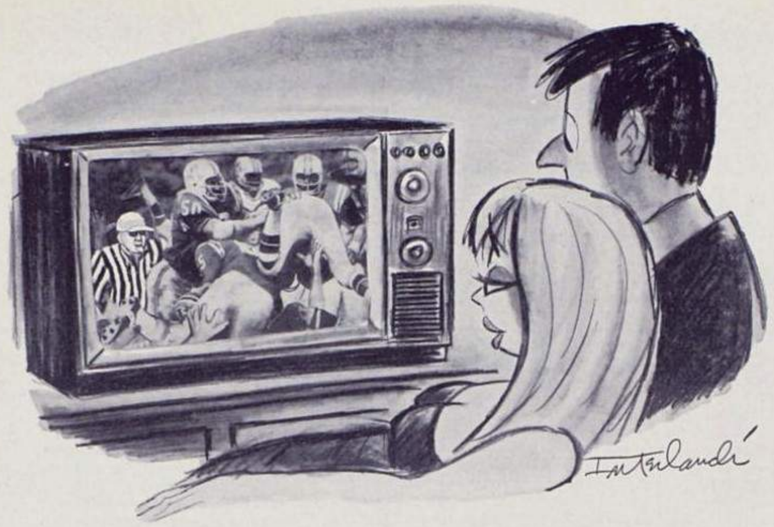

"It looks like a gang bang with uniforms and a referee."

that what comes out is damn close to what goes in."

Two, wattage numbers are misleading as indicators of the relative loudness of sounds. A 60-watt amplifier cannot be thought of as producing twice as much sound as a 30-watt amplifier. All the former really has is three decibels more of headroom for loud, complex signals. From the standpoint of how we actually hear, it takes an increase of ten decibels to convince us that a given sound is twice as loud as a previous sound. But ten decibels, in terms of wattage, means ten times the power. In other words, it would take a 300-watt amplifier to make a sound twice as loud as a 30-watt amplifier if both were being fed the same input signals and were driving the same speaker.

Twice as loud may not be your main concern, but ample power to drive your speaker surely is. The high power available in today's amplifiers provides the kind of stimulus needed by the latest speakers, in which ultimate efficiency (the ratio of output to input) is deliberately sacrificed in order to achieve smooth, extended response. The techniques vary; speaker designing is an area of unbridled experimentation in which near geniuses constantly try to circumvent the laws of physics. Thus the new shapes, sizes and materials seen in the new speaker lines that are in sum a challenge to the long hegemony of the familiar air-suspension, bookshelf models. Despite their differences, they share two elements: a need for high amplifier power and some means of adjusting the response to the listening room—varying relative output levels of woofer and tweeter, multidirectional spread of middles and highs or sometimes both. The most far-out technique for matching a speaker system to a room is the separate speaker equalizer, an elaborate tone adjuster that can compensate for the whole range of sound, octave by octave, and that may cost as much as, or more than, the speaker itself.

In FM equipment, at least one feature of four-channel technology has found its way into the better tuners, and that's the so-called phase-lock loop, a special circuit used in CD-4 (discrete disc) demodulators and recently found to make a marked improvement in FM reception. Also showing up in FM circuits is some form of the Dolby noise-reduction system. This invention, initially grabbed by recording studios because it made for quieter tapes with better-sounding highs, moved rapidly into consumer cassette recorders to make them acceptable for hi-fi use. Dolby now is the latest improvement in FM; a set equipped with it seems to be performing as if it were connected to a superantenna.

The three tape formats—cartridge, cassette and open reel—are still with us, but a pattern seems to be emerging. With the possible exception of Wollensak, the hi-fi-component companies are not putting much effort into the cartridge-tape format. This format has not made it to the top ranks of audio esteem because of too many problems, mechanical and electrical. Cartridge tape, of course, is available as a four-channel medium, but that in itself remains a questionable asset. On all other counts—acoustic response, mechanical reliability, general versatility—it is easily outclassed by the two other tape formats.

The preferred choice for the well-heeled, serious recordist remains the big open-reel deck, which offers the ultimate in sound, not to mention such activist fillips as ease of editing, multitrack recording, echo effects, mixing and the facility for modifying the circuits for special input and output connections, trimming the bias and equalization to fine-tune the deck for best results with a variety of tapes—being in general the kind of product that, a few years ago, would have been labeled strictly professional.

But before you rush out to buy a Revox or a Ferrograph or a top-line Sony or Teac, check your bank balance and your own inclination to become involved with the intricacies of such a machine. You can do almost as well from a purely listening standpoint, and somewhat less from a recording standpoint, with one of the late-model cassette decks. Other than the fabled Nakamichi 1000, these are priced mostly at or below $500, and when equipped with Dolby (or the similar ANRS circuit), plus the facility for using a variety of tapes, such units qualify admirably as adjuncts to a high-quality home music system. All of the newest models boast improved transport mechanisms and superior tape heads; many offer input mixing; a few are showing up with separate playback heads and automatic reverse. Cassettes themselves—both the blanks for recording and the commercial prerecorded releases—are better, too. Just to show how much better they can be, Advent recently issued its own musical releases—the Process CR/70 series—which are the first to combine Dolby and chromium-dioxide tape. Played on a good cassette deck patched into a good stereo system, they sound as great as disc recordings and have even fooled some experienced listeners who thought they were hearing open-reel 7½-ips tape.

In getting back to basics, in putting performance above novelty, in renewing its bid for a sophisticated market, the hi-fi-components industry has higher credibility today than at any time in the past few years. This puts the informed consumer in a healthy bargaining position, bolstered by such developments as the recent Federal ruling on accuracy in amplifier-power ratings and the continued decline of fair-trade pricing. And the buyer can expect to be wooed from unexpected sources—such as the Mesa factory in Mexico, formerly an assembly plant for Garrard changers and now producing its own line; or the new Strathearn Audio operation in Northern Ireland. Funded by the government, Strathearn plans to export 75 percent of the equipment it produces. At the same time, its managers hope that the employment it offers will unite the embattled Irish factions and substitute a commonweal for old antagonisms. As a company spokesman put it, "Our chaps may toss a few stones at one another outside the gates, but once inside the works, they cooperate beautifully."

TAILGATE TRENCHERMAN

(continued from page 148)

to plastic container with tight-fitting lid and chill. See that it remains chilled en route to game. Split rolls at home, but fill with crab-meat mixture just before serving. Makes about 6 sandwiches, depending on size of rolls. Serve with fingers of sweet red and green peppers and ripe black olives.

TAILGATE CHILI

- 2 tablespoons salad oil
- 1½ lbs. lean ground beef
- 1 large onion, coarsely chopped
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- 1½ teaspoons salt, or to taste
- ¼ teaspoon cayenne
- ¼ teaspoon cumin
- ¼ teaspoon oregano
- 1½ tablespoons chili powder, or to taste
- 1 16-oz. can stewed tomatoes (with green pepper and onion)
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 2 16-oz. cans red kidney beans, undrained

Heat oil in large skillet. Add meat, stirring to break up, until most of red color is gone. Add onion, garlic and seasonings; lower heat. Cook until onion is limp. Break up tomatoes and add to skillet, along with tomato sauce and kidney beans. Mix well and bring to simmer. Taste for seasoning and correct, if necessary. Simmer ½ hour, uncovered, or until sauce is desired consistency. If it becomes too thick, add a little tomato juice. Serve with soda crackers or corn chips. If you have to have chopped raw onions with chili, try the frozen. They're easier to manage and should thaw by the time you want them.

HAM JAMBALAYA

- 3 tablespoons oil
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 small green pepper, chopped
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- ½ lb. sweet or hot Italian sausage, sliced
- 1 lb. cooked ham, cubed
- 1 cup raw rice
- 1 16-oz. can tomatoes
- 1½ cups chicken bouillon
- ½ cup dry red wine
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon Tabasco
- ¼ teaspoon thyme
- ¼ teaspoon oregano
- ¼ teaspoon basil

Heat oil in deep pan. Sauté onion, green pepper and garlic until softened. Add sausage and brown lightly. Add ham and rice and sauté, stirring often, until rice is pale gold. Add remaining ingredients and bring to boil; cover pan and reduce heat to very low. Simmer about 20 minutes or until rice is tender and liquid absorbed.

SANGRIA

- 1 bottle dry red wine
- Juice of 1 orange
- Juice of 1 lime
- 2 ozs. triple sec
- Superfine sugar
- 1 orange
- 1 apple
- Club soda, chilled

Combine wine, fruit juices, triple sec and a tablespoon or two of sugar, depending on taste. Stir well to dissolve sugar and chill. Pour into prechilled Thermos. When serving, add a half slice each of orange and apple and a splash of club soda to each portion.

BOURBON BALLS

- 2½ cups (about 5 dozen wafers) vanilla-wafer crumbs
- 1 cup confectioners' sugar
- 2 tablespoons dry cocoa
- 1 cup finely chopped pecans
- 3 tablespoons corn syrup
- ⅓ cup full-bodied bourbon

Combine all ingredients and mix very well. Shape mixture into small balls and roll in additional confectioners' sugar, cocoa or very finely chopped pecans. It's a good idea to make these in advance and store for several days in tightly covered container to ripen.

JUG OF BLOODY BULLS

- 8 ozs. vodka
- 10 ozs. tomato juice
- 1 10½-oz. can concentrated beef broth
- Juice of ½ lemon
- Light grind of pepper
- Pinch of celery salt
- 1 or 2 dashes Worcestershire sauce

Combine all ingredients in pitcher. Do not dilute broth. Stir. Chill in refrigerator. Before leaving, pour into prechilled quart Thermos jug for transporting to game.

The dedicated tailgater always takes a transistor radio, against an emergency. The emergency generally occurs around kickoff time, when everyone's happily eating except one football fanatic who yells, "Hey, I thought we came for the football game!" In such situations, you just tune in the game and keep on chomping.

"I came to tell you my father has passed away and from now on, I'll be seeing you."

PLAYBOY FORUM (continued from page 59)

at the same time, obvious truths need to be faced. Very rarely would any of us masturbate if it were possible to get the kind of sex we really wanted with a partner. In those strata of society where heterosexual intercourse begins as soon as children reach puberty, many people never masturbate, or they come to masturbation later in life. Married men masturbate because they aren't getting enough from their wives, because their wives don't give them the kind of sex they want or because they want to go to bed with someone other than their wives.

In my own case, I love my wife and we have intercourse two or three times a week, devoting lots of time, energy and enthusiasm to it. A year ago, however, I met another woman with whom my job brings me into daily contact. Whereas my wife is a good, stable, home-loving person, this other woman leads a life bound by no rules and is fascinated by far-out ideas. From time to time, I've gotten into great conversations with her, such as I could never have with my wife. The two are very different physical types: My wife is a petite redhead and the other woman is a tall, buxom blonde. My sexual attraction for this woman has grown intense; it feels much like romantic love. Not wanting to endanger my marriage, however, I've never made advances. Instead, I've resorted to masturbation with the fantasy of making love to her. Several nights a week, when my wife goes to bed before I do, I take a long bath. I lie back in the warm water and imagine that my fingers are my big blonde friend's lips around my penis or I fantasize that she's straddling my hips, riding my cock. When my imagination is working well, I have wonderful orgasms.

When I see my blonde friend at work, it amuses me to think that she doesn't know anything about the wild affair we're having in a world of my own creation. But I remain aware that my masturbatory fantasies are a mere substitute for the real thing. If the various obstacles were to vanish and my office friend and I were to get together in a hotel room, I'm sure the reality would be 100 percent better than my imaginings.

(Name withheld by request)
New Orleans, Louisiana

OUT OF THE BATHROOM

Why is it that even the most liberal books on sex still give the impression that masturbation is somehow inferior to coitus? I wouldn't want my whole sex life restricted to masturbating (although I would adjust to it if I had to; i.e., if stranded on a desert island). On the other hand, Masters and Johnson have pointed out that women in their laboratory seemed to get more intense physical pleasure out of masturbation than out of copulation, though they got an emotional satisfaction from fucking that made coitus equally attractive. It is my impression—though I don't have laboratory evidence—that the same is true for men, or at least for some men. Certainly, some of the greatest orgasms of my life have been totally masturbatory, while looking at pinup art, at rented porno movies or at my wife. And the greatest heterosexual bouts seem to include a cycle of self-masturbation, mutual masturbation, fellatio, cunnilingus and 69ing, of which the autoerotic part is certainly as delightful as any of the others. In fact, for purely physical pleasure, nothing I've ever done compares with the best masturbation, except receiving a blow job while looking at a porno film, which for me is the peak experience.

Now that everybody else is coming out of the closet, I'd like to see the adult males, and especially married males who masturbate, come out of the bathroom and admit what they do. I'd like to do so myself, but I don't want to be the first, especially in this town.

(Name withheld by request)
Cincinnati, Ohio

MARRIED MASTURBATORS

I read with some dismay the letters in the July *Playboy Forum* about married men who masturbate. Have our ideas of morality gotten so fuzzy that these men don't realize what they are doing? Any time a married man jerks off, he is cheating on his wife just as much as if he went out and committed adultery with another woman. Let's not kid ourselves; this behavior is not innocent.

Charles Dickson
Detroit, Michigan

ABORTION AND CONSCIENCE

Advocates of legal abortion keep saying that the question of whether or not abortion is murder should be left up to the individual conscience. I don't understand. There are Nazi and K.K.K. racists living in this country to whom the killing of a Jew or a black person would be a good action and not murder. Would the pro-abortion people favor letting these vicious types act in accordance with their consciences? If not, why not?

Patrick Rafferty
New York, New York

You needn't go as far as citing racists to make your point. It's probable that many murderers, especially those in the crimes-of-passion category consider their deeds morally justified. Be that as it may, society has declared it a crime to deprive a human of his right to life willfully and without just cause. But whether a fetus should enjoy such full human rights can never be settled scientifically or philosophically, and so abortion is murder only if one believes that it is. Since such a belief is based on religious, moral and philosophical considerations—not on law or science—abortion should remain a matter for individual conscience, outside the province of the law.

SEX BEFORE BIRTH

Selecting what sex one's children are to be is no longer a futuristic concept; it will soon be having an impact on society. As Professor Amitai Etzioni pointed out last year in *The Playboy Forum* (August 1974), sex selection is with us now in the form of amniocentesis and subsequent abortion of undesired fetuses. Moral issues aside, though, it is unlikely that this procedure will be widely used, because of health risks, costs and inconvenience. A simple, inexpensive and reliable method of sex selection would doubtless find many people wanting to try it.

Up to now, experiments in sex preselection have been restricted to mammals other than man, due to the time and labor required and the unreliability of the methods. Now new technology makes possible research on human semen. Experimenters can obtain results in hours or days, instead of the months it used to take. Examining sperm cells stained with fluorescent chemicals under a fluorescence microscope, a scientist can tell a Y (male) sperm from an X (female) sperm. One can now readily experiment with various methods for separating X and Y sperm. Researchers are testing the swimming abilities of the two kinds of sperm; they are also studying differences in shape and density (X sperm are heavier, because they carry more DNA). Some of the results of these studies will also be of use in helping infertile men and in finding ways to screen out sperm with chromosomal errors.

Surveys indicate that there will be an increase in male children, especially first-born, when sex preselection becomes widely available. However, sociologists expect the ratio to return eventually to the normal 105 boy babies born for every 100 girl babies. While these predictions are based on American preferences, which are not models for the world, it has been suggested that over-all world birth rates would decline if sex preselection were universally used. In any case, biologists will soon be handing the human race new responsibilities.

Ronald J. Ericsson, Ph.D
Gametrics Limited
Sausalito, California

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Who's been sleeping?

(continued from page 96)

very minor one. He didn't like being kissed in the ear.

I won't be ready for monogamy for a long, long time and would like to get to know many different men, then eventually find one to satisfy me for the rest of my life. I have also thought about sex with a woman, one of my closest friends, as a matter of fact. We've discussed it and we're very attracted to each other, but we don't know if there are sexual overtones or not. I don't envision lesbianism as totally satisfying for me, though there are a lot of bisexual and homosexual people on this campus. I think I'll always have a need for heterosexual sex.

I realize it's only a temporary thing, but I haven't had any at *all* since I got here.

Ramona, 20, Ole Miss:

Boys have been after me ever since I was born. I've been winning beauty contests since I was a little girl. I used to date this guy and I wouldn't give in to him and that was probably the only reason he stayed around. Until he'd get so horny he'd go to somebody else. I liked that, because he treated me the way I wanted to be treated. If I had given in, he would have just treated me like everybody else. I think that's the way it is with my fiancé, too, but he doesn't sit around and try to lure me all the time. He doesn't give me compliments except maybe once a month. But I don't need compliments as much as I do security—knowing when my parents are gone I'll have somebody else to hold on to.

We've been going together four years. I know basketball comes first for him, I come second. He's going to play pro ball, then we'll get married and I'll be a rich wife after that. When I told everybody he'd signed pro, they said, "A mink coat for you, Ramona; you *need* it!" I *do* need a mink coat, that's for sure. It'll give him something to work for; that way—if I keep him broke—he can't get into too much trouble. My mother says, "Do it to them before they do it to you." And so I will do it to him. Keep him constantly in debt; he'll have his hands full and can't run around. Another thing, if a woman has a career and can make as much as her husband, she won't rely on him. I think that cuts off communication, because she has no need for him other than maybe sex. A man should always be striving to keep up her other needs.

My fiancé was raised conservative, like me—"Wait until you're married"; and we believe that. If you've been drilled that way, it's how you think when you go out on your own; and I'll raise my children that way, too, because I haven't gone wrong yet. We *want* sex. All the time, I'm saying, "Oh, look, everybody else is shacking up!" Once, we even decided we were just going to spend the night together in his dorm—no intercourse—but when I was there, I said, "I really feel bad about this." So I stayed till two o'clock and then he took me home. And he said, "I would have thought you were cheap to spend the night"—just like my parents taught me. There will be enough times once we get married and after so many years we probably won't even want to sleep together and we'll be glad we waited.

All we really do is feel around. I don't take my clothes off. I would be embarrassed about it; it's just a real shy relationship. If I *did* take my clothes off, it would be in the dark. I never saw a naked man, just some hair . . . that was the extent of it. In the dorm, we get the biggest kick out of looking at pictures of naked men!

After you're married, you can do as much as your imagination tells you; just laying in bed every night, having intercourse, that would get a little old. I did read Dr. Reuben, but I feel like his purpose was kind of diluted, because it's supposed to be a book with information and he had to put filth in it to sell it. Words like screwing. I feel kind of sorry for teenagers today; they'll never be able to find out the truth if they have to go to literature like that.

I started off on the wrong foot with my fiancé. I've let him see me bleach my hair and with my false eyelashes off, the whole bit! I wouldn't want *him* laying around without shaving. You have to keep up your appearance.

I need security more than sex. He's got to be with me, no matter what. I've pulled some dillies on him. I've never gone out on him or anything, just what he calls flirting. The other night at the picture show, all the boys seemed to be telling me hello and he says, "Darlin', do you always have to be friends with boys?" I just told him, "Honey, I function better around men." I just do *not* function up to par with girls. When you're decent, pretty and you've got nice clothes, girls are very jealous of you; they are just real kind of sneaky. You have to watch them, they want to drag you down. But boys admire you more . . . so most of my friends are men. I just know how to handle them better than I do girls. You've just got to decide *which* category you're going to be in. *I'm* with the male population!

Rita, Laura, Cindy, all 19, Northwestern:

RITA: When I got here, every girl on my floor was on the pill. Those who weren't heavily involved with boys *wanted* to be and it put a lot of pressure on you to get rid of your virginity. It was a burden. I just wanted to get rid of it! Then I realized how stupid that was and wouldn't let anybody touch me. When I met someone I cared about, everything came easily. I've been going with him for a year, but I had to be in love.

LAURA: When I got to college, I lived in a coed dorm, and seeing all those people having sexual relationships so openly helped me have a more positive attitude toward my *own* relationship.

CINDY: There used to be bad-girl and good-girl classifications. I don't think that exists anymore, but I think it's just as important to do what you want. If a woman wants to be a virgin when she gets married, that's just as liberated as somebody who wants to sleep around. I *would* like to sleep with more people before marriage. My boyfriend sometimes says, "If we get married, aren't you going to wake up someday and wonder how someone else makes love?" He could be right, but at the moment, I'm satisfied.

RITA: Men just aren't consistent about what they expect. They say women should be as liberated as they are about sleeping with people, but I hear my boyfriend put down a woman who does.

CINDY: Sometimes, though, *we* look at guys as sexual objects. I'll see a guy go by and say, "Wow, what a bod!" Or look at guys in T-shirts and shorts at the gym and examine legs. But before you've had any kind of sex, you don't really know what to look at.

I'm never turned on by looking at stuff. I get bored at porn movies; I'd rather perform the acts myself. I fantasize about other guys sometimes, though, when I'm making love with my boyfriend. Sometimes you'll just see someone and think, "Oh, my God; if he ever asked me to bed, I wouldn't have to think twice." I'd never tell my boyfriend that.

RITA: I used to be really repressed about oral sex, but I enjoy it now, as well as total nudity and having the lights on. I appreciate creative, diversified sex. I had to tell my boyfriend there were certain things I like him to do to me and that was very hard to express. Like, I enjoy being touched all over and he was getting to intercourse too fast.

LAURA: Last summer, my boyfriend and I read one of those sexual self-help books to improve our relationship, but I can't imagine doing some of those things. I have a fetish for chocolate, but I can't imagine *doing* anything with it. He likes oral sex and doesn't mind doing it to me, but I have a hard time doing it to him. I've been practicing.

CINDY: I've also heard about watching each other masturbate. We talk about it, we're frank . . . but even though watching somebody do it might be sexually arousing, I don't think I could get involved. I have a bad hang-up about masturbating, anyway. I've been taught it's good, but I can't see myself standing there doing it without feeling guilty.

LAURA: It's really hard to get rid of some hang-ups. Even though we've been going together for many years and sleeping together for a long time, I still won't

"When you said you mounted birds, I thought you were a taxidermist."

take a shower with my boyfriend. I don't know why that is, but I just want to wait until we're married. We never saved anything else, so I guess I want to save that.
Abby, 21, Yale:

The boys here are a very messed-up group. I think they have more sexual problems than the girls. They think the ultimate thing is to sleep with you, and then they think you want to get married and they break off. I don't have any big career planned out, so they think, well, she doesn't have anything to do, she'll probably want to marry me or something. So my closest male friends are people I've never had a physical relationship with.

I go around with some homosexual men, too, and my friends can't understand that. There are so many glamorous types here that you're sort of attracted to, and yet in the long run they hurt you a lot more. And, basically, their girlfriends are not very bright . . . just very glamorous and never say a word. They come up on the weekends and these guys parade them around.

My first two years here were just an amazing experience sexually, sleeping with a lot of different people. I thought it was really neat at the time, but it wasn't satisfactory at all; I wasn't getting much out of it. There are girls at Yale who have slept with absolutely everybody. They're real big whores around campus, known for it and don't mind. They've slept with a different guy every weekend of their Yale career and they don't want anything. You can see their names in the bathrooms. *I've* slept with a lot more boys than my friends have, but we don't sit around comparing notes.

I don't think people are into sex as much this year. When Friday comes and no one has called, I find it depressing, but I've noticed the freshmen and sophomores now aren't fazed at all if they're not invited out on the weekends.

"There's my real reward; strangers on Friday, together all weekend and still deeply in love."

Recently, sex hasn't been all that great for me, because it's always these things that last for only a month. It takes time to get used to a sexual partner; when you sleep with someone on a regular basis, you enjoy it more. Personally, I would just as soon not sleep with someone. I used to think I *owed* it to them; now my views have changed. I find that most boys at Yale aren't that experienced and they don't give a damn if the girl has an orgasm or not. For the little pleasure you get out of it, *frankly*, it's not worth it.
Julia, 18, Vassar:

There are two kinds of healthy sex: One is objectified, where you pick somebody up and never see him again—pure biological release—and there is sex that comes out of attraction. But any relationship based just on sex is not going to stand. Too many people think about it too much.

Kinky sex is like a Marx Brothers comedy. I once did an S/M thing with a guy. I tied him up, but I wouldn't hit him. We compromised: I poured hot chicken soup on him.

I've been in four *ménage à trois* situations. Once my friend Arnie, who is homosexual, wanted to sleep with this guy Mark and Mark wanted to pick *me* up. I was walking out of a bar, very weirded out on some really shitty strawberry mescaline. Mark was trying to seduce me, Arnie was trying to seduce Mark and I was sort of coerced into the whole thing. I had a fairly mellow experience, but I should have said, "Arnie, you're a real asshole; if you want Mark, *you* get him."

Then there was an experience *I* initiated with a woman I was really attracted to. We had all gotten drunk and taken a lot of Quaaludes and I knew the only way to get her was to bring her boyfriend into it. We enjoyed ourselves, but it was bad for him; he couldn't cope with it. He had a lot of problems dealing with her sexuality and needed dope in order to free himself.

I've made it with two other women at the same time, too. Group sex is really more interesting. It goes on much longer; you pace yourself differently. The last session I was involved in lasted 12 hours. One went on for nine. There's a lot to do. It's not at all like fucking, it's like fooling around, hours of foreplay.

Men just seem to like to fuck and lie back; women sort of like to fuck and fuck some more. I had been very upset with that sort of thing. And then I slept with someone who came eight times in one night and went through, like, 22 positions. It happens with him about once a month that way. But by the sixth or seventh time he comes, I get a little tired.

Male sexual lovers—heterosexual lovers—really don't know what they're doing. Just as it's difficult for me to relate to what a man really likes, because how do I know what goes on in his body? He might say he likes what I'm doing, he might *act* that way, but I don't *know*.

Now, you would think that in 1975, any heterosexual man, your average college student, would know what a clitoris is. When I was in bed with that couple, I suspected that he didn't know. He knew what the clitoris was, but not *where* it was. When he started going down on his girlfriend, he just couldn't find it. Now, there is no woman in the world who can't find another woman's clitoris. It is the easiest goddamn thing in the world. A lot of male lovers I've had just didn't know and had to be shown.

Or take a man who is bisexual; at least 50 percent of his sexual experience is based on other men; what the fuck can he know? And the clitoris is not the only erogenous zone. It's a matter of pacing, too. Maybe he can last ten times as long, which is fun but not what good sex is built on.

Most people I know have had more sexual experience than I have. One of my friends had 37 lovers her freshman year. Some were crummy, some were good; she really cares about people. One guy I know has 44 lovers marked on his calendar.

If I really knew my sexual orientation, I'd be a lot happier. I try not to think about it too much.
Seena, 20, Bryn Mawr:

I used to call myself a one-penis female. The one-penis female is a product of guilt and insecurity. I found I could only really enjoy a man's body, including his penis, if I had emotional feelings as well. Sex is the ultimate enjoyment and I know instinctively that it shouldn't be restricted to the emotion of love; but unless there's a tremendous factor of reciprocity, I feel like a tramp. I enjoy sex more and put more of myself into it when I'm in love.

I have two important relationships going on right now. One began three and a half years ago, the other about five months ago. I was spending four-day weekends with the first guy and stagnating playing the role of little wife; marriage has no interest for me. Then I met the other person and realized it was foolish to repress the attraction I felt toward him. Sex with him was satisfying, but it lacked something. I felt I gave him more than he gave me. Lately, I've felt I've gotten an equal amount and the sex—as well as the orgasm—has gotten better. In fact, in terms of cold-blooded sex, it's probably more satisfying with the second man, which may have to do with its newness.

I've never been turned on looking at pornography. What I do enjoy are the noises that are part of sex and talking during it about how good you feel—tender loving expressions.
Marla, 20, Albertus Magnus:

A statue of the Virgin Mary got me into trouble. A guy I knew from a nearby college wanted it for his birthday and we stole it from the library. It was very old and worth a lot of money and the nuns were crying all the time and having Masses for it. The Virgin was huge and we had to sneak it through the bushes at three o'clock in the morning. The guy ended up spending the night and I got caught.

"I still say this is a very insensitive time to make an obscene phone call."

I used to think you *had* to sleep with somebody if you dated him for a while, that people didn't even look at it as a decision you made but just expected it. I feel different now. I'm going out with this guy and I've decided I just don't want to sleep with him. And I don't feel I have to. He keeps asking me if I'm frigid or something.

I have this horrible habit of meeting wimps, guys who were probably pussy-whipped by their mothers. Like, if it's storming out and I say, "I wish I had some pistachios right now," he runs out and gets them. No backbone. It's very annoying always to be right. The guy I'm going with now doesn't let me get away with a thing. But I think he's lying about my being frigid. There's such a thing as mental rape—trying to outwit you into bed.

Sophomore year, we never thought of experimenting in our sexual activities, like trying oral sex. We'd have group readings of *The Sensuous Woman*—probably the most ridiculous book I've ever read—and we read this part about whipped cream; I think it's called the butterfly flick because of the way you flick your tongue. One girl said, "Make *sure* you spit everything out; there're a lot of calories in semen." Everyone thought, really? How many? Who could possibly measure the calories in a thing like that?

There *are* still a certain number of virgins around. You can tell who's who from the seating in the cafeteria; everyone sits at the long tables in their own groups—the virgins apart from the non-virgins, the cool separated from the noncool. You can tell by their dress, too. The virgins tend to walk around in little skirts and stockings—maybe go-go boots, with a ponytail and pink ribbon—and their hair set when they aren't going anywhere. There is promiscuity *and* virginity here. And lately, lesbianism has been fairly rampant on this campus and at Yale, too, I hear. At Albertus, it just sort of erupted last year, I think from women's spending too much time together rather than from actual tendencies. I'd say there are about eight or ten out of the 25 in this house who are bisexual—but they don't peddle their wares.

Last year, we had this group of girls who had tremendous orgies. They were lesbian, bisexual . . . they just didn't care. They felt they were very fashionable and let everybody know what they did. Not that

anyone cared. Once they put the elevator on STOP and had a little orgy in it.

I think women with a Catholic upbringing have more conflicts about sex than other women. There's this old Catholic notion that sex is not for enjoyment, it's for making babies, so there's an inclination among some of the girls I know to feel if they don't *enjoy* themselves, they're not doing anything really wrong. At the same time, unlike Jewish males I know, who seem to have a freer attitude, Catholic males often look down on women who will sleep with them. And some girls won't use birth control; four of my close friends had abortions last year. One who *had* a diaphragm hid it in my drawer; I don't know who she was hiding it *from*. Another friend had a nervous breakdown last year after two abortions. She still thought birth control was wrong! On the other hand, I have a friend—a great person from a very strict family—who has slept with about 30 people in the past two years and doesn't see anything wrong with it.

If *my* parents knew *I* wasn't a virgin, they'd just probably only die!

Maggie, Alice, Susan, all 20, Yale:

MAGGIE: My roommate and I were out with two guys and one of them said something about the "knockers" or "jugs" on a woman who went by—words I cannot abide. About two minutes later, some men passed us and my roommate said, "Would you look at the balls on that guy!" The three of us were just floored. I thought, boy, she's really flipped. But it was perfect, deserved—she really shut 'em up!

ALICE: We saw a film that showed two homosexuals making love and you could see that they cared about each other and were taking the time to make each other feel good and were open and romantic and gentle, and *that's* what turned the women on who were watching the film. In heterosexual relationships, if men could understand that sensitivity doesn't undermine their male sexuality but enhances it, they'd be a lot more attractive to women.

SUSAN: Women are discussing contraception more and comparing methods. Before, it was the pill and nothing else. A lot of women don't want to put any chemical substances into their bodies and it's good to hear they're thinking about alternatives and putting themselves first. If they want the pill, fine . . . but contraception should be more of a selfish thing. When you're on the pill, you're saying, in effect, "I'm always ready." Choosing the diaphragm this year is almost a political statement; a woman controls when *she* feels like having sex, and I think spontaneity is secondary to control. And some women are insisting on condom and jelly or condom with the diaphragm . . . makes the guy work for it, too!

Kathy, 18, Ole Miss:

I'm a virgin, but I don't know *what* would have happened if me and this guy had kept dating. I don't *think* I'm capable of having intercourse yet. I'd feel guilty, 'cause that's the way I've been brought up. I've *known* all about sex since first grade, but it was never discussed. It was a kind of a dirty thing.

Me and this guy were more than just necking, you know, he *touched* me, and it was nice . . . but it wasn't anything. I was talked into it—well, not talked but just kind of led. Well, I know, it takes *two*. I never yet saw a man naked in the flesh.

"Sticks and stones may break my bones, but moussaka will never harm me."

I wouldn't want my husband to be a virgin. I would think it was a little queer. *Somebody's* got to have a little experience. You're brought up to believe men need sex more than women, but maybe women just suppress it. I was taught you have your good girls and your bad girls. And men go to bad girls to lose their virginity, and then they marry the good girls. I can't say I *don't* believe it; the idea was put in me. But people should be left alone to do what they want to do!

Every other school in the nation has open visitation in the dorms. Here we have, like, a Friday-night four-hour deal. The boy leaves his I.D. at the desk, you escort him up and he's out by ten!

Girls here *do* sleep with their boyfriends, but *you do not talk about it*. You do it discreetly. That's the code.

If you get a bad name, it gets to the fraternities, it gets back to your sorority and they bring you up before what they call standards. I just got initiated into a sorority. I was in one in high school and that's what they've got *here*. I'm ready for something different! It's just like having another set of parents. If you want to be a little sorority girl, you have your slacks and your scarf and necklace and earrings and you date. There are all these Joe College types here, too, with their big cars and their clothes and styled hair. *I* like a few freaks, you know. Social status and tradition is *real* big here. And girls come find a husband, marry, settle down, raise their kids and send *them* to Ole Miss.

All you have here generally is one opinion; *everybody* conforms. Well, *shit*!

Diana, 18, Bryn Mawr:

If I like someone for a night, he attracts me for an evening or I've been watching him and I want to sleep with him . . . I will! And then I'll get out of bed and not think any more about it, no commitment.

I guess there really are two sides of me: nice Diana, the good-girlfriend type, and the barhopper who sleeps with a bunch of guys and is really cold and calculating about it.

I used to go barhopping in New York every Friday and Saturday night last summer. I went by myself, very dressed up—I like to feel I look nice! Guys at the bars would say, "What are you doing tonight?" and I would drive myself to their apartments later and go home at four or five. Sometimes I heard from them again, sometimes not. Occasionally, I worried about why I had this compulsion to go into a bar and kind of pick the person I wanted to hit. But I enjoyed myself, the guys did, too, and, basically, we knew we were playing the same games.

I don't like it when a guy tries to act like a big stud: "I'm great and you're just going to love this, baby, so get ready." No

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Why smoke if you don't enjoy it?
I smoke because I enjoy it. Salem is why. It's much more than just a good menthol. It's a good cigarette.
Enjoyment is why I smoke. And that's why I smoke Salem.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '75.

one is super in bed; no one is supergreat at anything. It's all a matter of mood, how much time you have. Everyone's a little nervous, you might as well be honest about it; sex is so intimate it leaves you vulnerable.

When a guy just *enters* me, it's not enjoyable at all. A lot of men don't realize how sensitive and important the clitoris is or even what it is. I like a lot of foreplay, right to the minute before I have orgasm, and then I like the penis to enter me so I can have a vaginal orgasm, too. I've done it that way a couple of times and it's the best. I don't have that many multiple orgasms; I have one giant one and then I can't be restimulated or it hurts.

I can't get aroused to orgasm just by a tongue, whereas I can easily with a finger. I think my boyfriend really doesn't like oral sex, he just does it to make me happy. Which, of course, *doesn't* make me happy at all. I'm very proud of my body when it's the right weight and I think it's very beautiful, but the vaginal area just does not smell pleasant. Whereas, when I do it to a man, it's like kissing an arm or something. Actually, I really often disliked doing that; I thought I would choke or throw up or something. Obviously, that's with the people I meet barhopping. I'm just trying to be nice to them, so I'll say, "OK, but don't you *dare* come in my mouth!"

I like guys who are physically fit, with muscles. I don't mean big, stocky football players. I like slender guys, skinny but not scrawny . . . slim legs and little asses. And I prefer larger penises, although I don't find a penis very attractive at all. In fact, I think they're ugly. But I'm getting more accustomed.

Marybeth, 20, Ole Miss:

I'm old-fashioned, I guess. I just don't like anything that's real involved. I've done just really normal things—like kissing—but I've wondered how I would handle the situation, like, when I do fall in love with someone. Right now, from my viewpoint, I wouldn't go very far.

I think men are more aggressive than women, like, more easily excited. For instance, I wouldn't look down on a person who had been raped. A man, you know, can get excited over something like bare skin. I've read some novels that have sex in them, like *The Godfather*. The part I really didn't know about was where the girl was talking about some kind of special sex she and Sonny had. Maybe it was oral sex or something. I never did really know. I've read about oral sex, but I don't really know that much. I kind of can imagine what it is; I don't think I would like that. I'm pretty sure I wouldn't, in fact. I don't have feelings on masturbation. I've never been involved.

I'm in favor of using some form of birth control but not pills for myself. I know a girl who got blood clots in the neck because of that. I'm not really sure of the name of it; I think I'd use that little disk that goes inside you.

I'd want a man to be intelligent but not too intelligent, because they're hard to communicate with. Usually, I don't like the best-looking boys, the real knockouts, because they're so conceited. I'd want him to have some sort of religious background. Maybe not too far from mine or too way out, like Hinduism or something. I couldn't switch over. I don't think if I fell in love with a Jew it would stop me from marrying him, but it would depend how strong he felt about Jewism.

Meredith, 25, Yale (grad school):

My gynecologist asked me if I knew what I looked like and I said of course. And he said, "Well, would you like to be refreshed?" and he got a mirror and showed me—very gently and straightforwardly—which was very nice. And I realized what I looked like, what I was. I had to accept it, because it was there; I mean, there's no denying what he showed me.

I was brought up to believe my man was everything, but David wanted me to acknowledge the fact that I could be attracted to other men, which was something I couldn't believe. I love him very much, but he kept pushing the idea on me, and then I *did* develop a wandering eye. So I told him I wanted to branch out. And I did.

I'm afraid I haven't been very nice about it, simply because I didn't know *how* to do it. And what's really awful is, the other guy is his best friend. I've made it impossible for them to be together, which I could shoot myself for . . . except I kind of like some of the other things about it. It's confusing, but it's good to understand that it *does* happen, that women can have several meaningful sexual relationships at once.

And . . . there's a third! It started out as a purely physical attraction, which was delightful, because I'd never looked down the street and said, "Isn't he exquisite! I'd like to sleep with him." But that's exactly what I did. It's so totally unlike me that it's comical. It does give me another angle on my responsiveness, though. What makes it so good is that this guy doesn't know about the other two.

I guess this kind of sexuality is usually hard for women to acknowledge in themselves and is rather admired in men. I don't have any problem having orgasms, because I won't go to bed until I'm relaxed. A tremendous amount of the feeling I get is from watching the man's response. I'd really rather just lie in bed and talk.

Maybe my independence now makes me attractive to men; it does give me a lot of confidence. I'm not very fond of other women, by the way; I suppose it's because they're so competitive.

I don't know how much longer my first boyfriend is going to be so patient. Sometimes I want someone to come along and take me away, so I won't have to decide anything; I'd love it if someone dragged me away by my hair. But I wouldn't go.

In a way, this is a cold-blooded experiment. You *have* to be cold-blooded or you'd never survive a thing like this.

Olivia, 22, Albertus Magnus:

We were 16 when I decided it was time for Scott and me to lose our virginity. It was just a question of getting the right things into the right places; I wasn't nervous at all. We did it on the golf course—our parents are loaded. Wow, we thought—this is it, the big S! We were stoned; it was very pleasant and I'm glad the first time it was someone I loved. No great trauma, very natural. But wow, the places we've made it: the bunkhouse, his pool, on the beach—a dog pissed on my leg while we were doing it—on a pool table with people running around. We were so intent on sleeping with each other no obstacle was too much; we'd clear snow off the ground and once we were caught naked behind the country club. We still see each other, and even though we're not in love, we've been sleeping together for six years.

When I arrived at college, I wanted to try different things and a week after we broke up, I started sleeping with someone else. With the second guy, it was love instantly; and when that broke up eight months later, I was one of the walking wounded, a spastic case. I couldn't give up on him, but I didn't hassle him or anything. After that, I had fun sex with people I knew, about 18 of them in three years. I needed a shoulder to cry on. I wanted someone to hold. I guess I've been lucky that sleeping with people usually goes well for me, even the first night. But it's never been the same as with the second boy, not the same way at all.

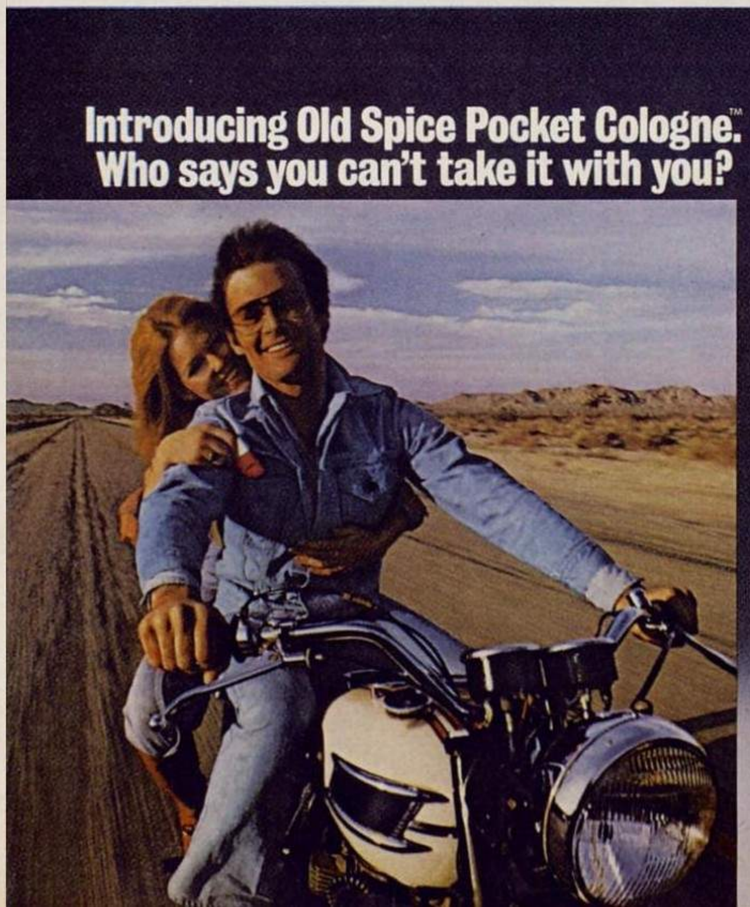
When the first guy and I broke up, we agreed it was OK to sleep with other people. But he just went off the wall when we separated, so I didn't tell him about the other guys for months and he finally got over the shock. He doesn't even know about half of them.

We've really stuck it out together. Well, we were best friends besides being lovers. *He* doesn't sleep with a lot of women, but I wouldn't care if he did. Except a few weeks ago; some girl in his class gave him the crabs and I almost got them. *That* really bummed me out. I was very angry. This girl has a really different sexuality; she's a very masculine type who has offered to "pull train" for a group of guys—that means sleep with many in succession, one right after another. She ran into Scott at a party and made it her business to sleep with him, too. I really don't care, except for the crabs.

I told my mother what oral sex is. She was shocked. Married 24 years, five kids. What the hell was going on—virgin births? She said, "Oral sex?" with this huge question mark hanging there. I was almost in tears. I said, "Please, Mother, *tell* me you know what I'm talking about." She said she didn't. I said, "Mother, oral—you know, *mouth*. And your hand sometimes, too." She said, "Oh, what do you *do* with the—uh——" "Swallow it, Mother!"

Maybe I'm looking for love, but I'm in no mad rush at the moment. In the meantime, I pretty much sleep with anybody I want to. I've never been overwhelmed in bed by anybody and I don't think I've ever overwhelmed anybody. Oh, yeah, this one kid. We had a really strange relationship. He had a girlfriend he intended to marry; she didn't know about me, but I knew all about her. He and I palled around and slept together,

"Well, then—can I come in and take a cold shower?"



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SHULTON

purely friendship. One night, we were having oral sex. Well, I mean blowing—I can't think of another word I find pleasant to use for it. I was making him come and it was taking a long time. I was the most inspired I've ever been; I was just flipped out and he went crazy. He was ripping the sheets and pulling the pillow over his head. He told his friends, "I looked down and there she was—just *killing* me!"

But I don't want someone to beat me into the ground *every* time we make love. I think I like it kind of calm and affectionate more than out of our minds with passion. I'm finding that a lot of guys feel that way, too.

Melissa, 21, Ole Miss:

Boys here have been brought up admiring the Southern belle. That's what their mothers were, that's what they want their sisters to be and they don't want to admit they're dating anyone who has slept with three or four other boys. That's a whore!

If a couple are *really* in love, they'll probably go to bed and neither one will mention it. And they won't be ostracized. But most girls here have the basic fear that he might be gone the next morning, maybe sex was all he really wanted. You get it from your parents and then you find that they knew what they were talking about.

Girls here don't talk about sex, they talk about marriage. They'll tease someone who's engaged, like, "You better go on a diet, because you're going to be naked soon," or "Just think what you're going to be doing in six months!" The attitude is, "*I'm* totally ignorant, but from what I *hear* about sex, you're going to have a good time." I don't think they're scared of sex; they're more afraid of what their roommates might think of them. If someone gets excited, she'll say, "So-and-so down the hall is having a big O"—that means orgasm—but there's not too much actual knowledge. People pass around Dr. Reuben's books or *Playgirl* or *Cosmo*. I like PLAYBOY, but I get a lot of static; women aren't supposed to read that. You get 'em, like, under the counter or send someone out to buy it for you. Girls will look at a male centerfold and say, "Boy, he's really hung!" or "He looks like So-and-so's fiancé." You don't know if they're kidding or they've actually been there.

Most of them think oral sex is the most disgusting thing they've ever heard of. The virgins are really grossed out and the ones you think *are* having sex just can't cope with anything but the missionary position and the dark *for sure*—"If I don't look, maybe I'll forget it in the morning"—and always reassure themselves, "We're going to get married." Everybody needs to say *that*.

The word masturbation is nonexistent, not even mentioned, no, ma'am! I have nothing against it; people are human and need some kind of release. I don't do it, though; too damn busy and exhausted. Vibrators sound nice.

I'd sleep with somebody before I'd marry him and I did sleep with one I almost married. We tried to hang on after it was really over; sex was one reason. We thought since we'd been to bed, we might as well get married; but when he graduated, we got irritable and desperate because we couldn't see much of each other. There was a lot of grief. I don't have any guilt feelings. If you regret something, you've ruined it—and it might have been pretty.

I've heard that some women in other schools can sleep with anybody they want and go about their business and not expect the guy to call again. I think that would be great. But in the South, you'd be a social outcast, a joke, a whore. Nobody would take you to a party or out in public.

I'd *really* like to be able to sit around and talk to people at Vassar or someplace like that. But I know it would be like being in another world.

Carole, 18, Vassar:

Some people are very shocked at my behavior. It doesn't have much to do with outside influences and it is very natural for me. I've probably had about 30 sexual partners since I started at 14. Well, at 14, I *did* feel guilty; the sex was OK, but I didn't like the guy very much and I thought, this is terrible—I'm supposed to be in love. But I never *have* really been in love.

The thing is, I don't get too emotionally tied down to things like sex and brief sexual partners. I look at it very objectively, not in terms of how this is going to affect me later. The physical sensations and reactions are the same with a person you like a lot and one you don't like as much, though the whole general feeling is nicer if you do like someone a lot.

My independence has nothing to do with feminism; I'm not political. It's just the way *I* feel. A lot of guys get very upset and jealous, which might have more to do with their own egos than feelings for me.

Male bodies are really beautiful; there are a whole lot of different kinds. They're basically just as nice as a woman's. I can't see the attractiveness in a male-nude centerfold, though, or a woman's centerfold, either. I don't respond to a piece of paper. Voices can be a turn-on—the way someone talks to you. And touching—the way a hand grazes your knee. Movies, too, but not pornographic ones.

It's *very* important to me that a man I sleep with be very good-looking. That comes first! And healthy, very healthy. I don't like sickly people, people who look like they might fall apart. I like men who look strong, competent, masculine. I've never talked to other women about male genitals, but just last week we saw this enormous guy and my friend and I were trying to figure out if height has anything to do with size.

I have different fantasies, usually imagining I'm having sex with someone different from the person I'm seeing at the time. Like, I was having a great one about Cary Grant, and I've been having them about one of my professors lately, too. I usually have orgasms, which I consider a plus, but sometimes I don't. I think sex is neat even without them.

A lot of guys don't really know what is going on in a woman's body and what parts get excited, and when they don't know that, it is very, very shitty. And when you're pushing them a certain way you want them to go, they have to be able to figure out what's going on. Some guys basically don't like parts of a woman's body—not too common, but it happens. I never slept with a guy who couldn't get an erection. I don't know how I'd react.

Sleeping with someone seems to me like a church ceremony; I get a feeling of something that's been done for thousands of years—so many people have done it, but nobody does it exactly the same.

Donna, Marcy, both 18, Northwestern:

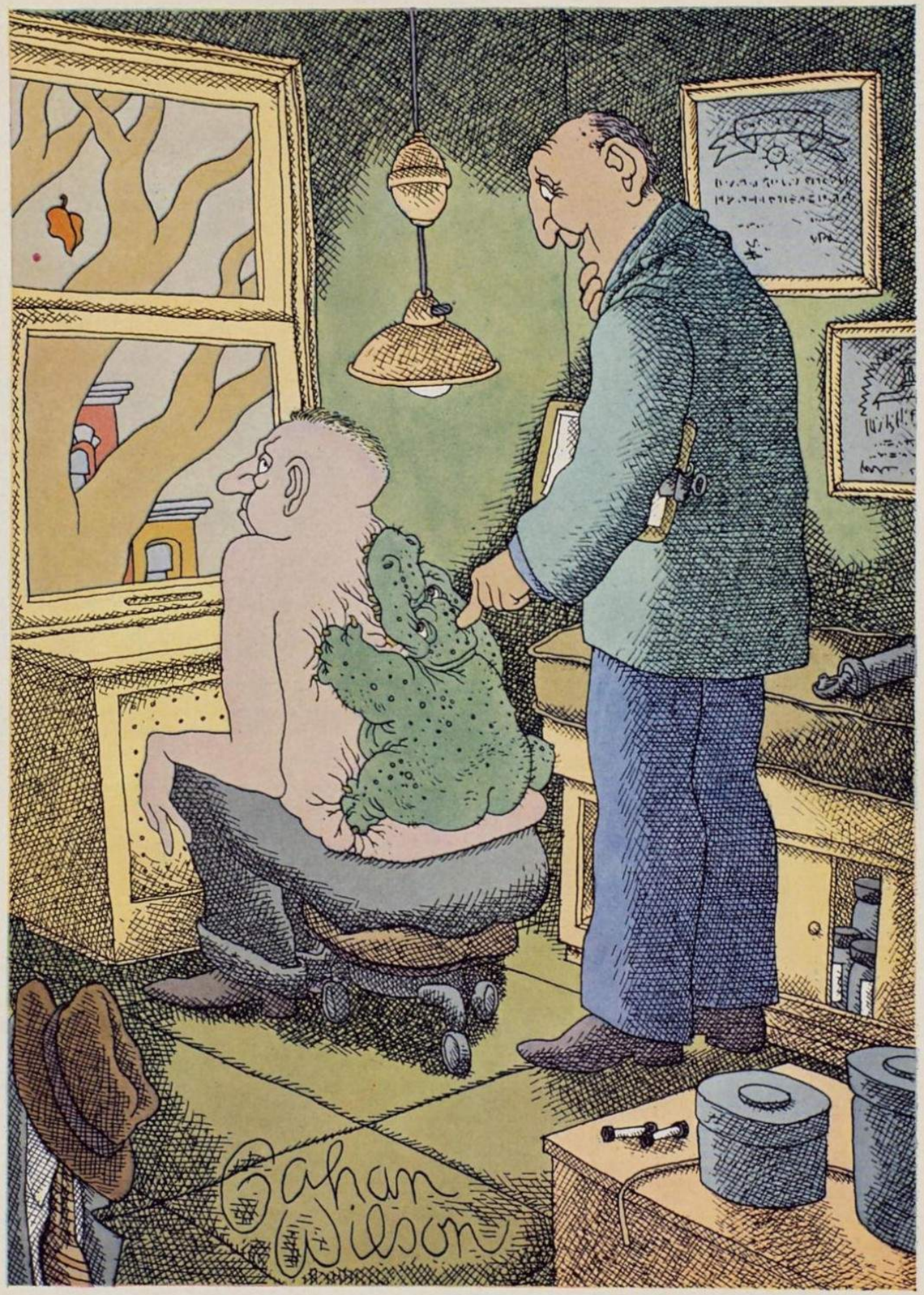
DONNA: The majority of girls on this campus are not virgins, I guess, but I think there are a lot of us. Virgins are put in a position of being on the defensive. I don't like someone who isn't a virgin attacking me—and this happens—saying, "Well, why don't you give it up?" This person might go from bed to bed and she sits there making fun of my morals. I think mine are better than hers, but I don't feel it's my place to say anything.

MARCY: I don't like the phrase giving up your virginity. It's not like you're losing something, it's deciding you love someone enough to share a part of yourself. He's giving a part of himself, too.

There were a few times I could have gotten involved sexually and emotionally with guys who really cared about me. But when we talked about it, *they* didn't want me to lose my virginity. I don't think I want my husband to be a virgin, though. I'd like to feel he knows what to do and does it well.

You wouldn't believe how naïve I used to be. In high school, someone mentioned the word lesbian and I didn't know what it was. Now I can be friends with a male homosexual, even if he wears make-up. But when I know that a girl is one, I can't so much as talk to her. Maybe I feel she'll turn to *me* or something.

DONNA: I sometimes get teased for wearing clothes that show cleavage, but it's just style. I like to look as good as possible. And I enjoy compliments—like, when a guy tells me, "You look very sexy"—but it doesn't give me more of an urge to jump into bed with him. One thing that I think about, though, is what if I die before I've slept with a guy?



"I think I've found the trouble, Mr. Nadler!"

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

THE WHOLE TOOTH

As Ibn the Arab used to say, never look a gift camel in the mouth. Chances are, its teeth will have been converted to jewelry by The Mad Camel Driver (2 Tennyson Drive, Mill Valley 94941). Necklaces vary in price according to size and materials; for about $35, you can pick up the King Farouk (57 fangs macraméed in heavy string) or the Queen of Sheba (30 beads and chompers strung on goat leather). Or buy a bag of 10,000 pearly whites for $1750 and outfit the whole commune.

BUCK OF THE MONTH

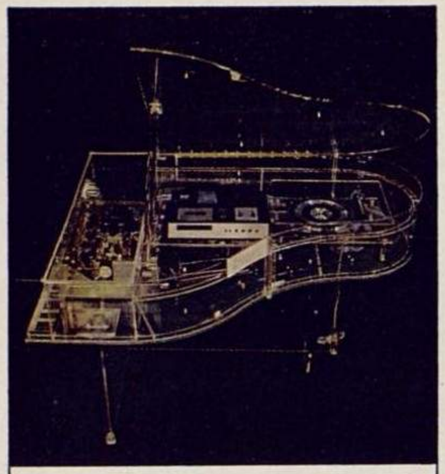
Let's face it—a wallet is just too easy for a mugger to grab. And if you carry your loot loose in your pocket, you'll be forever straightening out your bills so you can hand them to someone without getting a frown and a nasty remark in return. How about a Moneybook? The U. S. Currency Exchange (P. O. Box 8387, St. Louis, Missouri 63132) is selling bound books of up to 20 bills (maximum value $200), with your name in gold on the cover, for $4.95—plus the value of the bills. It should impress your lady friend.

LIGHTS! CAMERAS! DAIQUIRIS!

The Eighth Annual International Film Festival (subtitled And Tax Deductible Business Trip) is being held in the Virgin Islands November 7-16, which makes sense. How many producers and directors would attend an international film festival and tax-deductible business trip in Des Moines? Billed as the largest event of its kind in the world (over 2100 entries in 1974), the artistic competition will take place in two main theaters, while a commercial free-for-all goes on in over 20 other 35-mm and 16-mm theaters. Rum costs $1.50 a quart. For more information, write to Drawer 3867, U. S. Virgin Islands 00801.

COMIC RELIEF

What with today's grad students' writing theses on the social implications of *Li'l Abner*, it seems logical that there be a library dedicated to comicology. Well, leapin' lizards, there is! A veritable archive of the subject, the San Francisco Academy of Comic Art (2850 Ulloa Street, San Francisco 94116) features one of the largest collections of comic strips, pulp magazines and comic books on the planet. Files and displays are open to the public by appointment and a brochure is available for $3.50. As Captain Katzenjammer himself said, "It's der only plaze on earth vhere our whole lifes iss open books for der public to read as first geprinted."



LOOK OUT, LIBERACE!

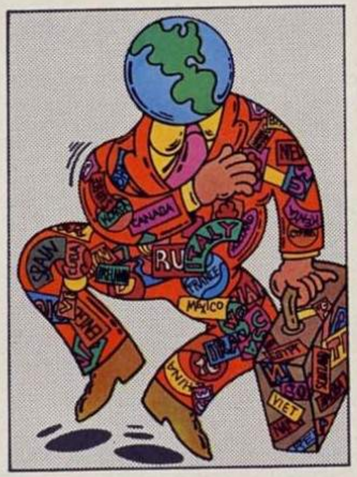
Allegro piano sounds like a set of instructions for a performer. But as far as the folks at Allegro High Fidelity (367 Market Street, San Francisco 94105) are concerned, it's the ultimate musical toy: a see-through electronic piano-harpsichord about baby-grand-size, with built-in quadrasonic hi-fi, receiver, phonograph and cassette recorder, all for about $3000. It won't help you find an honest agent—but you can't have *everything*.

CHEOP THRILLS

Those ancient Egyptians were really onto something, and the truth is coming out now—that pyramids are storehouses of cosmic energy, capable of keeping razor blades sharp or whatever. And thanks to the Great Pyramid Cheops Research & Development Company (8143 Big Bend Boulevard, Webster Groves, Missouri 63119), you can get a Pyramid Energy Plate ($3 and up) and other products that will give you Pharaonic powers—just like Boris Karloff in *The Mummy*.

KEEP ON TAPPIN'

Back in the Whole Earth Sixties, access to tools meant a place to buy a floor plan for your tepee. But today, what with the Government's escapades' reading like outtakes from *Mission: Impossible*, survival requires sterner measures. *The Big Brother Game* ($7.95 from Gnu Publishing, Inc., Box 6820, San Francisco 94101), a virtual encyclopedia on surveillance, provides the low-down on installing and detecting phone taps, picking locks, "surreptitious" entry and everything else you've always wanted to know about spying. After all, why should G. Gordon Liddy have all the fun?



IF IT'S TUESDAY. . . .

Want to join the world's most exclusive group of globe-trotters? If you've visited 100 of the 264 countries and island groups listed in the brochure of the Travelers' Century Club (10100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Suite 2060, Los Angeles 90067), you qualify. (Greyhound stopovers in Dubuque and Sioux Falls don't count.) There's a $25 initiation fee and annual dues; members get together (when they're in town) for dinners and special trips. Let's see, there was that gunrunning mission to Zaïre, the embassy job in Bhutan, the counterinsurgency seminar in Lesotho. Qatar? Have we ever been in Qatar, Reggie?

LAUNCHING PAD

Beds were made for sleeping, not for sex. After all, they're flat and lumpy and the pillows are in the wrong place. This uncomfortable situation has now been alleviated by the Love Pad (M. & L. Company, P. O. Box 759, Hugoton, Kansas 67951), a $49.95 polyurethane-foam slab that's specially contoured for two and designed with strategic nooks for ultimate pleasure during sexual intercourse. That is, as long as your girl isn't a midget.

MESSAGE FROM HOME

(continued from page 146)

figure of Hidalgo the Liberator, who broods over the mountains, and of the great *fiesta* in León, where he had long ago gone with his brothers before his father caught the dry-throat. Teodomiro's voice went flying around the big dark room like an eagle and out the door and into the street. And when the song ended the second time, the lady grabbed his hand and spoke into his ear.

"Please," she begged. "I never meant those ugly words. You're cured now. I can hear it in your voice, so quick, let's go home."

He pushed her away, reached into his right-hand shoe and tossed a sweaty ten-dollar bill onto the table.

"Again!" he shouted. "And still again, till the money's gone."

The *mariachis* were happy to oblige. Again Teodomiro sang and now people left their tables and gathered close to watch. What they saw was a boy not yet quite a man but almost. They saw his black hair fall forward across his face till he looked like a wild Indian from the mountains. They watched while he ripped open his fine American shirt and while he pounded his skinny chest with his fists. Again and again Teodomiro sang *Camino de Guanajuato*, which is the name of that song, and when his voice left him, the *mariachis* picked up the words, till at last the ten dollars was all used up.

"More!" Teodomiro yelled. "Don't ever stop."

He turned his pockets inside out. He dug into his other shoe. There were no more dollars left. He grabbed for the lady's purse.

"Money!" he shouted.

"No more!" she shouted back.

So he hit her, carefully and several times, not very hard, just enough to make her scream. The police came then, of course. And of course they asked to see his papers.

"Come along," they said. "*Vámonos.*"

He left quietly. The crowd followed to the street, hoping for a little action, but he got into the police car without a battle and it drove away. The crowd drifted back into the Club Rosita. The *mariachis* played Teodomiro's song one more time, because he had been such a good customer. The lady sat spilling black tears all over the table till her eyes looked 100 years old. Then the dance band came on. The floor filled up and the young men started pushing the trucks around.

"Of course, eventually, I'd like to direct. . . ."

PLAYBOY HOTS UP A HONDA

(continued from page 80)

Civic—certainly as neat a roller-skate-sized automobile as any known to man. Carrying a mere 1800 pounds on its 86.6-inch wheelbase, and available in base form for under $2800, the Civic provides nimble transportation while delivering over 30 mpg. But, unlike a lot of small economy cars, which tend to be rubbery and anesthetized—as if their engines and suspensions had been injected with Novocain—the Civic is a real trip to drive. It is so tight and tiny that it can be run more like a motorcycle than an automobile, with its driver whistling through holes in traffic and accelerating around obstacles as if he were astride one of Honda's four-cylinder 750-c.c. bikes and not in a car presumably built for sensible, economical motoring. The Civic has adequate acceleration, while its brakes, steering and gearbox are properly precise, to turn any congested city street into a fantasy stretch of the Nürburgring or the circuit at LeMans. What's more, it is amazingly quiet and stable on the open highway, and with a top speed approaching 90 mph, this wonderful little midget becomes an automobile with a wide range of usefulness.

The Civic is available in a variety of forms—semiautomatic, four- or five-speed manual transmission—with a choice of two engines: the overhead-cam, 1237-c.c. motor rated at 52 hp, or the larger 1488-c.c., 59-hp CVCC (Compound Vortex Controlled Combustion) version of the same power plant. This latter unit represents one of the most advanced internal-combustion-engine designs in the world. It uses a special Honda cylinder head that has two combustion chambers, the smaller one of which burns a very rich charge of gasoline, then spreads it into the larger chamber to promote clean, slow burning of the fuel. This "stratified charge" principle permits the Honda CVCC engine to run with great efficiency, flexibility and extremely low pollution levels without any complicated emission plumbing whatsoever. If you purchase this engine in combination with the optional five-speed transmission, the hatchback and a variety of trim items, a Civic can cost over $3500, which still keeps even a loaded model in a very low-priced league by today's standards.

Our car began life as a simple, unadorned, three-door CVCC model with four-speed transmission and a radio as the only significant option. (A duplicate of this can be driven out the door of most Honda dealerships for about $3200, depending on local taxes, etc.) It was then transported to the shop of Ron Nash Engineering in the bucolic Upstate village of Perry, New York.

Nash, who is one of the most talented of the young high-performance-car designer/fabricators in America, then set

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It's a fact.

The herb, of course, is *cannabis sativa*. Otherwise known as marijuana, pot, grass, hemp, boo, mary-jane, ganja—the nicknames are legion.

So are the people who smoke it.

By all reckoning, it's fast becoming the new national pastime. Twenty-six million smokers, by some accounts—lots more by others. Whatever the estimate, a staggeringly high percentage of the population become potential criminals simply by being in possession of it. And the numbers are increasing.

For years, we've been told that marijuana leads to madness, sex crimes, hard-drug usage and even occasional warts.

Pure Victorian poppycock.

In 1894, The Indian Hemp Commission reported marijuana to be relatively harmless. A fact that has been substantiated time and again in study after study.

Including, most recently, by the President's own Commission. This report stands as an indictment of the pot laws themselves.

And that's why more and more legislators are turning on to the fact that the present marijuana laws are as archaic as dear old Victoria's code of morality. And that they must be changed. Recently, the state of Oregon did, in fact, decriminalize marijuana. Successfully.

Other states are beginning to move in that direction. They must be encouraged.

NORML has been and is educating the legislators, working in the courts and with the lawmakers to change the laws. We're doing our best, but still, we need help. Yours.

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out to modify the Civic in behalf of greater sportiness without wallet-busting expense. His first move was to discard the skinny, stock Honda wheels and tires and replace them with custom versions that offer both better performance and more appealing looks. The wheels, Victory Mags from Dan Gurney Industries, Santa Ana, California, are 13-inch, 5½-inch-wide GT style mounted with a set of the sticky, long-wearing, low-profile BR-13 T/A Radials from B. F. Goodrich. These wheels and tires, in combination with a slight lowering of the suspension, prompted Nash to flare the fenders to accommodate the wider shoes.

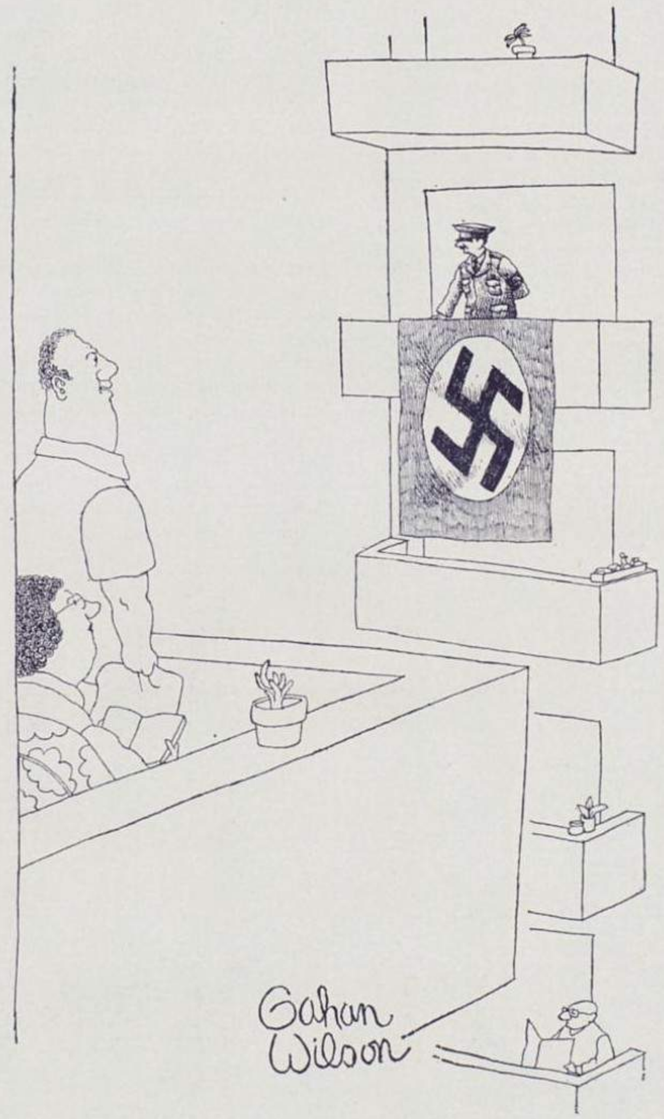
While ex–racing champion Dan Gurney lent his name to the Honda's wheels, another superdriver had his trademark on a number of other accessories. Mark Donohue, whose Racemark brand (distributed through B & B Auto Sport, Ltd., Burnt Hills, New York) is embossed on an excellent line of steering wheels, racing gear, etc., markets a selection of superior European seats that provide outstanding comfort and lateral support in combination with light weight. These Carrera Racing Bucket seats were installed in front (although the stock Honda seats are surprisingly effective for a car of its size and price). These, in combination with a small-diameter, leather-rimmed, competition-style Racemark steering wheel, produce an environment that could delude the most jaded driver into thinking he was seated behind the wheel of some fire-breathing race car on the grid at Watkins Glen. Because the cheaper Civics come with rudimentary instrumentation (speedometer, gas and water-temperature gauges, plus a collection of idiot lights—although a more complete selection is optional), Nash fabricated a small instrument pod in which he installed a highly readable and reliable Stewart-Warner "Stage 3" speedometer, tachometer, ammeter and oil-pressure, water-temperature and gas gauges. Like the other changes, these instruments enhance not only the function but also the cosmetics of our Civic.

In order to keep costs within reasonable limits, little was done to the externals of the car, other than to change the location of the turn signals that had to be mounted by the factory in front of the grille to meet Government-mandated specifications. Not being beholden to the whims of bureaucracy, we shifted the lights to a spot below the bumper, where they are tucked just above a small, durable B & B Auto Sport spoiler. Like most Japanese manufacturers, Honda has a styling department that cannot resist frosting otherwise clean, functional body surfaces with a plethora of chrome gewgaws and name plates. After a number of these were scoured away in the name of aesthetics, the Honda was painted black and given a restrained accent of pinstriping by the skilled hand of Dick Dawson of Warsaw, New York.

The result is a truly appealing little automobile. The wider wheels and tires give the Civic superior handling qualities without magnifying any of the steering eccentricities (mainly erratic steering while turning under power) found in some front-wheel-drive systems. The seats and other interior additions aid both the comfort and the efficiency of the driver and the cosmetics give the automobile a kind of head-turning distinction without making it look like a refugee from a rod-and-custom show.

While Nash will build a facsimile of this machine for $1500 (plus the car), any variation on the theme is possible, ranging from a cautious, first-step installation of the Racemark steering wheel (approximately $70, complete) to a balls-out enterprise that might include everything from B & B's optional electric window lifts to a sun roof to a tweaked-up engine. The ultimate Civic might cost you over $5000, but when you consider the realities of the present automotive market, wherein the VW Scirocco runs nearly $5500, the BMW 2002 over $6000, the Porsche 914 about $7000, etc., the outlay for a special Civic becomes a mighty nickel-nosed way to get into the tricky-car league.

And just think of the splash you'll make when you roll up in front of the unemployment office!



"I can't say I like the looks of that at all!"

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 74)*

old and the married ladies, right? Except in beauty parlors. But, about me, the rumors were incredible, even though since Sonny, I've had only two boyfriends—David and Gregg.

PLAYBOY: Was your relationship with David something fairly serious?

CHER: Oh, yeah. He's incredible. He's the—I was about to say he's the best I've ever known, but I'd get in a lot of trouble there. Ha-ha. David is magic to me. I've seen him deal with people, and I've seen him deal with me, and I don't know anybody who knows the Dave Geffen I know. It's real odd. For 15 months, I was with David day and night. I never saw him do a thing that I thought was not right by his artists. It seems to me that most men deal with each other strangely; they're not honest. When I say something, that's what I mean; I don't say one thing and mean another. But that's not what goes on with most men. But I found David above reproach in every way. He's a genius. He takes good care of his artists, he believes in them, he has supported them until they hit. He yells a lot, yells like crazy, he attacks you until you give in. He's total energy. But I never met anyone kinder or more amiable.

PLAYBOY: Why did you stop seeing each other?

CHER: Because he wanted to get married and I didn't. He was ready and I wasn't. I'd been and he hadn't. It was a pay-or-play deal.

PLAYBOY: Have your romantic complications led you into feminism at all?

CHER: Not really. My producer, George Schlatter, says I'm a product of the women's movement, a first-generation product of it. My image on the show is a little more aggressive, in that I'm certainly not Julie Andrews, you know. But I don't agree with the extreme movement. I'm not looking to beat out any guy in arm wrestling. I really dig men. I'm a human being and I don't want to prove anything else. Since men are bigger than us, we've learned to be the sneakier of the two sexes, to trick men and be cute about it; but, in the long run, they've been maneuvered. That is not good for either sex.

But things are changing and men have to adjust to all this. A friend of mine wrote a book about this guy who could get a girl's bra off in 13 seconds. But when girls started going without bras, it made him crazy. He had worked on this art for so long that to lose it made him uptight, even though the need for it was gone. You either change or get screwed. The stud thing is really not so hip. Like, rock-'n'-roll singers haven't got great physiques. They're skinny but terrific, and they don't feel they have to walk around like Popeye with muscles bulging.

PLAYBOY: What kind of man turns you on?

CHER: No particular type. Except lately I like men without brown eyes.

PLAYBOY: Do you prefer musicians and actors?

CHER: I *do* have a thing about musicians, but I'm not big on actors. They seem kind of amusing, but that's about it—fun to talk to, but no one's home upstairs.

PLAYBOY: As far as braininess goes, there's a story that you once thought Mount Rushmore was a natural rock formation, sculpted by God. Is that true?

CHER: I must tell you it is. When I first told Sonny, he said, "Cher, either you're the stupidest person I ever met or you've got more faith than anyone in the world." I also used to think the sun was the other side of the moon. When a solar eclipse came along, I was so banged up I didn't know what the fuck was going on. I believed that for years, until I was 18 or 19.

PLAYBOY: Are you political at all?

CHER: I don't understand politics. I don't even know who was a good President. The first President I knew about was Eisenhower and all I remember about him is that he was a good golfer and Mamie had beautiful bangs.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in God? Or religion?

CHER: Religion is a convenient crutch; it clutters the main message of what being good is and what God is. I don't need the interference of churches. I talk to God all the time, say, "Hi, how're You doing?" It's not praying; I just feel Him there. So I choose to believe in God not as a person but as a goodness.

PLAYBOY: Were you raised in a church background?

CHER: Well, I went to Catholic school. I wasn't a Catholic, but I got A's on all my catechism tests. I never could get behind the idea of penance, though. Once, when I was a kid, I said, "Mother So-and-so looks like Joe E. Brown." Well, that nun beat the absolute shit out of me; beat me to a pulp and made me say the Rosary on my knees across the schoolyard. It was a killer, *but* I still believe in God and America, even if it's bad for my image.

Everybody is looking for something to believe in. In our life, there're great heights and great depths, and you can really deal with those. I mean, when you're having great heights, who thinks about anything? And when you're down, you just try to pull yourself together. But when you get this thing in between, this shade of gray that happens, you don't know how to deal with it and it becomes like a gnawing feeling inside you. I guess you just have to say, "Well, this is a gray day; screw it. Tomorrow it will be either high or low."

PLAYBOY: What are some of your highs?

CHER: Doing a show is really a great high. Most performers would work even if they didn't get any money. One time we were doing a gig in San Francisco and some people invited us to a party where Truman Capote was going to be, and this other writer was there. He's a big muckety-muck writer in San Francisco and he had a young wife. I don't really remember what his name was; it was a long time ago. His wife was kind of bitchy, I thought, because all she would drink was champagne, and there wasn't any, so they had to send someone out to get it. We were sitting around this table, and this one guy said that none of us liked what we were doing, that we were just doing it for the money. And people started saying, "That's not true," and everyone was really getting, you know, dramatic about the whole situation. And I thought, Screw it, I'm not going to get into this conversation. So I started talking to the guy who lived in the house, because he'd decorated it beautifully and I thought it was great. So he and I were talking about that, and the terrific salad that the cook had made, when Sonny and Truman got into this fight. I thought, Well, Sonny is a big boy, he can take care of himself. And I'm sitting there, when all of a sudden Truman Capote turned to me and said, "I want to know what you think about this." I looked at these 12 people sitting around the table and I said, "You guys don't care what I think about this, and I don't care if you care. *I* don't care what I think about it, either." And he said, "No, why do you think you're doing this? Why do you think people perform?" I shrugged and told him, "I honestly think it has something to do with something that was lacking when you were small. Because all it is when you perform and people clap for you—it's that these people out there love you for that moment. Certainly, you're expressing yourself, but what you're getting back is just love."

When I go out onto a stage and people clap, I get this kind of warm feeling that I'm in a place where I'm comfortable, that these people have come to see me because they like me. And what a terrific feeling. Like, when I walked out onto the stage by myself for the first time after splitting with Sonny. My legs were shaking so I couldn't believe it and my mother was out there in the audience and she began crying and I looked over and there was Bob Mackie crying, and everybody else was crying. I just said, "Hi, how're you doing? My name is Cher." And everybody just started screaming and yelling and I thought, My God, this is overwhelming.

PLAYBOY: If it's that good, you must get really hungry for that recognition when it's not happening.

CHER: I'll tell you the truth. For the year that I didn't work, man, I was bananas. I was really going crazy. And that's not good, either. I'm glad I went through it, though, because I realized there will be a time when I won't be working, people won't be wanting to see me, people won't be giving me all this applause.

Sometimes you wonder if it's worth it. It's such a hassle trying to hold on to your career, you know? And when your career is gone—because it goes for everybody, you know—how do you handle your life? When you go home and take your make-up off, who are you? That's why I don't go around the house in diamonds or bugle-beaded pajamas, because there's a time for that and there's a time for just trying to find out who you are. I've learned that behind Cher the performer there's got to be Cher the person, somebody I'll be able to fall back on, who will be content to do something—or nothing—and just be happy.

The older I get, the more I have to have a *reason* for being. And it has to be something more than just hanging out or going to parties and being on the *numero-uno* list.

PLAYBOY: Do you fear growing older?

CHER: I *am* afraid of growing old. It's really a drag. At 65, you have to retire and go eat dog food, do whatever. You can't dance anymore, you have wrinkles and what good are you? It's a shame to be discarded because of something that happens to everybody. We're all into tight asses and tits that won't hold a pencil under them. Old is like an enemy you have to make peace with before you get there.

PLAYBOY: And have you made peace with getting there—on your own?

CHER: When I found myself alone and started doing and seeing the things I'd always wanted to, I was disappointed. I'd built them up. I've made some good friends, but on my own I find that the world is a harder place than it was when I had Sonny to protect me. I didn't think it would be so rough.

"You know what they say, Miss Bristow, 'A watched pot never boils.'"

NELSON ROCKEFELLER

(continued from page 92)

that he's shorter and fatter than you would have expected from his pictures. He is also older in appearance. There's a splotchiness to his skin that suggests the palsy and liver ailments of the old. There is one other thing. The face doesn't really hold together after the smile. When he can't hold that half-grimace, half-smile any longer, his face begins to decompose and reveal him for what he is—a fairly tired, very overextended older man. Still, that huge energy propels him through dozens of events each day, in and out of cars and planes, with the smile always back in place at the right moment. It's as if a new motor has been implanted in a body too old for the strain. There is a persistent sense that something has to give soon.

Even in his older years, Rocky continues to demonstrate a warmth and charm that are not totally contrived. He was educated to be warm and open in a fraternity-boy sort of way, and one senses that after these many years, it sits naturally with him. Rocky is as alive and sexy as he is rich and cunning, and it is just that package that has made him so formidable and dangerous. The charm works right up to the point that you remember something like Tom Wicker's book on Attica. But too often he gets to set the stage and then he can really milk an audience.

That night at the Museum of Modern Art, Rockefeller gave a speech about enthusiasm, and, in particular, enthusiasm for art and artists. His great observation, then as so often, was that ideas and art need not be threatening to the rich of this country if only the rich will learn to manage those ideas properly. To make that point, he went back to an incident involving Henry Luce, founder of Time Inc., who, along with Rockefeller, was one of the early trustees of the museum. But before he could get to that, it started to rain and the guests fled the garden. There were broken champagne glasses all around. Happy was wandering about, repeating what seems to be her one permitted line in public life: "So good to see you." She said it to me three times. I asked her in a moment of journalistic abandon if all of those ruined hairdos and broken champagne glasses and the other disarray symbolized the fall of the American ruling class, much like similar scenes in the czar's Winter Palace in St. Petersburg. But it was as if I had not spoken at all. She just said, "It's so good to see you."

Rockefeller was equally irrepressible. He was going on about the wonderful bed he'd bought Happy. "You read all about it in the papers, didn't you?" he asked. There was a "serious" woman art critic from *The New York Times* at the reception. She was one of five specialists covering the event—it involved the five *Times* reporters covering society, architecture, politics, art and fashion; so there was a lot of news fit to print. Rockefeller enthusiastically told her about the Max Ernst bed he had bought for the new Vice-President's residence in Admiral's House. Rockefeller always loves to talk about art, even in a crushed press conference in the rain:

CRITIC: I'm very interested in the Max Ernst bed you bought for your wife. [*Two schnooks from U.P. tried to ask about the CIA investigation he was heading, but Rockefeller was there for art.*]

ROCKEFELLER: You are? How about that? Have you seen it?

CRITIC: I have seen it. I'm writing it up for the *Times*. I was wondering why you would happen to buy it.

ROCKEFELLER: Well, I'll say it. I take all of the catalogs of all the exhibitions and all of the auctions and I saw this and I was crazy about it. Happy's furnishing the house, so I thought this would be my contribution—she's doing all the rest and I thought the bed was in the spirit that I believed in——

CRITIC: Thank you, thank you——

ROCKEFELLER: And I've always admired Max Ernst and I thought this was a very fitting entrance to Washington of Max Ernst.

CRITIC: What was the price?

ROCKEFELLER: *Don't ever ask about price.*

It was later reported that the bed cost $35,000.

After the interviews were over, William Paley, chairman of the board of the museum and of CBS, spoke of his 40-year association with Rockefeller in the running of the life of the museum.

The mood was chummy and Rockefeller was relaxed, so he told the Luce anecdote:

Let me end by telling you about a most interesting evening spent at the end of World War Two following a little dinner here when Henry Luce [who] was a member of the board of trustees . . . had a concern as to whether really modern art, so called, quote, unquote, was or could be a subversive influence in this country, and this was, well, it's hard to think of it now that way, but I'm going back, this was '45 and we had a dinner, Bill Paley, Jock Whitney, Henry Luce, Alfred H. Barr, Jr. [a professor of art history and first director of the museum] and myself. After dinner, we went around the gallery. The museum was closed and Alfred gave one of the most fascinating, interesting, perceptive philosophical discussions which he and Henry carried on. The rest of us observed and supported Alfred, but at the end of that evening, Henry was totally reassured as to the vitality of a free society and that rather than being subversive, modern art in all of its forms was the only true area in which freedom still existed uninhibited and that it was the greatest force for the future of America that we could have.

It is an anecdote that defines the role of the artist as one of political impotence.

When I went upstairs after Rockefeller departed with his "Good to see yous" and "Isn't the museum getting just terrific and marvelous?" even Picasso's *Guernica* seemed literally the castrated bull put out to pasture. They had done it again. When you hang out with Rockefeller, you know that there is a *they* and it's not a radical's paranoid fantasy. This man who chipped off the Rivera mural can somehow emerge not as a Brezhnev, bullying sensitive artists, but as what he calls himself—an "avant-garde collector." And the utter gumption of the man is epitomized by the fact that he thinks he did Rivera a favor by instructing him about the taming of his "destructive" or "subversive" emotions. It is in this same spirit that Rockefeller discusses the youth rebellions of the Sixties: "those times of emotion that we have to get behind us."

What Rockefeller wants from his art is what he wants from his politics. He doesn't want the rest of us to get "emotional," because to be emotional would mean to be pissed off at the Rockefellers. Get it? Anger, hate, emotion are expressed or contained in one corner of a museum. If you can accept that, baby, then make your funny-looking beds or weird constructions, or drip paint all over the fucking canvas; he couldn't care less.

It's only when the finger of the artist points at the sources of power in this country that he reacts. Do that and you're being rude, adolescent, simplistic, fanatical and, worst of all, emotional. People of real power are never emotional; they don't have to be, because they can just administer. If you have power and can just administer, then emotion is wasteful.

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Rockefeller's influence over the arts now extends into the worlds of symphonies, ballets, operas and individual fellowships. This is done through the vehicle of a lifelong friend, Nancy Hanks, who has been in his employ virtually throughout her adult life. She is now on the Government payroll as the chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts. Do you know what that means? It means that you are in your loft somewhere and there's no

"Oh, no—not a multiple premature . . . !"

money for going out for *tacos* anymore and you're about to give up on the whole bit—and how do you know you can paint or write, anyway, and who says you're special and why don't you get a real job, like, in the post office and forget this art stuff? Right? And just at that moment, an old professor of yours hears that you're going nuts and says, "I'll tell you what. I'll write a letter and maybe, just maybe you'll get a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts." And do you know what that means? Why, to begin with, you get a cabin somewhere in the country so you can get your head together and create. Your kid goes to a private school and isn't beaten up for a while and you take your love out to the best French restaurants. And you have a year to screw around and create, and you want to really know what? You don't have to produce a goddamn thing. They don't even want you to produce something, because then they have to edit it, print it or hang it, and that causes problems for them. All they really want you to do is acquiesce (know the word: Adapt with grace and the world's your oyster).

And Nancy, by virtue of her association with Rockefeller, is *the* lady in this country who can give you so much money that you can hardly handle it. And you want to know what's even more terrific? It's called a fellowship, and therefore a good chunk of it is tax-free.

Art has its place, all right, and Nancy has worked out a scheme to make sure it doesn't become a public issue. For those interested in the subject, I would recommend a reading of *The Performing Arts*—the Rockefeller-panel reports on the future of theater, dance and music in America, which Nancy told me contain ten-year plans already implemented to prevent the socialization of American art. What she means is keeping the power over ballet, opera, Lincoln Center, museums, etc., in the hands of the same people who form the boards of directors of the largest corporations—yet getting the public, you and me, through tax dollars, to pay for it. (In 1975, the National Endowment for the Arts received over $74,000,000 of the taxpayers' money and only $7,500,000 from private contributors.) Nancy told me that the Rockefeller art plan has already succeeded. It involves matching Government funds to tax-deductible corporate gifts and leaves power over the distribution of those funds in private (read corporate) hands. If it had not already succeeded, we might now have things like the BBC or serious arguments about what ought to be shown on friend Paley's CBS.

The Hanks-Rockefeller relationship is typical of a whole series of such relationships that he has had with women. They all involve strong personal as well as political ties, with the emphasis, as always, on loyalty to him. The women generally start out as idealistic volunteers in some Rockefeller-related project and end up as lifelong functionaries, as well as members, of his inner clan. Joan Braden is the closest of such associates.

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Joan Braden met Rockefeller in 1942, when she was blushing and beautiful and eager to help powerful men help the world. The idea that it might involve a contradiction has only recently entered her head. But back then, in the Forties, when the Rockefellers owned a nice chunk of Latin America, Joan actually believed that her boss, who was the Assistant Secretary of State for Latin-American affairs, was on the side of the peasants of Latin America.

Where do such ideas come from? Joan is a very intelligent and capable person. But who can believe that the Rockefellers, who hire people for a nickel an hour, also want to help them? The intriguing thing is that the Rockefellers themselves believe it. They were raised to believe it and an army of scholars was hired to provide them with the data saying it's true. So what's an impressionable young girl to do? Rockefeller mesmerized her with what are called facts and he told her of his best intentions. And he does have the best intentions. You remember you can't just take, you have to make them want to give it to you. So Rockefeller learned Spanish. He can say "Hi ya, fella" in five languages. He'll do or say anything to make it look like it really all does come together in the end.

Well, Joan—as often happens with unmarried women close to Rockefeller—found a husband who was also in Rocky's camp, and that was Tom Braden, who, two years after their marriage in 1948, became an official of the CIA. Now, let's not get paranoid—just conspiratorial or cynical. The CIA has never been a manifestation of right-wing hysteria—it has always been a Yale-Dartmouth-Harvard show. It is the old-boy network par excellence and Rockefeller has been as close to the CIA as any other man in America; and if that is not public knowledge, it only attests to the effectiveness of his press staff. Tom Braden has been one of the most significant public apologists for the evil (and I'm sorry, but trying to bump off Castro *is* evil) that the CIA has committed. Joan was the one who brought Rockefeller over to the CIA in 1954.

Last May, I was in the Rockefeller family archives in Rockefeller Center and I found a letter that said that Rockefeller was invited to CIA headquarters to give a talk. Guess who sent the invitation? Joan Braden.

Tom has described in some detail his work for the CIA. He was a division chief in charge of dealing with the cultural organizations and foundations that were fronts for the agency. When our exposure in *Ramparts* of some of these fronts caused a major flap, Braden wrote an article in *The Saturday Evening Post* titled "I'm Glad the CIA Is 'Immoral.' " He described funneling sums of money through the labor movement. As an illustration: "It was my idea to give the $15,000 to Irving Brown [of the American Federation of Labor]." Brown has worked directly under a fellow named Lane Kirkland, who is George Meany's number-two man at the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and also a close associate of Rockefeller's. Kirkland now serves on Rockefeller's Commission on Critical Choices. He told me that he had full knowledge of all CIA monies funneled through the A.F.L. and that they were all spent under his supervision. And he told me this in an interview

held during the very weeks last May when he was serving as a member of the commission that was supposed to be looking into abuses of the CIA's power. The farce of that investigation was obvious. All Rockefeller had to do was sit around with his buddies Kirkland and Braden and Richard Helms, former director of the CIA, and talk about what they knew. Or, more to the point, how much they were then forced to reveal.

Since the focus of their inquiry was supposed to be on the CIA's interference in domestic American life, the Rockefeller-Braden relationship has some interesting ramifications. For instance, we know that these gentlemen share a profound enthusiasm for cultural institutions.

Joan described how she and Rockefeller and Tom all got together. "[Nelson] actually got Tom to come down to the Museum of Modern Art, but Tom really worked less directly for him than I did. He worked for the board of trustees of the museum. He never worked, as I did, directly for Nelson. I met Tom through him."

There seems to be no limit to MOMA's uses, particularly when we refer to Braden's *Saturday Evening Post* description of what he was doing with other cultural institutions between 1950 and 1954 in his CIA role:

> I remember the enormous joy I got when the Boston Symphony Orchestra won more acclaim for the U. S. in Paris than John Foster Dulles or Dwight D. Eisenhower could have bought with a hundred speeches. And then there was *Encounter*, the magazine published in England. . . . Money for both the orchestra's tour and the magazine's publication came from the CIA and few outside the CIA knew about it. We had placed one agent in a Europe-based organization of intellectuals called the Congress for Cultural Freedom. Another agent became an editor of *Encounter*. The agents could not only propose anti-Communist programs to the official leaders of the organizations but they could also suggest ways and means to solve the inevitable budgetary problems. Why not see if the needed money could be obtained from "American foundations"? As the agents knew, the CIA-financed foundations were quite generous when it came to the national interest.

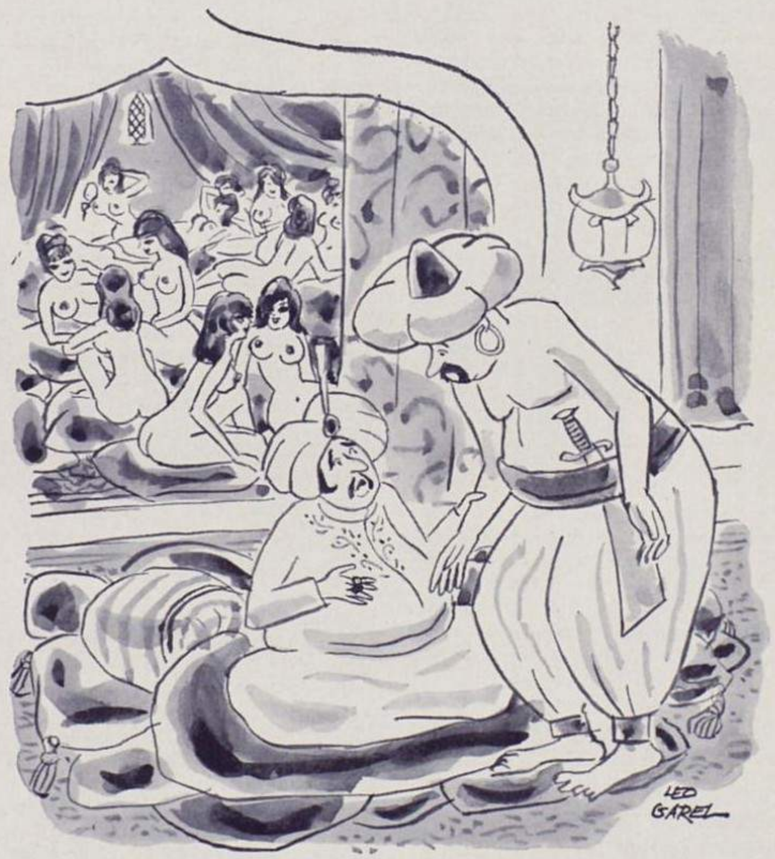
Now, of course, Rockefeller also knows a great deal about foundations and solving budgetary problems and one of the revelations about his generous gifts to friends concerned a loan he made to set Tom up with an Oceanside, California, newspaper. It would seem that the Rockefeller Commission should have begun its inquiry by investigating the Rockefeller-Braden relationship.

The connection gets so intricate that there are too many bodies in too many closets to keep up with. But let's focus on two. At the very time Tom was running those CIA programs, wife Joan was running quite a few things for Rockefeller—particularly the International Basic Economy Corporation (IBEC) programs in Venezuela and Brazil. It would be naïve to think that Joan would not want to coordinate such programs with the agency and that letter in the Rockefeller archives indicated a very informal working relationship between Joan and Rockefeller. At the meeting Joan set up, there were eight days of intensive analysis of the covert activities of the CIA throughout the world. All sessions took place in the auditorium of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

The first were August 4–7, 1953, and for those who are sticklers for details of this sort, the secret manual said that they met from 0900 to 1200 hours each day. The second group of meetings that Rockefeller addressed took place November 3–6, 1953. The whole affair was treated with great cloak-and-dagger secrecy, as the following excerpt from the official instructions indicates:

> This training course as a whole is classified SECRET. You are cautioned to guard your conversation going to and from the auditorium. Since passes are not shown upon entering the chartered Capital Transit buses, anyone may be riding with you and overhearing your remarks. You are also cautioned not to drop any classified papers on the floor of the auditorium.

Well, somebody must have dropped one of those papers and, as a result, I know that Rockefeller held forth on the role of the CIA in a changing economic world. He was then Undersecretary of Health, Education and Welfare, as well as the chairman and president of the board of IBEC and president of the American



"They can't all have headaches—do you think it could be my breath?"

International Association for Economic and Social Development. But it really doesn't matter which hat Rockefeller has on at any given moment. He wears so many and it is his firmest philosophical belief that there could never be any conflict of interest in anything he does or with which he is concerned.

If IBEC is in Venezuela and Brazil, and if Standard Oil is also in those countries, and if the CIA is there as well, then shouldn't they coordinate their activities? Of course, it will all come out right for the Rockefellers and for the country. It's a thick-as-thieves world he moves in and the cast of characters that assists him is fairly unchanging. His good friends Dillon and Kirkland were on the most recent CIA inquiry committee, just as, when Rockefeller was watching the CIA as a member of the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, he had good friends Johnny Foster (formerly in charge of research for the Defense Department and now a V.P. of TRW Inc.) and Edward Teller (father of the H-bomb) to help him out. If they didn't get enough time to chat at committee sessions, they could always meet at the Commission on Critical Choices; and if that weren't enough, there were those dinners.

For instance, right smack in the midst of the CIA investigation, Joan sneaked in a secret dinner to show Helms a little support. Helms was the guy responsible for a lot of the CIA activity that Rockefeller was then supposed to be investigating. He was hurting no matter how much Rocky tried to protect him. You may recall his flipping out at CBS reporter Daniel Schorr, calling him "killer Schorr" and what the papers the next day referred to as a "derogatory sexual expletive." Well, in the interest of historical accuracy, let me report that what I heard him say was "you cocksucker." They had to take Helms into another room to get composed.

So one can understand Joan's little private dinner of support. Only word of what was said there somehow leaked out onto the front page of *The Washington Post* and it was shocking, because the story had Robert McNamara, the head of the World Bank, offering a toast to Helms and saying, No matter what you did, I'm behind you. Which could be taken to mean condoning all sorts of violations of the laws of the land and old-fashioned decency as well. I asked Joan for her version of the dinner and was amazed to find out that her close friend Kissinger (they have a private lunch once a week when he's in town) was there, as well as Senator John Glenn, whose name had not appeared in the *Post* story. Joan conceded to me that the toast had been made but that the *Post* had gotten it wrong:

SCHEER: Was the toast at this party made by McNamara?

JOAN: They were made by McNamara, Averell [Harriman] and Stuart Symington.

SCHEER: But it was McNamara who was supposed to have said, "I don't care what you did, but I support it."

JOAN: The only reason I don't want to talk about that is that I didn't at the time—it was wrongly reported . . . I think it's wrong when you have people for dinner to talk about it. I never gave the guest list—it's funny the way it happened, the way the story got out.

SCHEER: But it's part of history now, so why not set it straight?

JOAN: Well, I will—I tell you, as a matter of fact, because I think Bob [McNamara] had said, in fact, simply that Dick Helms did not act without the approval of the President of the United States and the Secretary of Defense . . . his point was that whatever Dick Helms did was in the context of the decision by the President of the United States and the Secretary of Defense. . . . Basically, Bob McNamara is an unemotional man not given to this sort of thing, but this evening this guy was under attack, and they didn't come for that, but once here and realizing whatever you may think of Dick Helms or whatever he may have done, his own personal struggle over the last two years—being called back five, six times. . . . I had dinner with him and played bridge the night before he yelled at Daniel Schorr. . . .

Which is a cozy enough understanding, but it obscures some basic points. Helms goes back to the Allen Dulles days at the CIA—he, more than anyone around, literally knows where the bodies are buried, and he is still the Ambassador to Iran, whose leader, the shah, was reinstalled in power by the CIA. This gathering of the Braden clan to give support to Helms, when Joan's close buddy Rockefeller is supposed to be trying to get information out of him, is quite suspect. But this is a club that makes its own rules.

One little footnote as to why hubby Tom left the CIA: Joan told me that it was not a matter of political disagreement with what it was doing but rather that it didn't pay enough: "If you have no money and your wife insists on having ninety million children, then you have to do something to make more money." What Braden did was have Rockefeller set him up in the newspaper-publishing venture. Helms stayed on, not being one of the direct beneficiaries of the Rockefeller largess, at least as far as we know. But they are close friends, and in the midst of that investigation, there was yet another dinner with Helms, only this one was thrown by David Rockefeller at the Pocantico Hills estate. The occasion was the departure of the shah of Iran; it was the last night of his May trip to this country.

At a somewhat less elaborate dinner, which he bought for me at Sans Souci, Morrow described that night with the shah and Helms. We were a bit rushed, because Morrow had to stay up late to do the final edit on the CIA report. In fact, as we left his office, I jokingly offered to help with the editing, given my experience from the old *Ramparts* days. In response, he held up one of the many brown-paper bags around his desk that had the word BURN printed on it in big red letters.

He conceded that a great deal of thought goes into the selection of such a dinner list, and in this case it included David as host, Nelson, Dillon, the shah of Iran, Helms and Mrs. W. Vincent Astor. The discussion was serious and to the point. When it was completed, the shah took a small plane down to J.F.K. for his big flight home.

The point about dinners of this sort is not that any particular one can be singled out as the center of a particular conspiracy but rather that they are the normal way of doing business in this country. Rockefeller attends such a dinner virtually every night. There was one the night before with Kissinger and the chief of state of Senegal, and one a few days later with James Cannon, who runs the Domestic Council, George Woods, who used to run the World Bank, and Robert McNamara, who now does.

It is so much the norm of this club, and certain individuals are so securely members, that it simply did not occur to Rockefeller that for all he had learned about the activities of the CIA (or, more accurately, had known about all along), he should not necessarily be meeting socially with Helms a few days before a report was due on him.

But what of the other ironies of such a gathering? The Rockefeller holdings in oil companies are substantial and are presumably in conflict with the shah. Also, there was Dillon, of the big investment-banking interests, with holdings relating to Iran, and then, finally, Rockefeller in his other hat as Vice-President, representing all of us gasoline consumers. But it has always been this way. The dinners merely reflect and cement the understandings among the powerful. The interests of the average citizen are assumed to be represented by the good intentions and public spirit of the gathered elite. And there is no real difference between this style of operation and the official mechanism of Government with the exception that with the latter, a million lower-level bureaucrats are on the fringes of the act to provide some democratic cover. They do make lots of little decisions, but in terms of planning the big shifts of policy—like, do we have a cold war or *détente*? or how best to preserve the power of the multinational corporations—it's the business of the inner club, and Rockefeller provides the best illustration of that.

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There is no question but that in terms of the current planning within the Executive branch of Government, Gerald Ford is a bystander—a small-town politician—and that Rockefeller's old club is running things. It is certainly spinning the big visions about where things should go in this country over the next 40 years and making decisions that will very dramatically affect our world. And we are not, in any sense, participating in those decisions.

Rockefeller believes that American corporate capitalism is at a point of crisis in the world, and he is quite frank in stating that the working out of concrete plans for the survival of that system is the main contribution that he must make in what remains of his life. He believes that the system with which his family is connected is endangered and he speaks about it in such terms. He told me:

> A lot of people don't want to be bothered or upset or disturbed by these awful things that are happening abroad, but more and more they are coming to realize that this is the fact, and I happen to be a great believer in Darwin's concept of the survival of the fittest, those who can adapt to their environment. OK, that's the way I feel [and then he pulls you closer with those almost whispered tones of the Godfather]. This is a very exciting, open period, and if we are as smart and intelligent as I think we are as a nation, we'll work these things out, and if we get rid of the emotional things, I mean get them behind us . . . our emotional traumas are, I think, going to pass and we'll be able to settle down and sort this stuff out and approach it intelligently. I'm very optimistic about the future, I'm glad to see you. You really understand me.

By "awful things," he means poorer people in the world wanting a share of the pie; by "emotional issues," he means all of the resistance from Vietnam to Attica that people put up to his rule; and by being glad to see me, he means he thinks he's got me conned because I kept my mouth shut and nodded appreciatively every few minutes. But the real question in all of this Darwinian analysis is, Whose survival are we talking about—Exxon's and the Rockefeller family's? Isn't it about time that the idea that Rockefeller's interests and those of the average taxpayer are synonymous should appear ludicrous to us? How long can he get away with the notion that he is our neutral problem solver? Evidently, for a while yet.

When Rockefeller gave up the New York governorship, it was ostensibly to devote full time to the Commission on Critical Choices, which was basically a gathering of his buddies such as Herman Kahn, George Woods, Jim Cannon and Nancy Kissinger. He put up the first $1,000,000 and Laurance Rockefeller the second. They tried one session of elites under 40 to get some youth into the act and it turned out to be a disaster—"too unstructured," said Rockefeller.

The purpose of the Critical Choices sessions was for a group of Rockefeller's choosing to figure out the long-run plans for the rest of us. The group includes old friends like Nancy Hanks, Robert Anderson, chairman of Atlantic Richfield Company, John Knowles, president of the Rockefeller Foundation, Clare Boothe Luce, Daniel Moynihan, Paley and Bess Myersen. This private commission also involved Jerry Ford (as Vice-President), Henry Kissinger, George Shultz and the majority and minority leaders of both parties in both houses of Congress.

Remember, it was Rockefeller who said, "I'm a great believer in planning; economic, social, political, military,

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world planning." Does the question of class enter into this at all? "Not to me," he said. Which is awfully convenient if you happen to occupy the highest position of economic class power. It also allows the various commissions to proceed from the assumption that what's good for the Rockefellers, who are financing them, is also good for the nation. Therefore, they can serve their boss and the people as well. This becomes a more serious question when we realize that these studies are not meant to gather dust on library shelves.

Concretely, we do have Kissinger, who directs our National Security Council and our State Department, and his training for those positions was primarily in the Rockefeller employ. Rocky had been his boss for about 15 years. And Nancy is still in the Rockefeller employ. She has been in charge of the foreign-policy studies of the Commission on Critical Choices, which has systematically studied the prospects for and requirements of U. S. policy throughout the world. That is to say that while Henry is taking care of the day-to-day affairs of foreign policy, Rockefeller has wife Nancy charting out the long-range plans for different sections of the world (the *ménages à trois* of Rockefeller are endless).

As an illustration of the complementary roles of Nancy and Henry Kissinger, take Cuban policy and the matter of Nancy's sending James D. Theberge, now Ambassador to Nicaragua, down to Havana to interview Carlos Rafael Rodríguez, the Cuban vice-premier, on the prospects for improved Cuban-American relations. It was a detailed exploration of what conditions would have to be met in order to extend the "*détente*" with Russia to Cuba. As it turned out, Rodríguez was driving a hard bargain. He said that the U. S. had no right to impose an embargo on Cuba and that it must be lifted before there could be future talks. Although Theberge said that he had come as a private citizen, it was known to all that the wife of the Secretary of State, who also happened to be an employee of the Vice-President, had sent him. It was a bargaining session and a typical Nelson-Henry show. Again, they were speaking for us. It was long-range planning being done for the U. S. Government outside its normal channels. It was not at all under the purview of ordinary citizens. And again, this is not the exception but the rule.

On our flight to Virginia, the subject of Cuba and Castro came up. Rockefeller told me all about this unofficial contact:

> Castro's a pretty smart guy. You've got to hand it to him; he's lasted. The Soviets have helped him, but he's lasted and he's shown the kind of flexibility that it takes to move with an evolving situation. As part of our work on Critical Choices, we sent a fellow down there to interview his minister of foreign affairs—it's under Nancy Kissinger . . . you ought to read this thing, because it's goddamn interesting, and this guy's talking to Castro, I mean the minister of foreign affairs. It's a transcript and he says, look, sure we want open trade relations, but don't kid yourself. We are part of the Communist bloc, we're going to stay there and the bloc's going to get bigger and the biggest mistake you ever made was allowing our government to exist. He just lays it, he just tells it like it is . . . this is a very open, frank—I read it with fascination. . . . Remind Hughie that we ought to get you a copy of this thing.

But even with Hughie Morrow and Rockefeller trying to get me the document, it took three weeks, because Nancy and Diamond didn't want me to have it. The main reason for their reluctance was that it illustrates how Rockefeller and Nancy were making American foreign policy, even though the electorate had not authorized them to do so. Which is really how it works. You and I don't send scholars to foreign countries to explore the possibilities of *détente*. But Rockefeller and his staff have been doing just that for 40 years.

More than any other single source, Rockefeller's various commissions have been feeding the basic data and training the key personnel for our foreign policy. But what is less noticed is that he has a Kissinger on the domestic side by the name of Cannon who came into the Ford Administration from Critical Choices.

The Executive branch of the Government is divided into two funnels that basically feed the President all the data on the choices he must make. Those members of the Cabinet who deal with defense meet with the National Security Council. Those concerned with all phases of domestic policy go through the Domestic Council. Just as Kissinger is central to the functioning of the NSC, Cannon is the executive director of the Domestic Council.

Rockefeller is, by virtue of being Vice-President, a vice-chairman of the Domestic Council; but in this case, Ford asked Rockefeller to take charge of the Domestic Council and, in particular, to "direct the staff." The measure of his power was his selection of his trusted cronies to run this body. As Richard Dunham, who is now a deputy director of the Domestic Council, explained it: "It's essentially the staffing system, coordinating system for domestic items, matters, development of policy for Presidential determination and all the related decisions ranging from day-to-day decisions relating to more substantial questions, relating to fundamental or longer-range policies, but in the domestic area."

Rocky had become V.P. in mid-December, but it wasn't until March that he got Cannon into his job. One of his predecessors on the Domestic Council had been John Ehrlichman. *The Washington Star* asked Cannon: "When John Ehrlichman had the job you have now, the council was used as a way for the White House to keep its finger in everything that was going on. Is that still the case?"

Cannon's answer was typical Ehrlichmanese: "Our purpose is to develop a very good staff system which manages a systematic determination of what is going on in all departments . . . to bring matters together on one memo to the President so that the President can focus on the central issues and evaluate the argument for and against each proposal."

But Ehrlichman was working for Nixon, not Agnew. And there's poor Jerry Ford playing at being President, while Rockefeller's man feeds him memos about the vital choices that have already been worked out by Rockefeller's Commission on Critical Choices, for which Cannon worked. Any sharp executive secretary knows that the power to define the choices in the last and only memo to reach the boss is the power to make the decision.

How close is Cannon to Rockefeller?

Dunham said, "He's close. He has worked on both the Government side, as a go-between for the governor in New York and the Federal Government, and in the private payroll as a member of the staff of the Critical Choices commission. In that sense, they are close."

Dunham did not work for the Critical Choices commission, but his relation to Rocky is no less close. "We have worked together, well, it's now been over fourteen years. I've been at many social occasions with him." I asked Dunham if either he or Cannon were permitted to call Rockefeller by his first name and he said no, "The only ones who do are very close to him." It is possible for one to work closely for 14 years with Rockefeller and still not be close in a personal sense. I was told by several confidants that only five people call him Nelson: Morrow, Woods, Kissinger, Oscar Ruebhausen, a prominent New York corporate attorney, and Bill Ronan. Family-retainer types say Mr. Nelson, because they are around more than one of the brothers. So it's Mr. David, etc. Longtime associates, except for the inside five, call him Governor. Recent arrivals call him Mr. Vice-President. Cannon and Dunham aren't as important as Henry, so it's Governor to them. But they are loyal.

When one turns to look at what the Critical Choices commission does, it is clear that it feeds its recommendations directly into our Government's policies. Recently, for instance, President Ford ordered the chairmen of the Federal regulatory agencies to lay off the corporations.

"Your pad or mine?"

This had been a core idea of Rocky's commission.

The press was wrong to dismiss Critical Choices as just a platform for a Rockefeller candidacy. Rockefeller takes panels seriously and there is a direct connection between what was discussed at Critical Choices and the decisions that are currently being made by the U. S. Government. Rockefeller had the money to buy the best brains in the country and bring them in for interminable meetings to hammer out a consensus for the rest of us. It's not the only private input into the Executive branch, but there is no doubt of its strong influence.

As V.P., Ford was invited to attend Critical Choices sessions—and an examination of the proceedings indicates they pursued one basic goal: developing a new politics in this country to usher in the new era of corporate operation. It is Rockefeller's view that we have gone too far with social legislation, that the corporations, his and others, are hamstrung and that a new strategy has to be implemented that will "unfetter" the corporations.

It is now Ford's view that the Government should give "maximum freedom to private enterprise." Speaking of Ford's recent curb on Government regulatory agencies, *The New York Times* said that "in effect, the President called for a reversal of the nearly century-long trend toward Federal supervision of key industries and national resources aimed at regulating competition and representing consumer interests."

As Rockefeller told me, the starting point is the greatness of the multinational corporations. "The multinationals, in my opinion, have got to be one of the great contributions of our system . . . but, hell, they've got the greatest system for taking technology, know-how, management, capital to any part of the world overnight; it's the most unbelievable program for diffusing knowledge."

Critics of the multinationals point out that they are extremely effective in exploiting cheap labor, ripping off resources and generally making mockery of social legislation. Even Kirkland, who has been Rockefeller's token labor representative on the Critical Choices commission, has broken with him on this, because the top labor bureaucracy knows that the demands won by the unions (not to mention corporate tax reform, environmental controls, etc.) are being vitiated by companies' simply moving their production operations abroad and playing off one country against another. But Rockefeller the Godfather says Kirkland should not worry:

> ROCKEFELLER: Well, Lane's worried about exporting jobs.
>
> SCHEER: But he's saying that those corporations are escaping the progressive legislation.
>
> ROCKEFELLER: Well, what he doesn't say is that the American people want all the social legislation, they want ecology, they want safety, they want all this stuff, but they want cheap goods, too.
>
> SCHEER: But in the critical choices for Americans, are we now dealing with critical choices for different Americans—say, labor unions as opposed to multinational corporations? Are there different interests in America now that didn't surface before?
>
> ROCKEFELLER: There seem to be, but in reality they are inseparable.
>
> SCHEER: They're inseparable?
>
> ROCKEFELLER: I don't think you can talk about the interests of one group without talking about the interests of the other—they see themselves in conflict, but they are part of a web or warp and it starts to unravel the rest. Now, how the balance is maintained between those sections is very important.

And Mr. Nelson has hit it right on the head. How the balance is maintained determines who gets screwed and who does the screwing. Or, if you like his image of the web, the question is who's going to be the big spider weaving it. But the image I like best is still that of a family—a world family built snugly around the world-wide corporate interests of the Rockefeller family—a Protestant *famiglia* far more ominous than any old-fashioned Italian Mafia.

The real power in this country is not in the gambling casinos of Reno or in the Presidency. Indeed, it doesn't even matter very much whether Rockefeller gets to be President—that's an ego trip. He doesn't need it. He already has the power and he should learn from the errors of the Mafia chieftains who got too much of a hankering for public recognition. If he would only hold back more and let Jerry Ford front for him a little more often, we could all go on believing that America is actually ruled by Midwestern Congressmen. But Rockefeller is moving too fast, and in a time of economic recession, to have its richest and most powerful man pretend to be suffering equally with the rest of us and to be our neutral problem solver is so absurd that it is becoming obvious to the ruled.

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As the plane began its descent, the Secret Servicemen cut out their poker game, Rockefeller's family collected their personal items for the short trek to the Pocantico Hills estate and I pursued my interview with Rocky up to the last moment.

We finally landed in Westchester and Rockefeller and Happy, Morrow and I and the Secret Servicemen struggled through the aisle. Happy for the last time said, "So good to see you."

Rockefeller said, "He doesn't miss anything."

Morrow said, "He does his homework, Nelson."

Rockefeller said finally, "Take care, my friend. I'm very optimistic about the future. I'm glad to see you. You really understand me."

FLASHMAN

(continued from page 124)

triced up and flogged to ribbons. I was wild that this scum of the Whitechapel gutter should take his boot to *me*, but I have to be honest and say that I wouldn't have minded if I'd seen him do it to a native; it's a nigger's lot to be kicked. But it ain't mine.

I doubt if any commander in the old days would have done what Carmichael-Smith did in the way of preaching parades, either. I hadn't believed it in the barrack gossip, but sure enough, the next Sunday, this coffin-faced Anglican fakir, the Reverend Reynolds, had a muster on the maidan and we had to listen to him expounding the parable of the prodigal son, if you please. He did it through a brazen-lunged rissaldar who interpreted for him, and you never heard the like. Reynolds lined it out in English, from the Bible, and the rissaldar stood there with his staff under his arm, at attention, with his whiskers bristling, bawling his own translation:

"There was a zamindar,[12] with two sons. He was a mad zamindar, for while he yet lived, he gave to the younger his portion of the inheritance. Doubtless he raised it from a moneylender. And the younger spent it all whoring in the bazaar and drinking *sherab*.[13] And when his money was gone, he returned home, and his father ran to meet him, for he was pleased—God alone knows why. And in his foolishness, the father slew his only cow—he was evidently not a Hindoo—and they feasted on it. And the older son, who had been dutiful and stayed at home, was jealous, I cannot tell for what reason, unless the cow was to have been part of his inheritance. But his father, who did not like him, rebuked the older son. This story was told by Jesus the Jew, and if you believe it, you will not go to paradise, but instead will sit on the right-hand side of the English Lord God Sahib who lives in Calcutta. And there you will play musical instruments, by order of the Sirkar. Parade—dismiss!"

I don't know when I've been more embarrassed on behalf of my church and country. I'm as religious as the next man—which is to say I'll keep in with the local parson for form's sake and read the lessons on feast days because my tenants expect it, but I've never been fool enough to confuse religion with belief in God. That's where so many clergymen, like the unspeakable Reynolds, go wrong—and it makes 'em arrogant and totally blind to the harm they may be doing. I suppose he thought of high-caste Hindoos as being like willful children or drunken costermongers—perverse and misguided but ripe for salvation if he just pointed 'em the way. He stood there, with his unctuous fat face and piggy eyes, blessing us soapily, while the Moslems, being worldly in their worship, tried not to laugh and the Hindoos fairly seethed. I'd have found it amusing enough, I dare say, if I hadn't been irritated by the thought that these irresponsible Christian zealots were only making things harder for the army and Company, who had important work to do. It was all so foolish and unnecessary—the heathen creeds, for all their nonsensical mumbo jumbo, were as good as any for keeping the rabble in order, and what else is religion for?

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A few days after that parade, there was a gymkhana[14] on the maidan and I rode for the skirmishers in the *nezabazi*.[15] Apart from languages and fornication, horsemanship is my only accomplishment, and I'd been well grounded in tent pegging by the late Muhammed Iqbal, so it was no surprise that I took the greatest number of pegs and would have got even more if I'd had a pony that I knew and my lance hadn't snapped in a touch peg on the last round. It was enough to take the cup, though, and old Bloody Bill Hewitt, the garrison commander, slipped the handle over my broken lance point in front of the marquee where all the top numbers of Meerut society were sitting applauding politely.

"Shabash, sowar," says he. "Where did you learn to manage a lance so well?"

"Peshawar Valley, *husoor*," says I.

"Company cavalry?" asks he and, when I said no, Peshawar police, he says, "Didn't know they was lancers."

At which Carmichael-Smith laughed and said in English, "No more they are, sir—but it's a delicate matter, I suspect. This bird has got Guide written all over him. Shouldn't wonder if he wasn't a havildar, at least. But we don't ask embarrassing questions, what?"

" 'Nough said, then," replies Hewitt; he was a fat, kindly old buffer. I was just saluting when a wind sprang up and took the papers from his table and scattered them under my pony's hooves. Like a good little toady, I slipped out the saddle, gathered them up and set them back on the table, with the inkpot on top to hold them steady. I looked up to see Duff Mason, one of the infantry colonels, staring at me in surprise. I just salaamed, saluted and was back in the saddle. Hollo, thinks I, has he spotted something? But I hadn't given myself away.

The next morning, though, when the rissaldar called me out of the ranks and told me to report to Mason's office in the British lines, my heart was in my mouth.

I stood to attention on the verandah and went through the ritual of hilt touching. He was a tall, brisk, wiry fellow with a sharp eye, which he cast over me.

"Makarram Khan, former Peshawar policeman but with only a few weeks' army service?" He spoke good Urdu, which suggested he was smarter than most, and my innards quaked.

"Well, now, Makarram," he said pleasantly, "I don't believe you. You ride like an old soldier and you stand like one. What's more, here's an ordinary sowar who gathers up papers as though he's as used to handling 'em as I am. Unusual in a Pathan, even if he's seen service, don't you agree?"

"In the police, *husoor*," says I woodenly, "are many kitabs[16] and papers."

"To be sure, there are," says he and then added, ever so easily, in English, "What's that on your right hand?"

I didn't look, but I couldn't keep my hand from jerking. He chuckled and leaned back in his chair, pleased with himself.

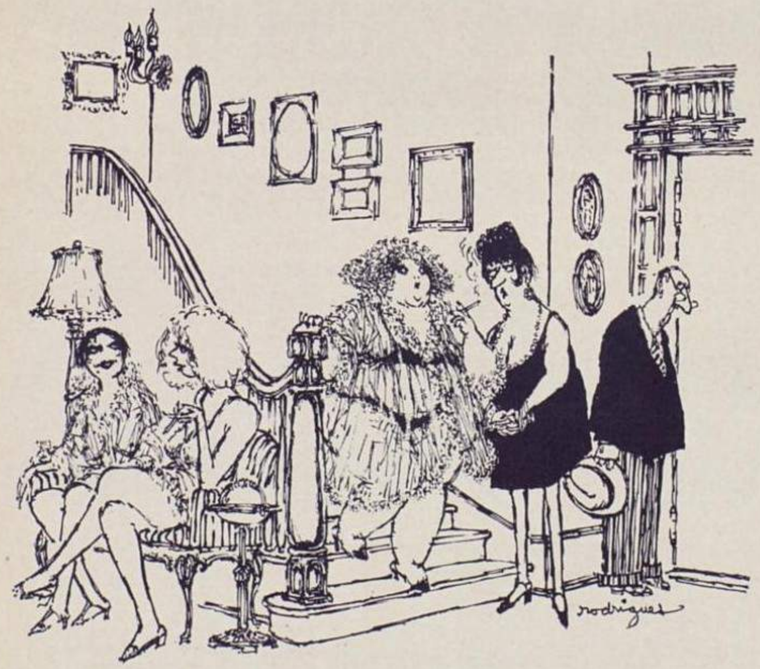
"I guessed you understood English. When the commander and your colonel were talking yesterday, you couldn't keep it out of your eyes. No matter, it's all to the good. But see here, Makarram Khan, why waste that education and experience buried in a down-country cavalry pulton?[17] It may take twenty, thirty years to make subadar,[18] or havildar, even. I'll tell you how you can do better than that."

Well, it was a relief to know that my disguise was safe, but the last thing I wanted was to be singled out in any way.

He went on, "I had a Pathan orderly for ten years, Ayub Jan. First-class man, but now he's gone back home, to inherit. He wasn't a common orderly, never did a menial task or anything of that order. Couldn't have asked him to, for he was a Yusufzai and a gentleman, as I believe you are, d'you see." He looked at me very steadily, smiling. "So what I want is a man of affairs who is also a man of his hands—someone I can trust as a soldier, messenger, steward, aide, guide, shield-on-shoulder." He shrugged. "What d'ye say?"

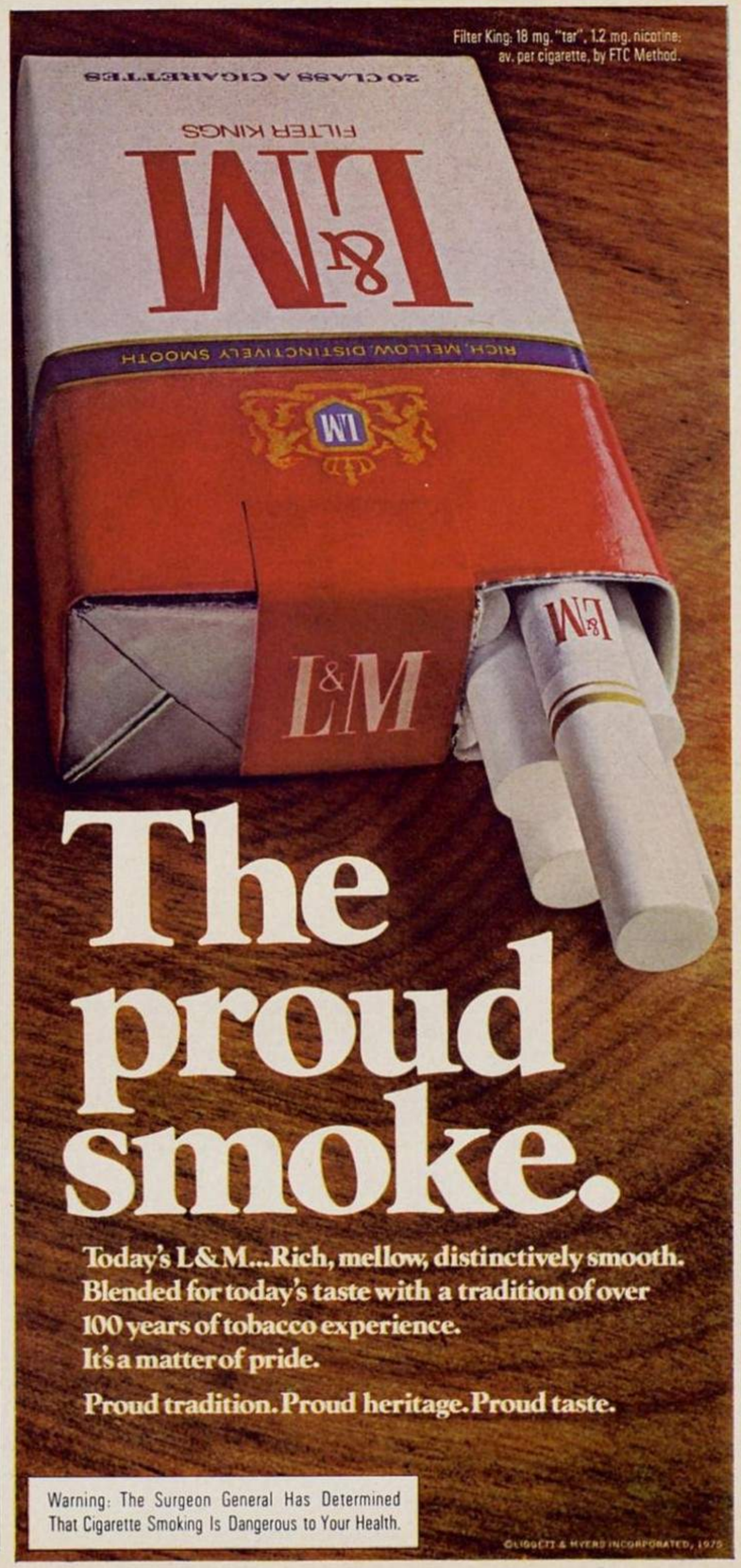
I suppose I looked just the sort of ruffian I myself would have picked had I been in Duff Mason's shoes. Pathans make the best orderly-bodyguard-comrades there are, as I'd discovered with Ilderim. It would be a pleasant change from barracks—though risky. On the other hand, any lapses into Englishness could be explained by the Guides past that Mason and Carmichael-Smith had wished upon me.

He said quietly, "If you're thinking that coming out of the ranks might expose you to recognition by the police or by some inconvenient acquaintance from the past, have no fear. There'll always be a fast horse and a dustuck[19]



"Ella, Mr. Lynch is quite put out. He claims that all he got was a wrinkle. . . ."

[12] *landowner*
[13] *strong drink*
[14] *athletic meet*
[15] *tent pegging with a lance*
[16] *books*
[17] *regiment*
[18] *native officer*
[19] *permit*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to see you back to the Black Mountains."

Fair enough—with this I had to accept.

"Thank you, Makarram Khan," says he, nodding to a table with a drawn sabre lying on it. I went over and put my hand on the blade—it had been so arranged that, with my body in between, he couldn't see whether or not I was touching the steel.

The old dodge, thinks I, but I said aloud, "On the haft and the hilt, I am thy man and soldier."

"Good," says he and, as I turned, he held out his hand.

I took it and, just for devilment, said, "Have no fear, *husoor*—you will smell the onion on your fingers." I knew, you see, that onion had been rubbed on the blade as a test. A Pathan who intended to break his oath wouldn't have put his hand on the steel.

"By Jove!" says he, laughing and smelling his fingers. "We'll get along famously."

Which, I'm bound to say, we did. What he wanted me for, it turned out, was to play the role of major-domo in his household. His bungalow was a pretty big establishment, just off the east end of the Mall and near the British infantry lines. With no proper *mem-sahib* and a nearly senile khansamah,[20] there was no order about the place at all.

Duff Mason decided I should make a beginning by putting his house and its staff into pukka order and I set about it. Flashy, Jack-of-all-trades, you see: In the space of a few months, I'd been a gentleman of leisure, staff officer, secret political agent, ambassador and sepoy, so why not a nigger butler for a change?

You may think it odd—and, looking back, it seems damned queer to me, too—but the job was just nuts to me. I was leading such an unreal existence, anyway, and had become so devilish bored in the sepoy barracks, that I suppose I was ready enough for anything that occupied my time without too much effort. Duff Mason's employ was just the ticket: It gave me the run of a splendid establishment, the best of meat and drink, a snug little bunk of my own and nothing to do but bully menials, which I did with a hearty relish that terrified the brutes and made the place run like clockwork. All round, I couldn't have picked a softer billet for my enforced sojourn in Meerut if I'd tried.

I've said there was no proper *mem-sahib* in the house, by which I mean that there was no brigadier's lady to supervise it. But, in fact, there were two white women there, both useless in management—Miss Blanche, a thin, twitchy little spinster who was Duff Mason's sister, and Mrs. Leslie, a vague relative who was either a grass widow or a real one and reminded me rather of a sailor's whore—she was a plumpish, pale-skinned woman with red frizzy hair and a roving eye for the garrison officers, with whom she went riding and flirting when she wasn't lolling on the verandah eating sweets. (I didn't do more than run a brisk eye over either of 'em when Duff Mason brought me to the house, by the way—we nigger underlings know our place, and I'd already spotted a nice fat black little kitchenmaid with a saucy lip and a rolling stern.)

However, if neither of the resident ladies was any help in setting me about my duties, there was another who was—Mrs. Captain McDowall, who lived farther down the Mall and who bustled in on my first afternoon on the pretext of taking tea with Miss Blanche, but, in fact, to see that Duff Mason's new orderly started off on the right foot. She was a rawboned old Scotch trot, not unlike my mother-in-law; the kind who loves nothing better than to interfere in other folks' affairs and put their lives in order for them. She ran me to earth just as I was stowing my kit; I salaamed respectfully and she fixed me with a glittering eye and demanded if I spoke English.

"Now, then, Makarram Khan, this is what you'll do," says she. "This house is a positive disgrace; you'll make it what it should be—the best in the garrison after Major General Hewitt's, mind that. Ye can begin by thrashing every servant in the place—and if you're wise, you'll do it regularly. My father," says she, "believed in flogging servants every second day, after breakfast. So now. Have you the slightest—the slightest notion—of how such an establishment as this should be run? I don't suppose ye have."

At all events, under her occasional guidance and blistering rebukes, I drove Mason's menials until the place was running like a homebound tea clipper. You'll think it trivial, perhaps, but I got no end of satisfaction in this supervising—there was nothing else to occupy me, you see, and as Arnold used to say, what thy hand findeth to do. . . . I welted the backsides off the sweepers, terrorised the *mateys*,[21] had the bearers parading twice a day with their dusters, feather brooms and polish bottles and stalked grimly about the place, pleased as punch to see the tabletops and silver polished till they gleamed, the floors bone-clean and the chota hazri[22] and darwaza band[23] trays carried in on the dot. Strange, looking back, to remember the pride I felt when Duff Mason gave a dinner for the garrison's best and I stood by the buffet in my best grey coat and new red sash and puggaree, with my beard oiled, looking dignified and watching like a hawk as the khansamah and his crew scuttled round the candlelit table with the courses. As the ladies withdrew, Mrs. Captain McDowall caught my eye and gave just a little nod—probably as big a compliment, in its way, as I ever received.

So a few more weeks went by and I was slipping into this nice easy life, as is my habit whenever things are quiet. I reckoned I'd give it another month or so, and then slide out one fine night for Jhansi, where I'd surprise Skene by turning up à la Pathan and pitch him the tale about how I'd been pursuing Ignatieff in secret and getting nowhere. If all were clear, I might even shave, become Flashy again and make tracks for Calcutta.

In the meantime, I was doing very well—eating Duff Mason's rations and tupping his kitchenmaid. Once or twice, it seemed to me that Mrs. Leslie's eyes lingered warmly on my upstanding Pathan figure and I toyed with the idea of having a clutch at her. Better not, though—too many prying eyes in a bungalow household.

Every now and then I had to go back to barracks, because I still had to muster on important parades when all sepoys on regimental strength were called in. It was during one of these that I heard the rumour flying that the 19th N.I. had rioted in Berhampore over the greased cartridges, as Ram Mangal had predicted.

"They have been disbanded by special court," says he to me as we clattered back to the armoury to hand in our rifles. He was full of excitement. "The Sirkar fears to keep such spirited fellows under arms! So much for the courage of your British colonels. Aye, presently they will have real cause to be fearful!"

"It will take more than a pack of whining monkeys like the Nineteenth," says Pir Ali. "Who minds if a few Hindoos get cow grease on their fingers?"

"Have you seen this, then?" Mangal whipped a paper from under his jacket and thrust it at him. "Even you Mussulmen, who lick the sahibs' backsides so faithfully, have begun to find your manhood! Read here of the great jihad[24] your mullahs[25] are preaching—in Arabia and Turkistan as well as India. Read it and learn that an Afghan army, with Ruski guns and artillerymen, will march on India. What does it say? 'Thousands of ghazis, strong as elephants.'"[26] He laughed jeeringly.

It was just another scurrilous pamphlet, no doubt, but the sight of that grinning

[20] *butler*

[21] *waiters*

[22] *literally, "little breakfast"—early-morning tea*

[23] *not at home; presumably, the salver used for calling cards*

[24] *holy war*

[25] *preachers*

[26] *This paper was undoubtedly the March 28 issue of* Ashruf-al-Akbar, *of Lucknow, which predicted a holy war throughout the Middle East, though warning against relying on Russian "enemies of the faith."*

"I don't think you fully understand. Just because you've reached the age of consent doesn't necessarily mean you have to give your consent every time you're asked."

black ape gloating over his sedition riled me. I snatched the paper and rubbed it deliberately on the seat of my trousers. Pir Ali and some of the sepoys grinned, but the rest looked pretty glum.

Old Sardul shook his head. "If the Nineteenth have been false to their salt," says he, "it is an ill thing."

"The sahibs have broken faith first by trying to defile the sepoys' caste," says Mangal. "Which pulton will be next? It is coming, brothers!"

I didn't value this at the time, but a few days later, I overheard Duff Mason, Hewitt, Carmichael-Smith, Archdale Wilson, the *binky-nabob*[27] and others talking on the verandah. Jack Waterfield, a senior staff officer, spoke of Berhampore and wondered if it were wise to press ahead with the issue of the cartridges.

"Yes, suppose *our* chaps did refuse?" asks one young fellow in the circle. "Mightn't it——"

"That is damned croaking," says Carmichael-Smith angrily. "You don't know sepoys, Gough, and that's plain. I do and I won't countenance the suggestion that my soldiers would have their heads turned by this seditious bosh. But if they get the notion that any of us show weakness—well, that's the worst thing imaginable. I'll be obliged if you'll keep your half-baked notions to yourself."

Duff Mason tried to get the pepper out of the air by saying he was sure Carmichael-Smith was right. "We might settle the question by putting it to one of the sowars—don't fret, Smith, he's a safe man." And he beckoned me from where I stood in the shadows by the serving table. "Now, Makarram Khan, you know about this cartridge nonsense. Will you take it?"

I stood respectfully by his chair, glancing round the circle of faces—Carmichael-Smith red and glistening, Waterfield thin and shrewd, young Gough flustered, old Hewitt grinning and belching quietly. "If it will drive a ball three hundred yards and straight, *husoor*, I shall take it," says I.

They roared, of course, and Hewitt says that was a real Pathan answer, what? "And your comrades?" he asks.

"If they are told truly by the colonel sahib that the cartridge is clean, why should they refuse?" Well, thinks I, that's a plain enough hint if Carmichael-Smith wants to take the poison out of Mangal's croaking.

The very next day, though, the barrack was agog with a new rumour and, for the first time, we heard a name that was to sweep across India and the world. "Pande?" says I to Pir Ali. "Who may he be?"

"A sepoy of the Thirty-fourth at Barrackpore," says he. "They say he was drugged with bhang. He shot his captain sahib on the parade ground and called on the sepoys to rise against their officers.[28] This may be truth or only a rumour—but Ram Mangal is busy convincing those silly Hindoo sheep that it really happened."

So he was, with a crowd applauding him in the barrack room. "The sahibs have put about a lie that the sepoy Pande was drugged!" cries he. "But the truth is that he would not take the cartridge. He is a hero defending our religion! The captain sahib shot Pande with his own hands, wounding him, and now he is kept alive for torture!"

He was working himself into a terrific froth over this and not even the Moslems contradicted him. Naik Kudrat Ali stood by silently, chewing his lip. Finally, I asked Mangal why he didn't go to the colonel himself and ask for the truth about the cartridges.

"Ask a sahib for the truth!" cries he scornfully. "Ha! Only the *gora*-colonel's lap dog would suggest that."

Well, one swallow don't make a summer and one agitator a revolt and none of this discontent seemed so very bad at the time. You can go into any barracks in the world and hear much the same. In spite of the sullen talk, the sepoys did their duty and the British officers seemed content enough. When the word came, though, that Pande had been hanged, I thought there might be some kind of a stir among our men, but never a cheep.

In the meantime, I had other things to claim my attention. Mrs. Leslie, of the red hair and lazy disposition, had begun to take an interest in me. It began with little errands, progressed to escort duty when she and Miss Blanche went visiting ("It looks so much better to have Makarram Khan than an ordinary syce," she told Duff Mason) and finally ended with the two of us going riding together. The excuse was that it would be convenient to have an attendant who spoke English and who could satisfy her interest about India.

I know what interests you, my girl, thinks I, but you'll have to make the first move. She was torn between natural revulsion at the idea of a black servant and a desire to have the big, hairy Pathan set about her. It was amusing to see her flirt a little in a hoity-toity way, then think better of it. I maintained my noble-animal pose, with just an occasional ardent smile and a slight squeeze when I helped her dismount.

One day, she said, "You Pathans are not truly Indian, are you? I mean, in some ways you look—well, almost—white."

"We are not Indians at all, *mem-sahib*," says I. "We are descended from the people of Ibrahim, Ishak and Yakub, who were led from the khedive's country by one Moses."

"You mean—you're Jewish?" says she. She rode in silence for a while. "How strange." She thought some more. "I . . . I have some Jewish acquaintances in England. Most respectable people. And quite white, of course."

Well, the Pathans believe it and it made her happy, so I hurried the matter along by suggesting a ride to the ruined temple at Aligaut, about six miles from the city. What I didn't tell her was that the walls inside were covered with the most artistically carved friezes depicting all the Hindoo postures of fornication. You know the kind of thing—effeminate-looking lads performing incredible couplings with fat-titted females.

She took one look and gasped; I stood behind with the horses and waited. I saw her eyes travel from one impossible carving to the next while she gulped and went pale and crimson by turns, so I stepped up behind her and said quietly that the 45th position was much admired by the discriminating. When she turned, I saw that her eyes were wild and her lips trembling, and so I gave my swarthy ravisher's growl, swept her into my arms and then down onto the mossy floor.

She gave a little frightened moan, opened her eyes wide and said, "You're *sure* you are really Jewish? Not Indian?"

"*Han, mem-sahib*," says I, thrusting away respectfully. At that, she gave a contented little squeal and grappled me like a wrestler.

We studied Indian social customs at Aligaut frequently after that, and if the 45th position eluded me, it wasn't for want of trying. I think back affectionately to that cool, musty interior, the plump, white body among the ferns and the thoughtful way she would gnaw her lip before pointing to the lesson for today.

By now, April had turned into May, the temperature was sweltering and there was a hot wind blowing across the Meerut parade ground that had nothing to do with the weather. You could feel the tension in the air like an electric cloud; the sepoys of the Third L.C. went about their drill like sullen automatons; the native officers stopped looking their men in the eye; the British officers were either quiet and wary or explosively short-tempered. There were ugly rumours and portents: A mysterious fakir on an elephant had appeared in the Meerut bazaar predicting that the wrath of Kali was about to fall on the British; chapatties were said to be passing in some barracks; the Plassey legend was circulating again. A great unease grew in the garrison and, without a word being said, one thing was certain: The Third Native Light Cavalry would refuse the new cartridge.

Now, knowing what followed, you might say something should have been done. I ask, what? The British couldn't conceive that the sepoys would be false to their salt and, damn it, neither could the sepoys. At that moment, neither side could imagine that the bitterness would explode in violence.

When Carmichael-Smith ordered a firing parade at which the new cartridge would be demonstrated, Waterfield tried to smooth things over beforehand. But even the older skirmishers pleaded with him not to ask them to accept the cartridge. I believe that Waterfield went back to Carmichael-Smith and tried to reason with him, but, nevertheless, the word went out that the firing parade would take place as ordered.

This was really throwing down the gauntlet, for one thing you learn as an officer is never to give a command unless it's likely to be obeyed. But, in spite of all, there we were one fine morning with our new Enfields; drawn up in extended line between the other squadrons of the regiment, which were facing inwards; with the rissaldar calling us to attention and Carmichael-Smith, looking thunderous, riding along the rank. There wasn't a sound. The baking sun was on our backs; every now and then, a little puff of warm wind would drive a tiny dust devil across the parade ground. I watched the shadows of the rank swaying with the effort of standing rigid and sweat rivers were tickling my chest. Naik Kudrat Ali on my right was straight as a lance; on my other side, old Sardul's breathing was hoarse enough to be audible.

Carmichael-Smith completed his slow inspection and reined up almost in front of me, his red face under the service cap heavy as a statue's. Then he snapped an order; the havildar major stepped forward, saluted, marched to Carmichael-Smith's side and turned to face us.

Jack Waterfield called out the orders from the platoon exercise manual. "Prepare to load!" says he and adds quietly, "Rifle-at-full-extent-of-left-arm." The havildar major shoved out his rifle. "Load!" cries Jack and adds again, "Cartridge-is-brought-to-the-left-hand-right-elbow-raised-tear-off-top-of-cartridge-with-fingers-by-dropping-elbow."

This was the moment; you could feel the rank sway forward ever so little as the havildar major, his bearded face intent, held up the little, shiny brown cylinder, tore it across and poured the powder into his barrel. There was just a suspicion of a sigh from the rank as the ramrod drove the charge home. He came to attention again. Waterfield gave him the "Present" and "Fire" and the single demonstration shot cracked across the great parade ground.

"Now," says Carmichael-Smith, "you have seen the havildar major, a soldier of high caste, take the cartridge. He knows the grease with which it is waxed is pure. I assure you again that nothing offensive to Hindoo or Moslem is being offered you. I would not permit it. Carry on, Havildar Major."

Obeying, he came along the line with two naiks carrying bags of cartridges and I heard the repeated murmur of refusal, "*Nahin*, Havildar Major Sahib, *nahin*." I could see Carmichael-Smith's hand clutched white on his rein.

When it came Kudrat Ali's turn, I could almost feel him stiffen. He was a big, rangy Punjabi Mussulman, a veteran of Aliwal and the frontier, proud as Lucifer of his stripes, the kind of devoted ass who thinks the colonel is his father and who even breaks wind by the numbers. I stole a glance at him; his mouth was working under his heavy moustache as he muttered, "*Nahin*, Havildar Major Sahib."

Carmichael-Smith's temper must have boiled higher with each refusal. Suddenly, his voice cracked out hoarsely, "What the devil do you mean? Don't you recognise an order?"

Kudrat swallowed with a gulp you could have heard in Poona and says, "Colonel Sahib, I cannot have a bad name."

"By God," roars Smith, "d'you know a

[27] *artillery commander*

[28] *The report was largely true as stated. Mangal Pande of the 34th Native Infantry attacked one of his officers, after calling for a religious revolt, then tried to kill himself. He was hanged, but later pandy became the British term for any Indian mutineer.*

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worse name than mutineer?" He sat there glowering and Kudrat trembled. Then the havildar major's hand was thrust out to me, his bloodshot brown eyes staring into mine, aware that old Sardul was breathing like a walrus at my other side.

I took the cartridges—there was a sudden exclamation farther along the rank—stuffed two of them into my belt and held up the third. As I glanced at it, I realised with a start that it wasn't greased—it was waxed. I tore it across with a shaky hand, poured the powder into the barrel, stuffed the cartridge after it and rammed it down. Then I returned to attention.[29]

Old Sardul was crying. When the cartridges were offered to him, he sings out, "Colonel Sahib, I have never been false to my salt. Ask anything of me—even my life—but not my honour!"

"Fool!" shouts Smith. "D'you suppose I would hurt your honour? Look at the havildar major—look at Makarram Khan! Are they men of no honour? No—and they're not mutinous dogs, either!"

It wasn't the most tactful thing to say to that particular sepoy; I thought Sardul would go into a frenzy, the way he wept—but he wouldn't touch the cartridges. So it went, along the line; when the end had been reached, only four other men out of 90 had accepted the loads—four and that stalwart pillar of loyalty, Flashy Makarram Khan (he knew his duty and on which side his bread was buttered).

So there it was. Carmichael-Smith could hardly talk for sheer fury, but he cussed us something primitive, promising dire retribution, and then dismissed the parade. They went in silence—some stony-faced, others troubled, a number (like old Sardul) weeping openly, but most just sullen. For those of us who had taken the cartridges, by the way, there were no reproaches from the others—proper lot of long-suffering holy little Tom Browns they were.

That, of course, was something that Carmichael-Smith didn't understand. He thought the refusal of the cartridges was pure pigheadedness by the sepoys, egged on by a few malcontents. So it was, but there was a genuine religious feeling behind it and a distrust of the Sirkar. If he'd had his wits about him, he'd have seen that the thing to do now was to drop the cartridge for the moment and badger Calcutta to issue a new one that the sepoys could grease themselves (as was done, I believe, in some garrisons). He might even have made an example of one or two of the older disobedients; but no, that wasn't enough for him. He'd been defied by his own men and, by God, he wasn't having that. So the whole 85 were court-martialled, and the court, composed entirely of native officers, gave them all ten years' hard labour. And, what was worse, a punishment parade was ordered for the next Saturday.

As it happened, I quite welcomed this myself, because I had to attend and so was spared an excursion to Aligaut with Mrs. Leslie—that woman's appetite for experiment was increasing and I'd had a wearing if pleasurable week of it. But from the official point of view, that parade was a stupid, dangerous farce and came near to costing us all India.

It was a red morning, oppressive and grim, with a heavy, overcast sky and a hot wind driving the dust in stinging volleys across the maidan. The air was suffocatingly close, as in the moment before thunder. The whole Meerut garrison was there—the Dragoon Guards, with their sabres out; the Bengal Artillery, with their British gunners and native assistants in leather breeches standing by their guns; line on line of red-coated native infantry completing the hollow square; and in the middle, Hewitt and his staff with Carmichael-Smith and the regimental officers, all mounted. Then the 85 were led out in double file, all in full uniform but for one thing—they were in their bare feet.

I don't know when I've seen a bleaker sight than those two grey ranks standing there hangdog, while someone bawled out the court's findings and sentence, and then a drum began to roll, very slowly, and the ceremony began.

Now, I've been on more punishment parades than I care to remember, and quite enjoyed 'em, by and large. There's a fascination about a hanging or a good flogging, and the first time I saw a man shot from a gun—at Kabul, that was—I couldn't take my eyes off it. I've noticed, too, that the most pious and humanitarian folk always make sure they get a good view, and while they look grim or pitying or shocked, they take care to miss none of the best bits. Really, what happened at Meerut was tame enough—and yet it was different from any other drumming out or execution I remember; usually there's excitement, or fear, or even exultation, but here there was just a doomed depression that you could feel hanging over the whole vast parade.

While the drum beat slowly, a havildar and two naiks went along the ranks of the prisoners, tearing the buttons off the uniform coats; they had been half cut off beforehand, to make the tearing easy, and soon in front of the long grey line there were little scattered piles of buttons, gleaming dully in the sultry light; the grey coats hung loose, like sacks, each with a dull black face above it.

Then the fettering began. Groups of armourers, each under a British sergeant, went from man to man, fastening the heavy lengths of irons between their ankles; the fast clanging of the hammers and the drumbeat made the most uncanny noise—clink-clank-boom! clink-clank-clink-boom!—and a thin wailing sounded from beyond the ranks of the native infantry.

"Keep those damned people quiet!" shouts someone, and there was barking of orders and the wailing died away into a few thin cries. But then it was taken up by the prisoners themselves; some of them stood, others squatted in their chains, crying; I saw old Sardul, kneeling, smearing dust on his head and hitting his fist on the ground; Kudrat Ali stood stiff at attention, looking straight ahead; my half-section, Pir Ali—who to my astonishment had refused the cartridge in the end—was jabbering angrily to the man next to him; Ram Mangal was actually shaking his fist and yelling something. A great babble of noise swelled up from the line, with the havildar major scampering along the front, yelling, "*Chupraho!* Silence!" while the hammers clanged and the drum rolled—you never heard such an infernal din. Old Sardul seemed to be appealing to Carmichael-Smith, stretching out his hands; Ram Mangal was bawling the odds louder than ever; close beside me, an English sergeant of the Bengal Artillery knocked out his pipe on the gun wheel, spat and says:

"There's one black bastard I'd have spread over the muzzle o' this gun, by Jesus! Scatter his guts far enough, eh, Paddy?"

"Aye," says his mate, and paced about, scratching his head. "'Tis a bad business, though, Mike, right enough. Dam' niggers! Bad business!"

"Oughter be a bleedin' sight worse," says Mike. "Pampered sods—lissen 'em squeal! If they 'ad floggin' in the nigger army, they'd 'ave summat to whine about—touch o' the cat'd 'ave them bitin' each other's arses, never mind cartridges. But all they get's the chokey, an' put in irons. That's what riles me—Englishmen get flogged fast enough, an' these black pigs can stand by grinnin' at it, but somebody pulls their buttons off an' they yelp like bleedin' kids!"[30]

"Ah-h," says the other. "Disgustin'. An' pitiful, pitiful."

I suppose it was, if you're the pitying kind—those pathetic-looking creatures in their shapeless coats, with the irons on their feet, some yelling, some pleading, some indifferent, some silently weeping, but most just sunk in shame—and out in front, Hewitt and Carmichael-Smith and the rest sat their horses and watched, unblinking. I'm not soft, but I had an uneasy feeling just then—you're making a mistake, Hewitt, thinks I, you're doing more harm than good.

When the fettering was done and the band had struck up *The Rogues' March*, they shuffled off, dragging their irons as they were herded away to the New Jail beyond the Grand Trunk Road. Damned depressing; and as I walked my pony off with the four other loyal skirmishers and glanced at their smug black faces, I thought, well, you bloody toadies—after all, they were Indians, I wasn't.

However, I soon worked off my glums back at Duff Mason's bungalow, by lashing the backside off one of the bearers who'd lost his oil funnel. And then I had to be on hand for the dinner that was being given for Carmichael-Smith that night (doubtless to celebrate the decimation of his regiment), and Mrs. Leslie, dressed to the nines for the occasion, was murmuring with a meaning look that she intended to have a long ride in the country next day, so I must see picnic prepared, and there were the *mateys* to chase, and the kitchen staff to swear at, and little Miss Langdale, the riding master's daughter, to chivvy respectfully away—she was a pretty wee thing, seven years old, and a favourite of Miss Blanche's, but she was the damnedest nuisance when she came round the back verandah in the evenings to play, keeping the servants from their work and being given sugar cakes.

With all this, I'd soon forgotten about the punishment parade, until after dinner, when Duff Mason and Carmichael-Smith and Archdale Wilson had taken their pegs and cheroots onto the verandah, and I heard Smith's voice suddenly raised unusually loud. I stopped a *matey* who was taking out a tray to them and took it myself, so I was just in time to hear Smith saying:

"Of all the damned rubbish I ever heard! Who is this havildar, then?"

"Imtiaz Ahmed—and he's a good man, sir." It was young Gough, mighty red in the face and carrying his crop, for all he was in dinner kit.

"Damned good croaker, you mean!" snaps Smith, angrily. "And you stand there and tell me that he has given you this cock and bull about the cavalry's plotting to march on the jail and set the prisoners free? Utter stuff—and you're a fool for listening to——"

"I beg your pardon, sir," says Gough, "but I've been to the jail—and it looks ugly. And I've been to barracks; the men are in a bad way and——"

"Now, now, now," says Wilson, "easy there, young fellow. You don't know 'em, perhaps, as well as we do. Of course they're in a bad way—what, they've seen their comrades marched off in irons and they're upset. They're like that—they'll cry their eyes out, half of 'em. . . . All right, Makarram Khan," says he, spotting me at the buffet, "you can go." So that was all I heard, for what it was worth, and since nothing happened that night, it didn't seem to be worth too much.[31]

Next morning, Mrs. Leslie wanted to make an early start, so I fortified myself against what was sure to be a taxing day with half a dozen raw eggs beaten up in a pint of stout, and we rode out again to Aligaut. She was in the cheeriest spirits, curse her, climbing all over me as soon as we reached the temple, and by the end of the afternoon, I was beginning to wonder how much more Hindoo culture I could endure, delightful though it was. I was a sore and weary native orderly by the time we set off back, and dozing pleasantly in my saddle as we passed through the little village which lies about a mile east of the British town—indeed, I could just hear the distant chiming of the church bell for evening service—when Mrs. Leslie gave an exclamation and reined in her pony.

"What's that?" says she, and as I came up beside her, she hushed me and sat listening. Sure enough, there was another sound—a distant, indistinct murmur, like the sea on a far shore. I couldn't place it, so we rode quickly forward to where the trees ended and looked across the plain. Straight ahead in the distance were the bungalows at the end of the Mall, all serene; far to the left, there was the outline of the jail, and beyond it the huge mass of Meerut city—nothing out of the way there. And then, beyond the jail, I saw it as I peered at the red horizon—where the native cavalry and

"Look, Jane, look. See Dick. . . ."

[29] *Flashman's account of this scene corresponds with that of most historians. Even though the cartridges were waxed, the sepoys were suspicious of their shiny appearance and were not placated by assurances that they could grease their own loads with nonpolluting substances or could tear the cartridges with their fingers rather than bite off the top.*

[30] *The British were, in fact, more considerate towards their Indian troops than they were to their white ones. Flogging continued in the British army long after it had been abolished for Indian troops, whose discipline appears to have been much more lax, possibly in consequence.*

[31] *Lieutenant (later Lieutenant General Sir Hugh) Gough was warned by one of the native officers of his troop on May ninth that the sepoys would rise to rescue their comrades from the jail. Carmichael-Smith and Archdale Wilson both rejected the warning.*

infantry lines lay, dark clouds of smoke were rising against the orange of the sky and flickers of flame showed in the dusk. Buildings were burning and the distant murmur was resolving itself into a thousand voices shouting, louder and ever louder. I sat staring, with a horrid suspicion growing in my mind, half aware that Mrs. Leslie was tugging at my sleeve, demanding to know what was happening. I couldn't tell her, because I didn't know; nobody knew, in that first moment, on a peaceful, warm May evening, when the great Indian Mutiny began.

•

If I'd had my wits about me, or more than an inkling of what was happening, I'd have turned our ponies north and ridden for the safety of the British infantry lines a mile away. But my first thought was: Gough was right, some crazy bastards are rioting and trying to break the prisoners loose—and of course they'll fail, because Hewitt'll have British troops marching down to the scene at once; maybe they're there already, cutting up the niggers. I was right—and wrong, you see—but, above all, I was curious, once my first qualms had settled. So it wasn't in any spirit of chivalry that I sang out to Mrs. Leslie:

"Ride to the bungalow directly, *memsahib*! Hold tight, now!" and cut her mare hard across the rump. She squealed as it leaped forward, and called to me, but I was already wheeling away down towards the distant jail—I wanted to see the fun, whatever it was, and I had a good horse under me to cut out at the first sign of danger. Her plaintive commands echoed after me, but I was putting my pony to a bank and clattering off towards the outlying buildings of the native city bazaar, skirting south, so that I'd pass the jail at a distance.

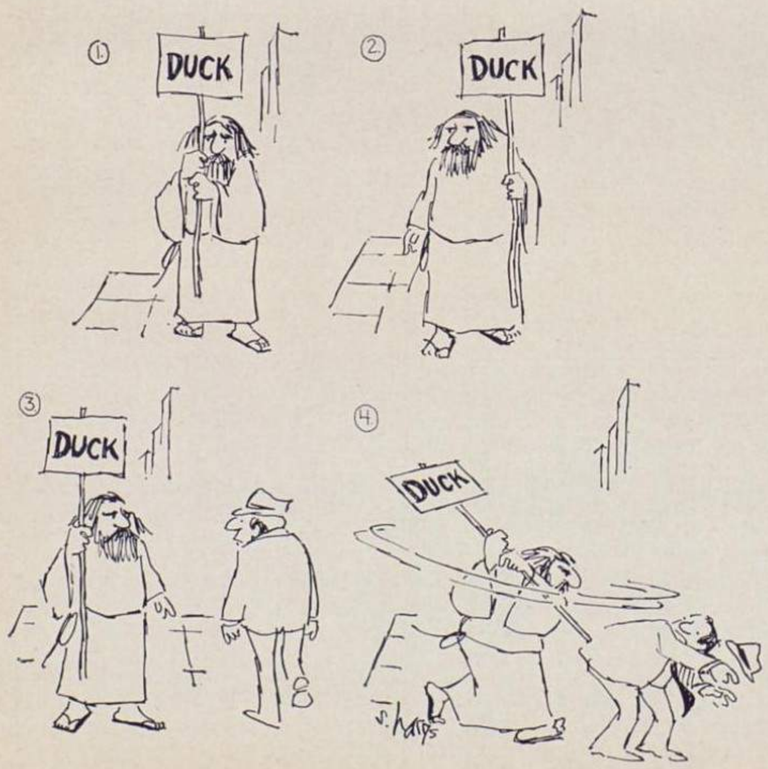
At first, there didn't seem to be much—this side of the bazaar was strangely empty—but in the gathering dark I could hear rather than see confused activity going on between the jail and the Grand Trunk: shouting and the rush of hurrying feet and sounds of smashing timber. I wheeled into the bazaar, following the confusion of noise ahead; the whole of the sky to my front beyond the bazaar was glowing orange now, whether with fire or sundown you couldn't tell, but the smoke was hanging in a great pall beyond the city—it's a hell of a fine fire, thinks I, and forged on into the bazaar, between booths where dim figures seemed to be trying to get their goods away, or darting about in the shadows, chattering and wailing. I bawled to a fat vendor, who was staring down the street, asking what was up, but he just waddled swiftly into his shop, slamming his shutters—try to get sense out of an excited Indian, if you like. Then I reined up, with a *chico*[32] scampering almost under my hooves and the mother after it, crouching and shrieking; and before I knew it, there was a swarm of folk in the street, all wailing and running in panic, stumbling into my pony, while I cursed and lashed out with my quirt. Behind them, the sounds of riot were suddenly closer—hoarse yelling and chanting, and the sudden crack of a shot, and then another.

Time to withdraw to a safer distance, thinks I, and wheeled my pony through the press into a side alley. Someone went down beneath my hooves, they scattered like sheep—and then down the alley ahead of me, running pell-mell for his life, was a man in the unmistakable stable kit of the Dragoon Guards, bareheaded and wild-eyed, and behind him, like hounds in full cry, a screaming mob of niggers.

He saw me ahead and yelled with despair—of course, what he saw was a great hairy native villain blocking his way. He darted for a doorway and stumbled, and in an instant, they were on him, a clawing, animal mob, tearing at him while he lashed out, yelling obscenities. For an instant, he broke free, blood pouring from a wound in his neck, and actually scrambled under my pony; the mob was round us in a trice, dragging him out bodily while I struggled to keep my seat—there was no question of helping him, even if I'd been fool enough to try. They bore him up, everyone shrieking like madmen, and smashed him down on the table of a pop shop, holding his limbs while others broke the pop bottles and slashed and stabbed at him with the shards.[33]

It was a nightmare. I could only clutch my reins and stare at that screaming, thrashing figure, half covered in the pop foam, as those glittering glass knives rose and fell. In seconds, he was just a hideous bloody shape, and then someone got a rope round him and they swung him up to a beam, with his life pouring out of him. In panic, I drove my heels into the pony, blundered to the corner and rode for dear life.

It was the shocking unexpectedness of it that had unmanned me—to see a white man torn to pieces by natives. Perhaps you can't imagine what that meant in India; it was something you could not believe, even when you saw it. For a few moments, I must have ridden blind, for the next thing I knew, I was reining up on the edge of the Grand Trunk where it comes north out of Meerut city, gazing at a huge rabble pouring up



[32] *child*

[33] *One of the first casualties of the Meerut mutiny was, in fact, a British soldier murdered in a bazaar lemonade shop.*

towards the British town; to my amazement, half of them were sepoys, some of them just in their jackets, others in full fig down to the crossbelts, brandishing muskets and bayonets and yelling in unison: "*Mar dalo! Mar dalo!*[34] *Sipahi jai!*" and the like—slogans of death and rebellion. There was one rascal on a cart, brandishing ankle irons above his head, and a heaving mass of sepoys and bazaar wallahs pushing his vehicle along, yelling like drunkards.

Beyond the road, the native cavalry barracks were in full flame; even as I watched, I saw one roof cave in with an explosion of sparks. Behind me, there were buildings burning in the bazaar, and even as I turned to look, I saw a gang of ruffians hurling an oil lamp into a booth, while others were steadily thrashing with clubs at the fallen body of the owner; finally, they picked him up and tossed him into the blaze, dancing and yelling as he tried vainly to struggle out; he was a human torch, his mouth opening and closing in unheard screams, and then he fell back into the burning ruin.

I don't know how long I sat there, staring at these incredible things, but I know it was dark, with flames leaping up everywhere, and an acrid reek pervading the air, before I came to my senses enough to realise that the sooner I lit out the better. For the moment, I was safe enough in my native guise, but I didn't want to be caught when the bugles sounded the arrival of a British detachment. So I put my pony's nose north and trotted along the edge of the road, with that stream of mad humanity surging in the same direction.

As I came level with the jail, I saw a huge crowd clamouring round bonfires and some freed prisoners forming up—I recognised Gobinda and several others listening to a sepoy who stood on a cart and shouted, "Death to the gora log![35] The sahibs are already running away!" Then the mob screamed as one man and took the prisoners up shoulder high as they all streamed out onto the Grand Trunk Road.

I could see the flames on the distant Mall, where bungalows must have been burning. Behind me was the riot-torn city; to my left were the burning native barracks; ahead was the road jammed with that mass of fanatics. My only road was to the right, across the east bridge and, by a long circle, to the British camp lines.

As I skirted the east end of the British town in the half-dark, all seemed quiet, but there was one ominous sign. An old chowkidar was lying beside his broken staff, his head beaten in—were they butchering anyone, then? Not far behind me, I could hear chanting voices and see torchlight among the trees.

"Help! In God's name, help us!" The voice came from a little bungalow among the trees—an English voice.

Without thinking, I slipped from the saddle, vaulted the gate and cried, "It's a friend. Who are you?"

"Oh, thank God!" cried the man. "Quickly—they've killed Mary!"

I glanced back and saw that the torches were still 200 yards away in the darkness. If I could get the bungalow occupants moving quickly enough, they might have a chance. I strode up the steps to the verandah and looked into a wrecked room with an oil lamp burning feebly and a white man, his left leg soaked in blood, lying against the wall, a sabre in his hand, staring at me with feverish eyes.

"Christ, it's a mutineer!" he yells. "Jim!" Before I could get my mouth open, someone sprang out of the shadows. I had an instant's vision of a white face, red moustache, staring eyes and whirling sabre. Then I was locked with him, crashing to the floor as I yelled, "You bloody idiot, damn you, I'm English!"

But he seemed to have gone mad; even as I wrested his sabre from him, the other man shoved his own across the floor and the one called Jim was slashing at me. Trying to shout some sense at him, I broke ground, fell over something soft and, as I struck the floor, realised that it was the body of a white woman in evening dress lying in a pool of blood. I flung up my sabre to guard against another maniac slash, but too late. I felt a fiery pain across my skull just above the left ear as the fellow on the floor screams, "Go it, Jim! Finish him!"

The crash of musketry filled the room. The man above me twisted grotesquely and tumbled across my legs. There were black faces grinning through the powder smoke and suddenly the sepoys were in the room, yelling with triumph as they hacked at the wounded Tommy with their bayonets.

One of them helped me up, shouting, "Just in time, brother! Thank the Eleventh Infantry. Three of the pigs, aieee!" While they went on to ransack the bungalow, growling like beasts, I crawled out onto the verandah and down into the bushes to try to staunch the blood—though the wound seemed not very serious. But I was shaken and scared enough to stay hidden when they went away, taking my pony with them.

Then it occurred to me that the idiot who'd come within an ace of finishing me was Jim Lewis, of course, the veterinary whom I'd bowed out of Mason's bungalow only a couple of nights before.

By this time, there was no doubt about the scale of the mutiny—I'd seen uniforms of the Third Cavalry, the 20th N.I. and the 11th N.I.—the whole Indian garrison of Meerut. But where were the

[34] *Kill!*

[35] *British*

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A WORD FROM SANTA'S HELPER. PAGE 39.

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two British regiments? In the two or three hours since the rioting must have started, I'd heard no bugles, no shouted orders, no heavy gunfire amidst the confusion. A terrible thought struck me and I wondered if it were possible that 2000 disciplined soldiers could be wiped out. No, not by a mutinous mob—but what the hell was keeping 'em, then?[36]

My best move now, it seemed, would be to avoid the British town—where there was a hell of a din and shooting—and to take the little drive that led up to the eastern end of the Mall and thence to our infantry lines. As I stole quietly along the road, I saw a bungalow burning like blazes with half a dozen sepoys firing an occasional shot into it. Across the road was Veterinary Surgeon Dawson's bungalow, where, I remembered, he and his wife were confined with smallpox. It was afire and suddenly the roof caved in with a great whoosh of sparks. Ahead, the path seemed deserted and I hurried on by the light of the rising moon.

Our bungalow wasn't burning, anyway. I had a pressing reason for going inside, but later I wished I hadn't. I knew that in Duff Mason's bottom desk drawer there was a Colt and a box of ammunition and I wanted them both as I wanted my next breath. The place was silent as a grave and, glancing through the window towards the Dawsons', I could see no sign of mutineers. I slipped through the chick door into the hall and there I fainted dead away—something I haven't done more than twice in my life.

Mrs. Leslie's head was lying on the hall table. The white body I'd fondled only a few hours earlier was lying naked a few feet beyond, unspeakably gashed. And in the doorway to the dining room, Mrs. Captain McDowall was huddled grotesquely against the jamb with a tulwar pinning her to the wall. Clenched in one hand was a small vase and the flowers it had held were scattered on the boards—I realised that she must have snatched it up as a poor weapon.

I don't remember getting Duff Mason's revolver, but later I was standing in the hall, keeping my eyes away from those ghastly things while I loaded it and wept. Why the hell should they have done it—men like Gobinda, Pir Ali, old Sardul? They wouldn't have done it to the wives of their worst enemies. I tell it not to horrify but to let you understand that after what happened in India in '57, none of us was ever the same again.

You know me and what a damned coward I am, not much moved by anything—but before I left, I went to Mrs. McDowall and forced the vase from her fingers. I collected the flowers and replaced them. I was going to put the vase on the floor beside her, but then I remembered that carping Scotch voice and her fierce love of neatness and so I set it on a little table instead, with a napkin under it, just so.

I took one last look round at the place my bearers had made into the finest house on the station—at the polished wood now smashed, the rug matted with blood, the fine chandelier wantonly shattered in one corner—and I went out with such hate in my heart as I'd never felt before, or since.

I wanted no more of burning buildings, horrors and wreckage. Whatever Hewitt and Carmichael-Smith and the others were doing, they could do without me now; all I wanted to do was to get out of Meerut as fast as I could, for a little safety and time to get over the hellish pain in my head.

But first, there was one thing I must get—and here came the chance in the shape of a trooper cantering along the Mall, swaying in his saddle and singing drunkenly to himself.

I stepped into the Mall as he rode up; he had a bloody tulwar in one hand, a foolish, animal grin on his face and the grey coat of the Third Cavalry on his back. Seeing me in the same rig, he let out a whoop and reined in.

"*Ram-ram*, sowar,"[37] says I, and forced myself to leer. "How many have you slain? Whose blood is that on your tulwar?"

"Hee-hee-hee. Is it blood?" he laughs, lurching in his saddle. "Whose? Why, maybe it is Carmik-al-Ismeet's? Or Hewitt sahib's? Or the riding master, Langdale sahib's? Nay, nay." He waved the blade, goggling drunkenly.

"Whose, then?" asks I genially, and laid a hand on his horse's crupper.

"Not Langdale's—but, truly, he will have no grandchildren by his daughter! Hee-hee-hee!"

And just the previous night I'd chased her off the verandah, pretending to growl at her. I had to hold on to his leather to keep my balance and to bite back the bile that came into my mouth.

"Shabash!" says I. "That was a brave stroke!" I brought my Colt up, aimed carefully just above his groin and fired.

I clutched the bridle to steady the horse as he went flying from the saddle. A second later and I was mounted in his place and he was thrashing on the ground. With any luck, he would take days to die.

I looked back across the Mall at some distant black figures, like Dante's demons against the burning inferno behind them, and then I was thundering eastward past the last bungalows and the sights and sounds of horror were fading behind me.[38]

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[Flashman struck out along the road for Delhi, but he soon came across a formation of sepoy infantry bound for that city. They were heady with the news that uprisings were now taking place everywhere in north-central India. For the next few days, Flashman wandered in the countryside, feverish with his wound and constantly coming across new scenes of murder and destruction. When he was more or less recovered, he decided to head for Jhansi and a rendezvous with Ilderim Khan at the Bull Temple outside the town.

There was more bad news when he arrived. The Indian troops in Jhansi had rebelled and had slaughtered the British contingent of about 60 people. Ilderim and his irregulars had barely managed to escape and were now hiding in the ruined temple. The Rani's role in all this was uncertain, though Ilderim was convinced—and Flashman was doubtful—that she had taken a leading part in the events. At any rate, the whole countryside was now dangerous and only a few British strongholds remained. One of these was Cawnpore, where General Wheeler had gathered the Europeans into an improvised fort and was holding out. Ilderim and Flashman decided that their only hope was to ride there.

Along the way, however, Ilderim's ruffians deserted one night, leaving only Flashman, Ilderim and Tamar to go on. Shortly thereafter, they found themselves in the middle of a skirmish between some sepoys and a group of horsemen. This group turned out to be a troop of irregular horse—Rowbotham's Mosstroopers—made up of Sikhs and British civilians. They were scouring the countryside and hanging every mutineer they managed to catch.

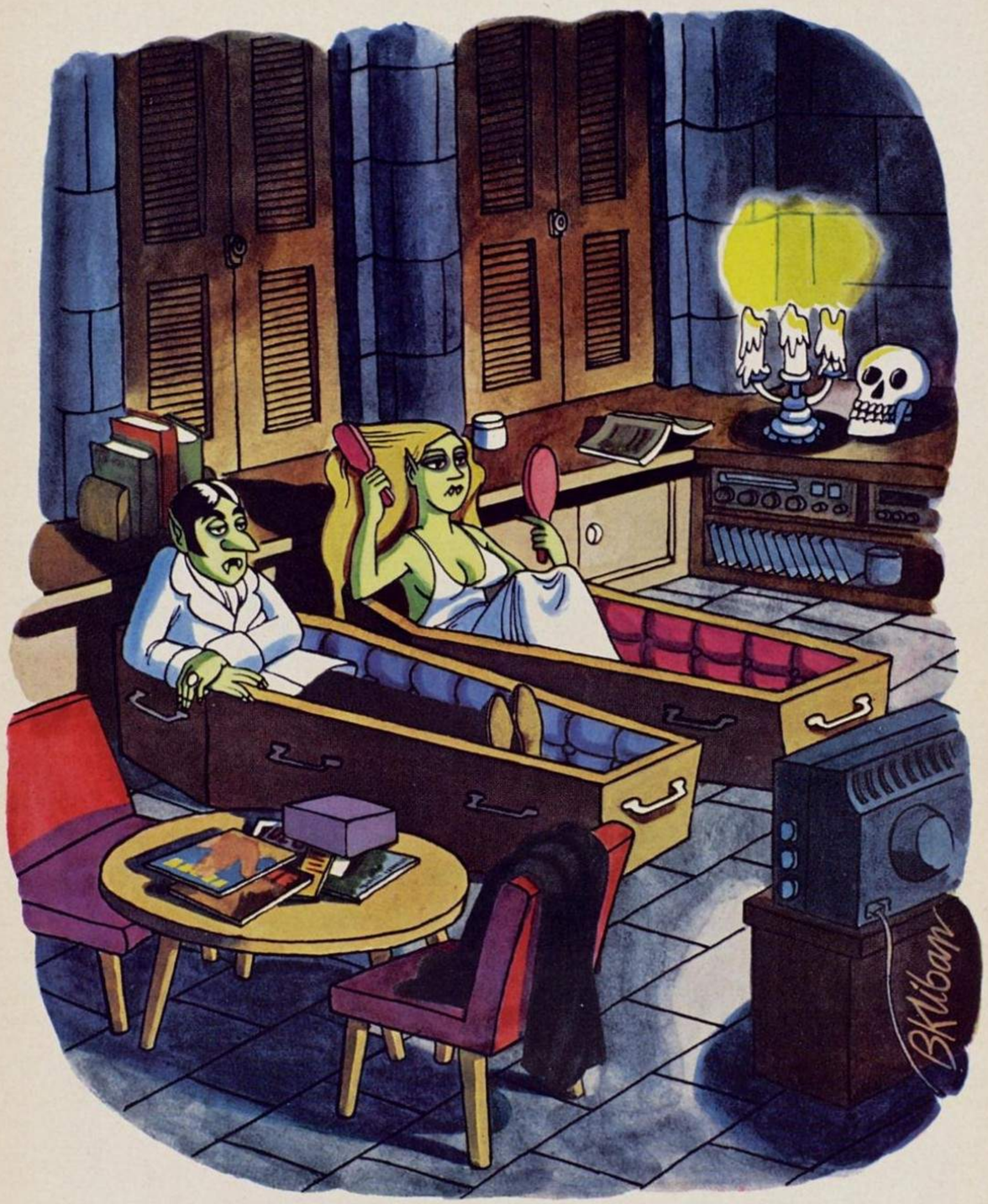
Rowbotham, too, had already decided to take his men through the Indian lines besieging Cawnpore and had set up a plan with the garrison, and Flashman—shuddering at the thought of this new madness—had to go along.]

We lay in the stuffy heat of the wood all afternoon, waiting for dark and listening to the incessant thunder of cannonading—and there was one consolation, because the crash of artillery salvoes showed that Wheeler's gunners

[36] *Hewitt and Archdale Wilson were extraordinarily slow in getting the British regiments on the move after the outbreak; they did not reach the sepoy lines until after the mutineers had set off for Delhi.*

[37] *Hello, soldier.*

[38] *Thirty-one Europeans were massacred at Meerut, including all those mentioned by Flashman. Langdale's little daughter was killed with a sword as she was sleeping on her charpai. Because some extremely exaggerated reports of the atrocities were circulated, British witnesses later tried to set the record straight by denying the wilder stories, even in the highly emotional atmosphere of the mutiny.*



"Another day, another suck!"

were still making good practice and must still be stocked with powder and shot.

About two in the morning, Rowbotham called us together and gave his orders. "There's a clear way to the Allahabad Road," says he, "but before we reach it, we must bear right to come in behind the rebel gun positions, no more than half a mile from the entrenchment. At precisely four o'clock, I shall fire a rocket, on which we shall ride for the entrenchment at our uttermost speed. The sentries, having seen our rocket, will pass us through. The word is Britannia. Now, remember that our goal lies to the left of the church, so keep that tower always on your right front. Finally, we must put our horses to the entrenchment bank, which is four feet high. God bless us all and let us meet again within the lines or in heaven."

That's just the kind of pious reminder of mortality I like, I must say; while the rest of 'em were shaking hands in the dark, I was carefully instructing Ilderim that, at all costs, he must stick by my shoulder. I was in my normal state of chattering funk and my spirits weren't at all raised when we were filing out of the wood and I heard someone ask, "I say, Jinks, what's the time?"

"Ten past three," says Jinks, "on the bright summer morning of June the twenty-second—let's hope to God we see the twenty-third."

Suddenly, I was back in the big, panelled room at Balmoral and Pam was saying, "The British raj will come to an end exactly a hundred years after the Battle of Plassey—next June the twenty-third." By George, that was an omen for you.

We advanced interminably, my hands sweating on the reins, my eyes glued to the rider ahead. At last we halted in the stifling dark between two rows of ruined houses. Five minutes, ten minutes, and then a voice called, "Ready, all!" There was the flare of a match, a sudden rush of sparks and an orange rocket shot up into the purple night sky, bursting to a chorus of yells from somewhere far ahead, and Rowbotham's shout, "Advance!" We dug in our heels and fairly shot forward in a thundering mass.

As we passed through some trees and came into the clear again, it was just light enough to see some dim shapes and guns parked at intervals—we were coming into the rear of the pandy positions. There were shrieks of alarm and a crackle of shots and then we were past the gun pits. Ilderim, crouched low in his saddle at my elbow, shouted to point out a tumbled outline that must be the church. Directly ahead, little sparks of light flashed in the distance—the defenders were firing to cover us. As someone shouted, "Bravo, boys!" all hell burst loose behind us with a salvo of cannon, shot whistling over our heads and the earth rising up in fountains of dust. I swerved to miss a thrashing tangle of mount and man and a limb caught me smack on the knee. Behind me, I heard the scream of someone mortally hit and a riderless horse came neighing and stretching against my left side. Another hellish storm swept through us from those guns at our rear—it was Balaclava all over again, and in the dark, to boot.

Suddenly, a stinging cloud of gravel struck me across the face; my pony stumbled and, by the way he came up, I knew he was hit. Then Ilderim was sweeping past me and I bawled desperately that he should stop to give me a hand. I saw his shadowy form check; his horse reared; he swung round. As my pony sank under me, he swept me out of the saddle with one arm. For a few feet, I was literally dragged along, with Ilderim hauling to get me across the crupper. Just as I'd got up, someone cannoned into us and Ilderim pitched out of the saddle.

As I righted myself on the horse's back, some swine fired a flare and the whole scene was suddenly illuminated, like a mad artist's hell. Men and horses were going down all round me under the hail of fire and Ilderim, one arm dangling, was clutching at my stirrup with the other. A bare 100 yards away, I could see the defenders' heads behind their parapet and some ass standing atop it, waving his hat. The explosions of cannon suddenly ceased and in the flare light, to my horror, I saw a straggling line of sepoy cavalry at the charge, bearing down not a furlong away.

Ilderim yelled, "On, on! Ride, brother!" I didn't hesitate. He'd come back to rescue me and his noble sacrifice wasn't going to be in vain. I jammed in my heels, the horse leapt forward and he was almost dragged off his feet. For perhaps five paces, he kept up before he stumbled and went down. I did my damnedest to shake him free, but in that instant, the bloody bridle snapped and I hurtled to the ground with a smash. A shocking pain ran through my left ankle—Christ, it was caught in the stirrup and the horse was still tearing ahead, dragging me at the end of a tangle of leatherwork.

If any of you young fellows ever find yourself dragged over rough, iron-hard ground, with or without a mob of yelling black fiends after you, take a word of advice from me. Keep your head up (screaming helps) and, above all, try to be dragged on your back. It will cost you a skinned arse, but that's better than having your organs scraped off. Try, too, to arrange for some stout lads to pour rapid fire into your pursuers, and for a handy Ghilzai friend to chase after you and slash the stirrup leather free before your spine falls apart and you are totally buttockless. God knows how Ilderim, wounded as he was, got the strength to pitch me bodily over the breastwork. I went over in a great tangle, shouting, "Britannia! Britannia! For Christ's sake, I'm a friend!" and then some chap was catching me and lowering my battered carcase to earth.

"Will you have nuts or a cigar, sir?" he enquired.

Then a musket was being pushed into my hands and I found myself at the parapet, banging away at the red-coated figures that surged out of the smoke and dust. Alongside me, Ilderim had my revolver out and was loosing off shots. A great, bass voice was yelling, "Odds, fire! Reload! Evens, fire! Reload!" The pain from my ankle was rising up my leg, making me sick and dizzy. I was coughing with the reek of powder smoke; there was a bugle sounding and a ragged cheer. The next thing I remember was lying against a sandbag wall, staring at a big, shot-torn barrack in the pale light of dawn, while a bald-headed cove with a pipe was getting my boot off and applying a damp cloth to my ankle.

Ilderim was having his arm bandaged by a fellow in kepi and spectacles. Others were carrying people towards the barrack, and along the parapet were haggard-looking fellows, white and sepoy, with their pieces at the ready. A horrid smell hung over the place and the dusty ground was covered with gear and litter.

•

I'll tell you a strange thing about pain—and Cawnpore. That ankle of mine, which I'd thought was broken but which in fact was badly sprained, would have kept me flat on my back for days anywhere else, bleating for sympathy; in Cawnpore, I was walking on it within a few hours, suffering damnably, but with no choice but to endure it. That was the sort of place it was; if you'd had both legs blown off, you were rated fit for only light duties.

Imagine a great trench, with an earth-and-rubble parapet four feet high, enclosing two big single-storey barracks, one of them a burnt-out shell and the other with half its roof gone. All round was flat plain, stretching hundreds of yards to the encircling pandy lines which lay among half-ruined buildings and trees; a mile or less to the northwest was the great straggling mass of Cawnpore city itself, beside the river—but when anyone of my generation speaks of Cawnpore, he means those two shattered barracks with the earth wall round them.

That was where Wheeler, with his ramshackle garrison, had been holding out against an army for two and a half weeks. There were 900 people inside it when the siege began, nearly half of them women and children; of the rest, 400 were British soldiers and civilians and 100 loyal natives. They had one drinking well and three cannons; they were living on two handfuls of mealies a day, fighting off a besieging force of more than 3000 mutineers who smashed at them constantly with 15 cannon, subjected them to incessant musket fire and tried to storm the entrenchment. The defenders lost over 200 dead in the first fortnight, men, women and children, from gunfire, heat and disease; the hospital barrack had been burned to ashes with the casualties inside; and of the 300 left fit to fight, more than half were wounded or ill. They worked the guns and manned the wall with muskets and bayonets and whatever they could lay hands on.

This, I discovered to my horror, was the place I'd fled to for safety, the stronghold which Rowbotham had boasted was being held with such splendid ease. It was being held—by starved ghosts, half of whom had never fired a musket before, with their women and children dying by inches in the shot-torn, stifling barrack behind them, in the certainty that unless help came quickly, that entrenchment would be their common grave. Rowbotham never lived to discover how mistaken he'd been; he and half his troop were lying stark out on the plain—his final miscalculation having been to time our rush to coincide with a pandy assault.

I was the senior officer of those who'd got safely (?) inside, and when they'd discovered who I was and bound up my ankle, I was helped into the little curtained corner of the remaining barrack where Wheeler had his office. We stared at each other in disbelief, he because I was still looking like Abdul the Bulbul and I because in place of the stalwart, brisk commander I'd known ten years ago, there was now a haggard, sunken ancient; with his grimy, grizzled face, his uniform coat torn and filthy and his breeches held up with string, he looked like a dead gardener.

"Good God, you're never young Harry Flashman!" was his greeting to me. "Yes, you are, though! Where the doose did you spring from?" I told him—and in the short time I took to tell him about Meerut and Jhansi, no fewer than three round shots hit the building, shaking the plaster; Wheeler just absently brushed the debris off his table, and then says:

"Well, thank God for twenty more men—though what we'll feed you on I cannot think. Still, what matter a few more mouths?—you see the plight we're in. You've heard nothing of . . . our people advancing from Allahabad, or Lucknow?" I said I hadn't, and he looked round at his chief officers, Vibart and Moore, and gave a little gesture of despair.

"I suppose it was not to be expected," says he. "So . . . we can only do our

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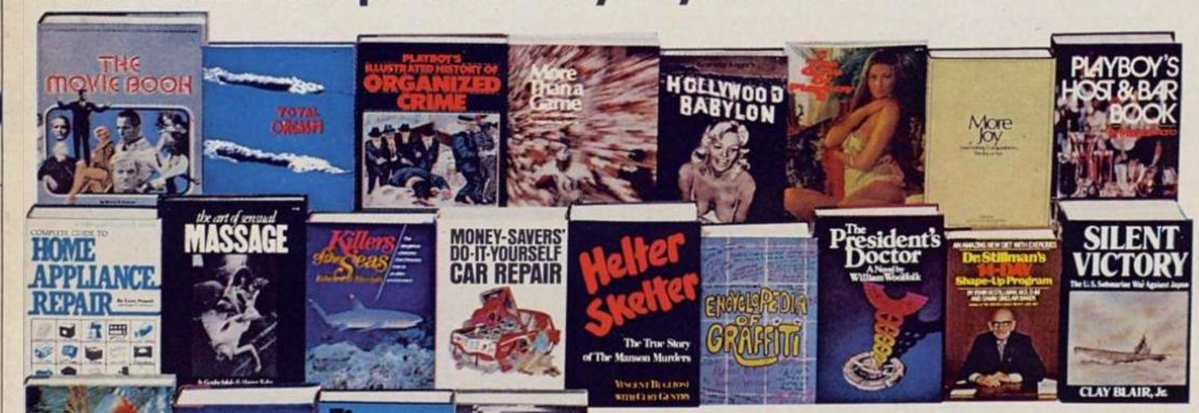

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duty—how much longer? If only it was not for the children, I think we could face it well enough. Still—no croaking, eh?" He gave me a tired grin. "Don't take it amiss if I say I'm glad to see you, Flashman, and will welcome your presence in our council. In the meantime, the best service you can do is to take a place at the parapet. Moore here will show you—God bless you," says he, shaking hands, and it was from Moore, a tall, fair-haired captain with his arm in a blood-smeared sling, that I learned of what had been happening in the past two weeks and how truly desperate our plight was.

It may read stark enough, but the sight of it was terrible. Moore took me round the entrenchment, stooping as he walked and I hobbled, for the small-arms fire from the distant sepoy lines kept whistling overhead, smacking into the barrack wall, and every so often a large shot would plump into the enclosure or smash another lump out of the building. It was terrifying—and yet no one seemed to pay it much attention; the men at the parapet just popped up for an occasional look, and those moving in the enclosure, with their heads hunched down, never even broke step if a bullet whined above them. I kept bobbing nervously, and Moore grinned and said:

"You'll soon get used to it—pandy marksmen don't hit a damn thing they aim at. It's the random shots that do the damage—damnation!" This as a cloud of dust, thrown up by a round shot hitting the parapet, enveloped us. "Stretcher, there! Lively, now!" There was a body twitching close by where the shot had struck; at Moore's shout, two fellows doubled out from the barrack to attend to it. After a brief look, one of them shook his head, and then they picked up the body between them and carried it off towards what looked like a well; they just pitched it in, and Moore says:

"That's our cemetery. I've worked it out that we put someone in there every two hours. Over there—that's the wet well, where we get our water. We won't go too close—the pandy sharpshooters get a clear crack at it from that grove yonder, so we draw our water at night. John Mackillop worked it for a week, until they got him. Heaven only knows how many we've lost on water drawing since."

What seemed so unreal about it, and still does, was the quiet conversational way he talked. There was this garrison, being steadily shot to bits, and starving in the process, and he went on pointing things out, cool as damn it, with the crackle of desultory firing going on round us. I stomached it so long and then burst out:

"But, in God's name—it's hopeless! Hasn't Wheeler tried to make terms?"

He laughed straight out at that. "Terms? Who with? Nana Sahib? Look here, you were at Meerut, weren't you? Did *they* make terms? They want us dead, laddie. They slaughtered everything white up in the city yonder, and God knows how many of their own folk as well. They tortured the native goldsmiths to death to get at their loot; Nana's been blowing loyal Indians from guns as fast as they can trice 'em over the muzzles! No," he shook his head, "there'll be no terms."

"But what the devil—I mean, what . . . ?"

"Well, if a relief column doesn't win through from Allahabad in three days at most, we'll be so starved and short of cartridges that the pandies will storm over the wall. Then——" He shrugged.

It was utterly hopeless. For once, there was no place for me to bolt to and, with everybody steady and cheery enough to sicken you, I had to pretend to be ready to do or die with the rest.

I'll carry to my grave the pictures from those days; for example, a Cockney sergeant arguing with a private about the height of the pillars at Euston Square while they cut pieces from a dead horse for the big copper boiler against the barrack wall.

"Stew today," says Moore to me. "That's thanks to you fellows coming in. Usually, if we want meat, we have to let a pandy cavalryman charge up close and then shoot the horse, not the rider."

"More meat on the 'orse than there is on the pandy, eh, Jasper?" says the sergeant, winking, and the private said it was just as well, since some noncoms of his acquaintance, namin' no names, would as soon be cannibals as not.

These are the trivial things that stick in memory, but none clearer than the inside of that great barrack room, with the wounded lying in a long, sighing, groaning line down one wall and, a few yards away, behind roughly improvised screens of chick and canvas, 400 women and children, who had lived in that confined, sweating furnace for two weeks. The first thing that struck you was the stench, of blood and stale sweat and sickness, and then the sound—the children's voices, a baby crying, the older ones calling out, some even laughing, while the firing cracked away outside; the quiet murmur of the women; the occasional gasp of pain from the wounded; the brisk voices from the curtained corner where Wheeler had his office. Then the gaunt, patient faces—the weary-looking women, some in ragged aprons, others in soiled evening dresses, nursing or minding the children or tending the wounded; the loyal sepoys, slumped against the wall, with their muskets between their knees; an English civilian sitting writing, and staring up in thought, and then writing again; beside him a fat, old babu in a dhoti, mouthing the words as he read a scrap of newspaper through steel-rimmed spectacles; a haggard-looking young girl stitching a garment for a small boy who was waiting and hitting out angrily at the flies buzzing round his head; two officers in foul suits that had once been white, talking about pigsticking—I remember one jerking his arm to shoot his linen, and him with nothing over his torso but his jacket; an ayah[39] smiling as she piled toy bricks for a little girl; a stocky, towheaded corporal scraping his pipe; a woman whispering from the Bible to a pallid Goanese-looking fellow lying on a blanket with a bloody bandage round his head; a rather pretty girl named Bella Blair reading poetry to some children.

They were all waiting to die, and some of them knew it, but there was no complaint, no cross words that I ever heard. It wasn't real, somehow—the patient, ordinary way they carried on. "It beats me," I remember Moore saying, "when I think how our dear ladies used to slang and backbite on the verandahs, to see 'em now, as gentle as nuns. Take my word for it, they'll never look at their fellow women the same way again, if we get out of this."

"Don't you believe it," says another, called Delafosse. "It's just lack of grub that's keeping 'em quiet. A week after it's all over, they'll be cutting Lady Wheeler dead in the street, as usual."

That night, as I lay trying to sleep, tortured by thirst and hunger cramps, I toyed with the idea of taking off my army shirt and breeches and resuming my Pathan dress to slip over the parapet, lame as I was. But the thought of being taken in the pandy lines was more than I could bear, and so I just lay there quaking and listening to the distant crack of snipers' shots.

I must have dozed off, for suddenly I was being shaken; a bugle was blaring; a brazen voice was bawling, "Stand to! Loading parties there!" I crawled to where I could see over the barricade. It was dawn and, across the flat maidan, I could see long lines of horsemen in white tunics, dim through the light morning mist, and in among the squadrons were the red coats and white breeches of sepoy infantry. Then came the red winking of fire from the gun positions, the crash of explosions, the whine of shot. The barrack walls shook under the impact and clouds of dust billowed down. On the barrack roof, someone hauled up a Union Jack to flap limply in the warm dawn air.

"Look there at the Bengal Cavalry, rot 'em!" says the man next to me. "Those are my own fellows—or were. All right, my bucks, your old riding master's waiting for you!" He slapped the stock of his rifle. "I'll give you more pepper than I ever did at the stables!"

[39] *native nursemaid*

I was pressing loads into my revolver and all down the parapet there was the scraping of ramrods. Wheeler was shouting, "Three rifles to each man! Loaders be ready with fresh cartridges. Delafosse, Moore, call every second man from the south side—smartly, now!"

He could hardly be heard above the din; the space between the parapet and the barracks was swirling with dust thrown up by the shot and we lay pressed against the barrier. Someone came forward at a crouching run and laid two charged muskets on the ground beside me. To my astonishment, it was Bella Blair. The fat babu I'd noticed reading last night was arming the riding master. They lay down behind us; Bella was as pale as death, but she smiled at me and pushed the hair out of her eyes; she was wearing a yellow calico dress, I remember, with a band tied round her brow.

Wheeler alone was standing on his feet, gaunt and bareheaded, with his white hair hanging in wisps down his cheeks, his sabre stuck into the ground before him. As he started to shout another order, a concerted salvo struck us and all was thunder and brick dust for a minute or two, settling at last with a high-pitched screaming farther down the line and a call for the stretchers. Then a strange, eery stillness fell.

Across the maidan, a bugle called. They were looking like a rather untidy review, the sepoy redcoats in open order and the horse squadrons, in front of them, trying to form up.

"Sickenin'," says the riding master, "when you think *I* tried to teach 'em that. As usual, C Troop can't dress. That's Havildar Ram Sarup for you! It's like a bloody Paul Jones! Take a line from the right-hand troop, can't you? Rest of 'em look well enough, though, don't they? There, now, steady up. If you must charge, let's see it done proper."

Now the distant bugle sounded again; there was a volley of orders over there across the maidan and the cavalry began to move at a walk, now a trot, and there was a bright flicker along their lines as the sabres came out. In a minute or two, sabres steady against shoulders, they were coming at the gallop. I heard the riding master muttering. "Ain't that a sight! And ain't they shaping well? Hold 'em in there, rissaldar, mind the dressing——"

The thunder of the beating hooves was like surf; there was a sudden yell and all the points advanced, with the black blobs of faces behind them as the riders crouched forward and the line burst into the charge. Then Wheeler yelled, "Fire!"

The volley crashed out in a billow of smoke and horses and men went down. We seized our second muskets and blazed away, then our third—Bella Blair beside me feverishly reloading. When the smoke had cleared a little, we saw the tangle of fallen men and beasts, but half of the riders were still howling and coming on. I was yelling incoherent obscenities and blasting away with my revolver at three whitecoats about to put their horses to the parapet just where we stood.

I toppled one with a shot; the second went rolling down as his mount was hit; the third came hurtling over the breastwork, slashing at the man next to me. All along the entrenchment, men were struggling, bayonets against sabres. I grabbed for another musket—and then, thank God, they were wheeling and falling back through the smoke, and the *bhisti*[40] was at my elbow, thrusting his chagul to my lips.

"Stand to!" shouts Wheeler. "They're coming again." They were re-forming a bare 100 yards away among their strewn dead and dying. I gulped down my muddy mouthful and seized my musket again. I could see pandy foot soldiers racing up behind the cavalry now. "Aim for the horses!" Wheeler bawls. "No surrender! Ready, aim, fire!"

It was our last volley; it tore holes in them, but it didn't stop them, and in moments, they were rearing and plunging up the embankment, their sabres swinging at our heads. One came in almost on top of me and I rolled aside to avoid the hooves. When I'd scrambled to my feet, there was a red-coated black devil leaping at me from above; I smashed at him with my musket butt. Then a trooper was lunging at me with his sabre and I shrieked as it sliced past my head—and immediately, I was clawing at his face. He dropped his sabre and, just as I'd got my hand on the fallen hilt, I felt a sickening shock on my head, a dead weight landed on me and I fell to my hands and knees, with the earth swimming before my eyes.

As I waited for the worst, the noise of yells and firing died away and Wheeler was bawling, "Cease fire! Stretchers, there!" I turned to look up at the ghastly shambles of the parapet, felt the earth sticky with blood where I knelt, saw about

[40] *water carrier*

a dozen pandies sprawled within ten yards of our little section of the line.

Wheeler was down on one knee, supporting the fat babu, who was wailing with a shattered leg. The stretcher parties were hurrying up. I rose to my feet and looked out across a maidan heaped with slaughtered men and horses. Here and there, a screaming horse was trying to rise. Two hundred yards off, there were men running—the other way, thank God—and along the parapet there spread a ghastly, croaking cheer. I was too dazed and dry to cheer—but I was alive.

Bella Blair was dead, her hands clutching the musket whose bayonet was driven through her body. I heard a moan and turned to see the riding master slumped against the parapet, his shirt soaked with blood, trying to get a drink from the fallen water chagul. I held it up to his lips and he sucked at it.

"Beat 'em, did we?" asks he, and I could tell that the life was running out of him where he lay. "Damn good. Thought . . . they was going to ride . . . clean over us there . . . for a moment." He coughed blood and his voice trailed away. "They shaped well, though . . . didn't they? My Bengalis. . . ." He closed his eyes. "I thought they shaped . . . uncommon well. . . ."

When I looked at our defences and saw about half of us still upright along the parapet—though mostly too starved and fatigued to lift a musket—and the other half silent and sprawled or groaning among the bloody rags, broken weapons and bits of gear, I knew that the pandies could walk in any time they wanted to.

But they didn't. That last great assault of June 23 had come within an ace of breaking us, but it had sickened the pandies, too. The maidan, within our range, was a ghastly carpet of their dead. For another two terrible days, they were content to pound us with gunfire. In those 48 hours, three people went mad. I only wonder that we all didn't. In the furnace of the barrack, the women and children were too reduced by famine even to cry. On the second night, Wheeler called the senior men together.

"I have sent a last message out to Lawrence," says he. "I have told him that we have nothing left but British spirit and that cannot last forever. We are like rats in a cage. Our best hope is that the rebels will come in again and give us a quick end; better than watch our women and children die by inches." I can still see his gaunt face in the candlelight as he said, finally, "I say that, short of a miracle, it is *all up*. We're in God's hands, so let us each make his preparations accordingly."

I was with him there—only my preparations weren't going to be spiritual. I still had my Pathan rig stowed away and I could see that the time was fast approaching when Flashy would have to take his chances over the wall. As I sat by the parapet and thought about it, though, I was in a blue funk and, in the end, my nerve failed me that night. Thank God it did, for on the next morning, Wheeler got his miracle.

•

She was the most unlikely messenger of grace you ever saw—a raddled old *cheechee*[41] biddy with clanking earrings and a parasol, drawn in a rickshaw gharry by two pandies, with a havildar out in front carrying a white flag. When this strange little procession was seen approaching the east corner of the entrenchment, Wheeler and Moore went to meet it. Soon the word was passed along for Vibart and me to present ourselves.

When we came up, Wheeler was shaking his head and saying, "I wouldn't trust it a blasted inch!" and he passed over a paper, which I read over Vibart's shoulder. It was written in English, in a good hand, and, as near as I recall, it said:

> To the subjects of her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria. All those who are in no way connected with the acts of Lord Dalhousie and are willing to lay down their arms shall receive a safe passage to Allahabad.

It was signed on behalf of Nana Sahib by an official called Azimullah Khan.

As the others read it, a fierce babble of voices broke out: "It's a plot!" "No, it ain't!" "We've stood the bastards off this long——" "I can smell nigger treachery a mile away." "Why should it be treachery? My God, what have we got to lose? We're done for as it is!" And all the while, a delicious hope began to break over me—we were saved! Whatever Wheeler felt, he would have to accept any terms offered. He couldn't refuse and so doom the women and children to death in that stinking barrack. We were being offered at least a chance of life—and he had to take it.

[After some argument between those who wanted to reject the offer out of hand and those who were for accepting, it was decided—on Flashman's suggestion—that Moore and Flashman parley with Nana Sahib to explore the terms further. Flashman, privately, wanted to make quite sure that there *would* be a surrender.

At noon, the two Englishmen were escorted through the sepoy lines to the tent of the Maharajah of Bithur, commonly called Nana Sahib, who appeared to Flashman as a "burly, fat-faced rascal with curly moustachios and a shifty look, dressed in more silks and jewels than a French whore." With him were Azimullah Khan, his shrewd diplomat, who spoke excellent French and English, and Tantia Topi, his military commander.

Azimullah said that Nana, moved by generosity, offered to permit the garrison to depart with the honours of war. Flashman asked what guarantees there were and, as Azimullah began to reply, the terrible scream of someone being tortured broke out behind the trees—"Mahratta diplomacy," Flashman observed. In any case, the British would be allowed to keep small arms and ammunition when they left the fort. Baggage animals would be provided to carry the wounded to the river, where boats would be waiting to take them all to Allahabad.

When Wheeler's council of senior officers discussed these terms, quite a few were still in favour of "dying with honour," but when Flashman finally spoke, he said that he couldn't agree to maintaining his own honour by the sacrifice of the women and children. "The irony was that, for my own cowardly reasons, I was arguing the sane and sensible course and having to dress it up in high-sounding bilge in order to break down their fatuous notions of duty." And so Nana Sahib's terms were accepted.]

Whatever misgivings Wheeler may have had, hardly anyone else shared them when word got round of what had been decided, and Azimullah had come to the entrenchment with the Nana's undertakings all signed and witnessed: Draught animals were to arrive at dawn for the mile-long journey to the river, where boats would be waiting, and throughout the night there was bustle and eagerness and thanksgiving all through the garrison. It was as though a great shadow had been lifted; cooking fires blazed outside the barrack for the first time in weeks, the wounded were brought out of that stinking oven to lie in the open air, and even the children frolicked on the parapet where we'd been slashing at the sepoys two days before. Tired, worn faces were smiling, no one minded the dirt and stench any longer or gave a thought to the rebels' massed guns and infantry a few hundred yards away; the firing had stopped, the fear of death had lifted, we were going out to safety and throughout the night, over the din of packing and preparation, the sound of hymns rolled up to the night sky.

One of the few croakers was Ilderim. Wheeler had told those sepoys who had remained loyal and fought in the garrison to slip away over the southern rampart, for fear of reprisals from their mutinous fellows in the morning, but Ilderim wouldn't have it. He came to me in the dark at the north entrenchment, where I was smoking a cheroot and enjoying my peace of mind.

"Do I slip away like a cur when someone throws a stone at it?" says he. "No—I march with Wheeler Sahib and the rest of you tomorrow. And so that no pye-dog of a mutineer will take me for anything but what I am, I have put this on, for a *killut*"[42]—and as he stepped closer in the gloom, I saw he was in the full fig of a native officer of cavalry, white coat, gauntlets, long-tailed puggaree and all. "It is just a down-country regiment's coat, which I took from one of those we slew the other day, but it will serve to mark me as a soldier." He grinned, showing his teeth. "And I shall take my sixty rounds—do thou likewise, blood brother."

"We're not going to need 'em, though," says I, and he shrugged.

"Who knows? When the tiger has its paw on the goat's neck and then smiles in friendship. . . . Wheeler Sahib does not trust the Nana. Dost thou?"

"There's no choice, is there?" says I. "But he's signed his name to a promise, after all——"

"And if he breaks it, the dead can complain," says he, and spat. "So I say—keep thy sixty rounds to hand, Flashman Sahib."

I didn't heed him much, for Pathans are notoriously suspicious of everyone, reason or none, and when day broke, there was too much to do to waste time in thinking. The mutineers came in the first mists of dawn, with bullocks and elephants and carts to carry us to the river, and we had the herculean task of getting everyone into the convoy. There were 200 wounded to be moved, and all the women and children, some of them just babes in arms, and old people who'd have been feeble enough even without three weeks on starvation rations. Everyone was tired and filthy and oddly dispirited now that the first flush of excitement had died away. As the sun came up, it shone on a strange, nightmare sight that lives with me now only as a series of pictures as the evacuation of Cawnpore began.

I can see the straggling mass of the procession, the bullock carts with their stretchers carrying the bloodstained figures of the wounded, gaunt and wasted; bedraggled white women, either sitting in the carts or standing patiently alongside, with children who looked like Whitechapel waifs clinging to their skirts; our own men, ragged and haggard, with their muskets cradled, taking up station along the convoy; the red coats and sullen faces of the mutineers who were to shepherd us across the maidan and down to the river ghat beyond the distant trees, where the boats were waiting. The dawn air was heavy with mist and suspicion and hatred, as Wheeler, with Moore at his elbow, as always, stood up on the rampart and reviewed the battered remnants of his command, strung out along the entrenchment, waiting listlessly for the word to move, while all round was the confused babble of voices, orders being shouted, officers hurrying up and down, elephants squealing, the carts creaking, children crying and the kites beginning to swoop down on the emptying barracks.

Incidents and figures remain very clear—two civilians hauling down the tattered flag from the barrack roof, rolling it up carefully and bringing it to Wheeler, who stood absent-mindedly with it trailing from one hand while he shouted, "Sar'nt Grady! Is the south entrenchment clear, Sar'nt Grady?" A little boy with curly hair, laughing and shouting, "Plop-plop!" as one of the elephants dropped its dung; his mother, a harassed young woman in a torn ball gown (it had rosebuds embroidered, I recall) with a sleeping infant in her arms, slapped and shook him with her free hand, and then straightened her hair. A group of mutineers walking round the barracks, belabouring one of our native cooks who was limping along under a great load of pans. A British private, his uniform unrecognisable, being railed at by an old *mem-sahib* as he helped her into a cart, until she was settled, when she said, "Thank you, my good man, thank you very much," and began searching her reticule for a tip. Four mutineers were hurrying up and down the untidy convoy, calling out and searching, until they spotted Vibart and his family—and then they ran hallooing and calling, "Major Sahib! *Mem-sahib!*" and seized on the family's baggage, and one of them, beaming and chuckling, lifted

[41] *half-caste*

[42] *dress of honour, usually on ceremonial occasions*

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Vibart's little lad onto his shoulders, piggyback, while the others shouted and shoved and made room for Mrs. Vibart in a wagon. Vibart was dumbfounded, and two of the mutineers were weeping as they took his hand and carried his gear—I saw another one at it, too, an old grizzled havildar of the 56th, standing on the entrenchment, gazing down into the ruin of the barracks with tears running down his white beard; he was shaking his head in grief, and then he would look no more, but turned about and stared across the maidan, still crying.

Most of the mutineers weren't so sentimental, though. One tried to snatch a musket from Whiting and Whiting flung him off, snarling and shouting, "You want it, do you? I'll give you its contents fast enough, you damned dog, if you don't take care!" The pandies fell back, growling and shaking their fists, and another gang of them stood and jeered while old Colonel Ewart was carried on a palki to his place in the line. "Is it not a fine parade, Colonel Sahib?" they were jeering. "Is it not well drawn up?" And they cackled and made mock of the drill, prancing up and down.

I didn't like the look of this a bit, nor of the menacing-looking crowd of pandies which was growing across the maidan. Promises or no promises, it don't take much to touch off a crowd like that, and I was relieved when Moore, who had hurried to the head of the column, shouted and blew his whistle and the procession began to move, creaking slowly, away from the entrenchment, and out onto the plain. I was near the rear of the line, where Vibart had charge of the supply wagons; behind us, the pandies were already scavenging in the deserted barracks—by God, they were welcome to anything they could find.

It was about a mile to the river, where the boats were, but we were so exhausted, and the convoy so haphazard and cumbersome, that it took us the best part of an hour to cross the maidan alone. It was a hellish trek, with the mutineers trying to drive us along, swearing and thrusting, and our fellows cursing 'em back, while wagons foundered, and one or two of the garrison collapsed and had to be loaded aboard, and the drivers thrashed at the beasts. Crowds of natives had come down from Cawnpore city to watch and jeer at us and get in the way; some of them, and the more hostile pandies, kept sneaking in close to shout taunts, or even to strike at us and try to steal our belongings. Something's going to crack in a moment, thinks I, and sure enough, just as we were trying to manhandle one of the store wagons over a little white bridge at the far side of the maidan, where the trees began, there was a crackle of firing off to one side, and sudden shouting, and then more shots.

The driver of my store wagon tried to whip up in alarm, a wheel caught on the bridge and I and two civilians were struggling to keep it steady when Whiting comes up at the run, cocking his musket and demanding to know what the row was. In the same moment, one of our corporals came flying out of the wood, rolled clean under the wagon in front of us and jumps up, yelling:

"Quick, sir—come quick! Them devils is murthering Colonel Ewart! They got 'im in the trees yonder, an'——"

Whiting sprang forward with an oath, but quick as light, one of the mutineers who'd been watching us at the bridge jumps in his way and flung his arm round him. For a moment, I thought, oh, God, now they're going to ambush us, and the corporal must have thought the same, for he whipped out his bayonet, but the mutineer holding Whiting was just trying to keep him back and shouting:

"*Nahin*, sahib, *khabadar!*[43] If you go there, they will kill you! Let be, sahib! Go on—to the river!"

Whiting swore and struggled with him, but the mutineer—a big, black-moustached havildar with a Chillianwallah medal—threw him down and wrested his musket away. Whiting came up, furious, but the corporal understood and grabbed his wrist.

" 'E's right, sir! Them swine'll just *saf karo*[44] you, like they done the colonel! We got to git on to the river, like 'e says! Otherwise, maybe they'll do for everybody—the women an' kids an' all, sir!"

He was right, of course—I'd been through the same sort of retreat as this, back in Afghanistan, and you've got to allow for a few stray slaughters and turn a blind eye, or the next thing you know, you'll have a battle on your hands. Even Whiting realised it, I think, for he wheeled on the havildar and says:

"I must see. Will you come with me?"

The fellow says, "*Han*, sahib," and they strode into the trees. It seemed a sensible time to be getting on down to the river, so I told the corporal I must inform Wheeler of what was happening, ordered him to see the store wagon safely over the bridge and jumped up onto the coping, running past the carts ahead, with their passengers demanding to know what was happening. I hurried on through the trees and found myself looking down the slope to the Suttee Choura Ghat and, beyond it, the broad, placid expanse of the Ganges.

The slope was alive with people. The foremost wagons had reached the landing stage and our folk were already getting out and making their way to the water's edge, where a great line of thatched, clumsy-looking barges was anchored in the shallows. The wagons nearer me were splitting away from the convoy to get closer to the water and everything was in confusion, with some people getting out and others sitting tight. Already, the ground was littered with abandoned gear, the stretchers with the wounded were being unloaded just anywhere; groups of women and children were waiting, wondering which way to go, while their menfolk, red in the face and shouting, demanded to know what the orders for embarkation were. Someone was calling, "All ladies with small children are to go in numbers twelve to sixteen!" but no one knew which barges were which, and you couldn't hear yourself think above the elephants' squealing and the babble of voices.

On either side of the slope, there were groups of pandies with their bayonets fixed, glowering but doing nothing to help, and off to one side, I saw a little gaily dressed group of natives by a temple on a knoll—Azimullah was there, talking to Wheeler, who was gesturing towards the barges, so I walked across towards them, through the silent groups of pandy riflemen, and as I came up, Azimullah was saying:

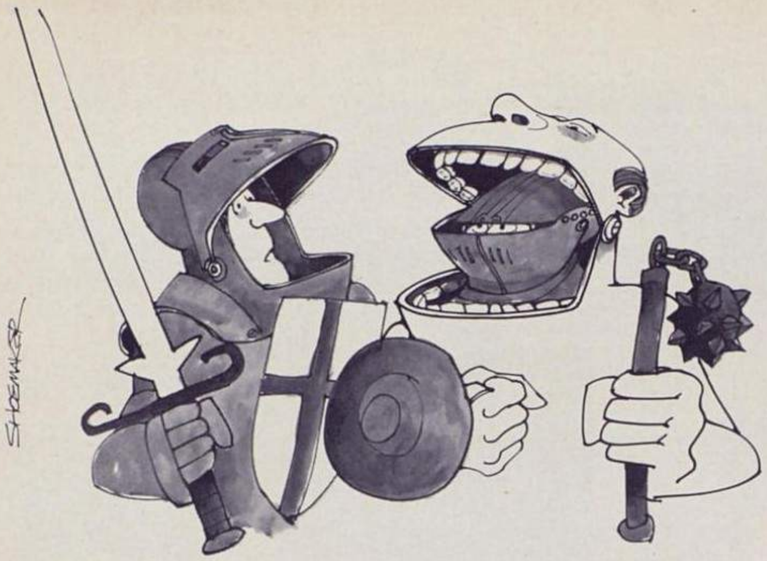
"But I assure you, General, the flour is already in the boats—go and see for yourself. Ah, Colonel Flashman, good morning, sir; I trust I see you in good health. Perhaps, General, Colonel Flashman could be asked to examine the boats and see that all is as I have told you?"

So I was despatched down to the water, and had to wade out through the shallows to the barges; they were great, musty-smelling craft, but clean enough, with half-naked nigger boatmen in charge, and, sure enough, there were grain sacks in most of them, as Azimullah had said. I reported accordingly, and then we set to with the embarkation, which simply meant telling people off at random to the various barges, carrying the women and children through the water, bearing the stretchers of the wounded head high, stumbling and swearing in the stinking ooze of the shallows—I went under twice myself, but thank God I didn't swallow any; the Ganges is one river you don't want to take the waters of. It was desperate work, gasping in the steamy heat as the sun came up; the worst of it was getting the women and children and wounded properly stowed inboard. I reckon I must have carried 20 females to the barges (and none of 'em worth even a quick fumble, just my luck), plucked one weeping child from the water's edge, where she was crying for her mama, put my fist into the face of a pandy who was pestering Mrs. Newnham and trying to snatch her parasol, quieted an old crone who refused to be embarked until she was positive the barge she was going to was number 12 ("Mr. Turner said I *must* go to number 12; I will go to *no other*"—it might have been the Great Eastern for all I knew, or cared) and stood neck deep wrestling to replace a rotted rudder rope. Strange, when you're working all out with

[43] *Take care!*

[44] *to make clean—i.e., clean you up*

"To tell the truth, Forsyte, it's been quite a saga."



things like that, sweating and wrestling to make sense out of chaos, you forget about death and danger and possible treachery—all that matters is getting that piece of hemp knotted through the rudder stem or finding the carpetbag that Mrs. Burtenshaw's maid has left in the cart.

I was about done when I stumbled up through the litter of the bank for the last time and looked about me. Nearly all the command was loaded, the barges were floating comfortably high on the oily surface and, beyond them, the last dawn mists were receding across the broad expanse of the river to the far bank half a mile distant, with the eastern sun turning the water to a great crimson mirror.

There weren't above 50 of our folk, Vibart's rear guard, mostly, left on the wreck-strewn, mud-churned slope; Wheeler and Moore and Vibart were all together, and as I went to them, I heard Whiting's voice, shaking with anger:

"And he was shot on his palki, I tell you—half a dozen times, at least! Those forsworn swine up yonder——" and he shook his fist towards the temple on the knoll, where Azimullah was sitting with Tantia Topi in a little group of the Nana's officers. There was no sign of Nana himself, though.

"There is nothing to be done, Captain Whiting!" Wheeler's voice was hoarse and his gaunt face was crimson and sweating. He looked on the edge of collapse.

"I know, sir, I know—it is the basest treachery, but there is no remedy now! Let us thank God we have come this far—no, no, sir, we are in no case to protest, let alone punish—we must make haste down the river before worse befalls!"

Whiting stamped and cursed, but Vibart eased him away. The pandies who had lined the slope were moving down now, through the abandoned wagons, converging on the landing place.

"Hollo, Flash," says Moore, wearily. Like me, he was plastered with mud, and the sling was gone from his wounded arm. "They settled Massie, too—did you know? He protested when the pandies dragged off four of our loyal sepoys—so they shot 'em all, out o' hand——"

"Like dogs, beside the road!" cries Whiting. "By God, if I'd a gun!" He dashed the sweat from his eyes, glaring at the pandies on the slope. Then he saw me. "Flashman, one of the sepoys was that Pathan orderly of yours—the big chap in the havildar's coat—they shot him in the ditch!"

For a moment, I didn't comprehend; I just stared at his flushed, raging face.

"Like a dog in the ditch!" cries he again, and then it hit me like a blow: He was telling me that Ilderim was dead. I can't describe what I felt—it wasn't grief, or horror, so much as disbelief. Ilderim couldn't die—he was indestructible, always had been, even as the boy I'd first met at Mogala years ago, one of those folk whose life is fairly bursting out of them; I had a vision of that grinning, bearded hawk face of just a few hours ago—"No pye-dog of a mutineer will take me for anything but what I am!" And he'd been right, and it had been the death of him—but not the kind of death the great brave idiot had always looked for, just a mean, covert murder at the roadside. Oh, you stupid Ghilzai bastard, I thought—why didn't you go over the wall when you had the chance?

"Come on!" Moore was pushing at my shoulder. "We'll be last aboard. We're in the—hollo, what's that?"

From the trees on the top of the slope, a bugle sounded, the notes floating clearly down to us. I looked up the hill and saw a strange thing happening—I suppose I was still shocked by the news of Ilderim's death, but what I saw seemed odd rather than menacing. The pandies on the slope—and there must have been a couple of hundred of them—were dropping to the kneeling firing position, their muskets were at their shoulders and they were pointing at us.

"For Christ's——" a voice shouted, and then the hillside seemed to explode in a hail of musketry, the balls were howling past, I heard someone scream beside me, and then Moore's arm flailed me to the ground and I was plunging through the ooze, into the water. I went under and struck out for dear life, coming up with a shattering crash of my head against the middle barge. Overhead, women were shrieking and muskets were cracking, and then there was the crash of distant cannon, and I saw the narrow strip of water between me and the shore ploughed up as the storm of grape hit it. I reached up, seizing the gunwale, and heaved myself up, and then the whole barge shook as though in a giant hand, and I was hurled back into the water again.

I came up gasping. The pandies were tearing down the slope now, sabres and muskets and bayonets at the ready, charging into the last of our shore party, who were struggling in the shallows. Up on the slope, others were firing at the boats, and in the shade beneath the trees, there was the triple flash of cannon, sending grape and round shot smashing down into the helpless lumbering boats. Men were struggling in the water only a few yards from me—I saw a British soldier sabred down, another floundering back as a sepoy shot him point-blank through the body, and a third, thrust through with a bayonet, sinking down slowly on the muddy shore. Wheeler, white-faced and roaring, "Treachery! Shove off—quickly! Treachery!" was stumbling out into the shallows, his sabre drawn; he slashed at a pursuing sepoy, missed his footing and went under; but a hand reached out from the gunwale near me and pulled him up, coughing and spewing water. Moore was in the water close by and Vibart was trying to swim towards us with his wounded arm trailing. As Moore plunged towards him, I sank beneath the surface, dived and struck out beneath the boat, and as I went, I was thinking, clear enough, well, Flashy, my lad, you were wrong again—Nana Sahib wasn't to be trusted, after all.

I came up on the other side, and the first thing I saw was a body falling from the boat above me. Overhead, its thatch was burning, and as a great chunk of the stuff fell hissing into the water, I shoved away. I trod water, looking about me. In the next two barges, the thatches were alight as well, and people were screaming and tumbling into the water—I saw one woman jump with a baby in her arms: I believe it was the one who had cuffed the little boy for laughing at the elephant's dung. The shore was hidden from me by the loom of the barge, but the crash of firing was redoubling and the chorus of screams and yells was deafening. People were firing back from the barges, too, and in the one down-river from me, two chaps were beating at the burning thatch and another was heaving at its tiller; very slowly, it seemed to be veering from the bank. That's the boy for me, thinks I, and in the same moment, the thatch of the barge immediately above me collapsed with a roar and a whoosh of sparks, with shrieks of the damned coming from beneath it.

It was obvious, even in that nightmare few moments, what had happened. Nana had been meaning to play false all along; he had just waited until we were in the boats before opening up with musketry, grape and every piece of artillery he had. From where I was, I could see one barge already sinking, with people struggling in the water round it; at least four others were on fire; two were drifting helplessly into midstream. The pandies were in the water round the last three boats, where most of the women and children were; but then a great gust of smoke blotted the scene from my view and, at the same time, I heard the crackle of firing from the far bank—the treacherous bastards had us trapped both sides. I put my head down and struck out for the next barge ahead, which at least had someone steering it, and as I came under its stern, there was Moore in the water alongside, shoving for all he was worth to turn the rudder and help it from the shore. Beyond him, I saw Wheeler and Vibart and a couple of others being dragged inboard, while our people blazed back at the pandies on the bank.

Moore shouted something incoherent at me, and as I seized on the rudder with him, his face was within a foot of mine—and then it exploded in a shower of blood and I literally had his brains blown all over me. I let go, shrieking, and when I had dashed the hideous mess from my eyes, he was gone, the barge was surging out into the river as our people got the sweeps going and I was just in time to grasp the gunwale and be dragged along, clinging like grim death and bawling to be hauled aboard.

We must have gone several hundred yards before I managed to scramble up and onto the deck and get my bearings. The first thing I saw was Wheeler, dead or dying; he had a gaping wound in the neck and the blood was pumping oozily onto his shirt. All around, there were wounded men sprawled on the planks, the smouldering thatch filled the boat with acrid clouds of smoke and at both gunwales, men were firing at the banks. I clung to the gunwale, looking back—we were half a mile below Suttee Ghat by now, where most of the barges were still swinging at their moorings, under a pall of smoke; the river round them was full of people, floundering for the bank. The firing seemed to have slackened, but you could still see the sparkle of the muskets along the slope above the ghat and the occasional blink of a heavy gun, booming dully across the water. Behind us, two of the barges seemed to have got clear and were drifting helplessly across the river, but we were the only one under way, with half a dozen chaps each side tugging at the sweeps.

I took stock. We were clear; the shots weren't reaching us. Wheeler was dead, flopped out on the deck, and beyond him, Vibart was lying against the gunwale, eyes closed, both arms soaked in blood; someone was babbling in agony and I saw it was Turner, with one leg doubled at a hideous angle and the other lying in a bloody pool. Whiting was holding on to one of the awning supports, a gory spectre, fumbling one-handed at the lock of a carbine—there hardly seemed to be a sound man in the barge. I saw Delafosse was at one of the sweeps, Thomson at another and Sergeant Grady, with a bandage round his brow, was in the act of loosing off a shot at the shore.

•

Memory's the queerest thing. When you've gone through some hellish experience—and Cawnpore ranks high in that line—the aftermath tends to get vague. That barge is mercifully dim in my mind now. I know that it was the only one that got away. The rest were burned or shot to pieces—except for those with the women and children. The pandies took the women and kids back ashore and carried them to Cawnpore, and all the world knows what happened after that.[45]

Only a few things remain clear in my recollection of that trip down-river—though Thomson has left a pretty full account of it, if you're interested. I remember Whiting's dead face, looking very pale and small, in the bow of the boat. I remember splashing and straining in the water when we'd grounded on a mudbank in the dark. I remember Vibart biting on a leather strap as they set his broken arm. Finally—and memory begins to be consecutive and coherent at this point—I remember the night fire arrows came winging in out of the dark and thudding in the deck as we blazed away at dim figures on the bank and then hauled at the sweeps until we could get out of range. When we finally flopped down exhausted, the current swept us along and then

[45] *Those 206 survivors were lodged in two rooms of the Bibigarh (House of the Women) for 18 days, along with some similar refugees from Fategarh. On July 15, when news came that a British column was approaching the city, all were slaughtered—not by their sepoy guards but by butchers from the bazaar. Their dismembered bodies were thrown into a well.*

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landed us high and dry on another mudbank just before dawn.

We were wedged on a deserted, jungly shore with nothing to be heard except monkeys' chatter and the screech of birds in the undergrowth and no sight except the walls of green and the oily river sliding past. For a change, it all looked peaceful, at least.

Vibart reckoned that there must still be 100 miles of hostile country to Allahabad. There were two dozen of us left in the boat now, perhaps half of whom were fit to stand. We were low on powder and ball and desperately short of mealies. There were no medical supplies and it was odds that half the wounded would contract gangrene unless we reached safety quickly. I looked round at that squalid barge with its stench of death and blood, and even the unwounded looking fit to croak, and an idea crossed my mind. I hadn't been through the whole siege, and so I was in better case than most; I might do worse than to slip away and trust to luck and judgement to get to Allahabad on foot.

So when we held our little council about getting refloated and on our way, I laid the groundwork for my decamping, in my own subtle style. "I agree with all that," says I, "but as for me, well, I'd sooner head back to Cawnpore."

They gaped at me in disbelief. "You're mad!" cries Delafosse.

"So I've been told," says I. "See here—we only surrendered because of the women and children. Well, now that they're either gone or prisoners of those fiends, I don't much fancy running any longer." I looked as belligerent as I knew how. "I reckon I've got a score to settle in Cawnpore."

"But you can't go back, man!" says Thomson. "It's certain death."

"Maybe," says I, very businesslike. "But I've seen my country's flag hauled down. I've seen us betrayed . . . our loved ones ravished from us"—I managed a manly glisten about the eyes. "I don't like it above half! So—I'm going back to put a bullet into that black bastard's heart."

"My God!" says Delafosse, taking fire. "I've half a mind to come with you!"

"You'll do no such thing!" This was Vibart. He was deathly pale, with both arms useless, but he was still in command. "Colonel Flashman, I forbid you! I will not have you fling away your life in this mad folly!"

I gave him a quizzical little grin and patted his foot. "I'm senior to you, Vibart, remember?"

At this, they all cried out together, telling me not to be a fool and not to desert our wounded. Vibart spoke up then and said it was my first duty to carry out Wheeler's dying wishes. He said he wanted to send a shore party to find friendly villagers who would tow us off and—if I were restless—I could lead it.

I seemed to hesitate, but finally, I said, "All right. But I wager you'll be going to Allahabad without me in the end. All I'll need is a rifle and a knife and a handshake from each of you." So we set off, a dozen of us, to find a friendly village. If we did, well and good. If we didn't, I'd slip off. (That's one thing about having a reputation for recklessness: They'll shake their heads in admiration and believe anything you tell 'em.)

I was feeling far less self-reliant once we'd got five minutes into the jungle. It wasn't very thick stuff but eery and silent, with huge trees shadowing a forest floor of creeper and swampy plants, like a great cathedral. We struck a little path and followed it and presently came on a tiny temple in a clearing, a lath-and-plaster thing that looked as if it hadn't been visited for years. Delafosse and Sergeant Grady scouted and found it to be empty. I was just ordering up the rest of the men when, very low and far off in the forest, we heard it: the slow boom-boom of drums.

I don't know any sound like it for shivering the soul—the muted rumble of doom that conjures up the idea of spectres with painted faces creeping towards you through the dark.

They were damned real spectres this time—as we found out when Grady suddenly went staggering with an arrow in his brow and black, half-naked figures were swarming out of the trees, yelling bloody murder.

I snapped off one shot and then went haring for the temple. I made it a split second before two arrows slapped into the doorpost, and then we were all tumbling inside.

They came storming up to the doorway in a great rabble and, for the next five minutes, it was as bloody and desperate a melee as any I'd ever been in. There were about eight of us now, in a space about eight feet square, and only two of us could fire through the door at once. Whoever the attackers were—half-human jungle people, I suppose, infected with the mutiny madness—they had no firearms and the first of them were shot down before they were close enough to use their spears. But their arrows buzzed in and two of our fellows went down before the attack slackened off.

I was just helping Thomson get an arrow out of the fleshy part of Murphy's arm when I heard some stealthy fumbling outside and Delafosse suddenly whoops out, "Fire! They've set the place alight!" And, sure enough, a gust of smoke came billowing in through the doorway and a fire arrow came zipping into Private Ryan's side.

Thomson was suddenly shouting, "A volley straight in front, and then run for it!" He and Delafosse and two privates stumbled to the door and, when he yelled, "Fire!" they all let blast at once. Then we were charging across the clearing, the niggers shrieking at the sight of us. The man in front of me went down with a spear in his back. I cannoned into a black figure and he fell away. I followed Delafosse onto the path, with the arrows whipping past us, and I knew that a few of us had got free because there were booted feet thumping behind me.

How we broke clear, God knows, but our sudden rush must have surprised them. We could hear their yells behind us and we knew they weren't giving up the hunt. My lungs were nearly bursting as we ploughed through the thicker jungle near the water, tripping on snags, tearing ourselves, sobbing with exhaustion.

Then we were on the bank and Delafosse, sliding to a halt in the mud, was yelling, "My God, the boat is gone!" There was the great groove in the bank where it had lain, but the brown stretch of water before us was empty.

"It must have slid off," Delafosse was saying, and I thought: Good for you, my boy. Let's stop to consider how it might have happened, and then the niggers can come along and join in. I didn't even check stride; I went into the water in the mightiest racing dive I'd ever performed. Behind me, I could hear splashes as the others followed suit.

I was striking out blindly with the current. The far bank was too distant, but, downstream, I could see islands and sandbanks towards which we were being carried faster than the jungle niggers could hope to run. Glancing round, I could see four heads—Delafosse, Thomson, Murphy and Sullivan—bobbing along in my wake.

I was just sighting on the nearest sandbank when Delafosse reared up in the water, yelling and gesturing. I couldn't make him out at first—and then I heard one frantic word, "Muggers!" and as I looked where he was pointing, the steamy waters of the Ganges seemed to turn to ice.

On a mudbank 100 yards ahead and to my right, shapes were moving—long, brown, hideously scaly dragons waddling down to the water at frightening speed, plashing into the shallows and then gliding out inexorably to head us off, their half-submerged snouts rippling the surface. For an instant, I was paralysed—then I was thrashing at the water in a frenzy of terror, trying to get out into midstream, fighting the sluggish current. I knew it was hopeless; they must intercept us long before we could reach the islands, but I lashed out blindly, ploughing through the water, too terrified to look and expecting every moment to feel the agonising stab of crocodile teeth in my legs. I was almost done, with exhaustion and panic, and then Sullivan was alongside, tugging at me, pointing ahead—and I saw that the placid surface was breaking up into a long, swirling race where the water ran down between two little scrubby mudbanks. There was just a chance, if we could get into that broken water, that the faster current might carry us away—muggers hate rough water, anyway—and I went for it with the energy of despair.

One glance I spared to my right—my God, there was one of the brutes within ten yards, swirling towards me. I had a nightmare glimpse of that hideous snout breaking surface, of the great tapering jaws yawning in a cavern of teeth. (I regret to say that I did not notice whether the fourth tooth of the lower jaw was overlapping or not. A naturalist chap I know tells me that if I'd taken due note of this, I'd have known whether I was being attacked by a true crocodile or some other species—which would have added immense interest to the occasion.) As it was, I can only say that the thing looked like a fast-swimming Iron Maiden, and I was just letting out a last wail of despair when Sullivan seized me by the hair and we were swept into the rough water between the islands. We struck out any old way, going under in the choking brown, struggling up again—and then the water changed to clinging, black ooze and Sullivan was crying, "Up, sir, for Christ's sake." He began to drag me towards the safety of a mass of creeper on a higher bank. Delafosse was staggering along beside us; Thomson was still knee-deep in the river, smashing with a piece of root at the head of a mugger which lunged and snapped, then swirled away with a flourish of its tail. Murphy, his arm trickling blood, reached down to help me up the bank.

I heaved up beside him, shuddering, and I remember thinking: This must be the end; nothing more can happen now. Sullivan was kneeling over me and I said, "God bless you, Sullivan, you are the noblest man alive"—or something equally brilliant, although I meant it, by God.

And he replied, "I dare say you're right, sir; but you'll have to tell my missus, for damn me if she thinks so."

And then I must have half swooned away, for all I can remember is Delafosse's voice saying, "I believe they are friends—see, Thomson, they are waving to us. They mean us no harm."

Whereat, I was thinking: If it's the muggers waving, don't trust the bastards an inch; they're only pretending to be friendly.

•

Luck, as I've observed before, is an agile sprite who can jump either way in double-quick time. Evil luck took me to Meerut and good luck let me escape—only to land in the hell of Cawnpore, from which I was a fortunate one of five to get clear. It was the foulest luck to run into those wild jungle men and the infernal muggers—but if they hadn't chased us, we mightn't have fetched up on a mudbank under the walls of one of those petty Indian rulers who had stayed loyal to the Sirkar. The new niggers, whom Delafosse saw waving and hallooing at us from the shore, turned out to be followers of one Diribijah Singh, a tough old Maharajah who ruled from a fort in the jungle and was a steadfast friend of the British. So, you see, all that matters about luck is that it should run good on the last throw.

Not that the game was over, you understand. When I think back on the whole course of things, I can say truthfully that the worst was still to come.

This is the second of three installments of a condensed version of "Flashman in the Great Game." The third installment will appear in the November issue.

"Oh, they belong to my husband . . . why?"

FREE LUNCH *(continued from page 144)*

ramrod of self-righteousness and told us, "You know what a Core is? It's a group of people who've been out of work so long they've become irrational!"

Says Boyle: "I *told* you we should of cut his throat."

•

Boyle was full of shit, of course, and just talking for Charge's benefit, and Charge was no idiot, so he must have apprehended that. But he was no-show two weeks later and two weeks after that. Holly in Delinquencies told Pappas that he'd filed by mail both times, on the grounds that he was locked up with job interviews all week and couldn't get in. This excuse is to unemployment what the headache routine is to marriage, but in Charge's case, I think it might have been genuine. We'd named him well. He was a pure type A. He was crazy for work.

You could also argue that he just wasn't of a mind to associate with our cruddy, unproductive ilk, either from repugnance or because it bloodied his dear self-respect to view himself in the Line, on the take, maybe even one of *us*. You'd be surprised how many people shun the dole simply because They Aren't That Kind of Person and will sooner stick their hand in a fan than become one.

But he finally showed up on the sixth week, and let me tell you! I had a cousin once, had the impacted piles and couldn't shit for three weeks. Charge was a ringer for my cousin at about the 15th day. Corbin said he looked like the poster boy for Alcoholics Anonymous. Disheveled, stubbled, matted, lined; the works.

"No luck yet?" Pappas asks him after a minute.

The guy does a little Are you kidding? half-laugh take.

"You see?" says Pappas. "Something there is that does not love employment."

"No, it's just——" He sighs, pockets his hands, tries to put his finger on what it's just. "*Business* is bad these days," he insists to himself.

"Business is always bad," says Pullman. "There's no such thing as good business." Pullman couldn't stand what he called the wholesale domination of the U.S.A. by business. He contended that the basic trade of America was manufacturing rubbish, and he'd argue it to anybody who could keep their eyes open. "America is the first country that started and expanded on the franchise basis."

"You're quite an expert on business, for somebody who doesn't have any," sniffed Charge.

"An anarchist who doesn't understand business is like a mongoose who doesn't understand snakes." Pullman draws himself up.

"You call yourself an anarchist?" Charge thinks this is hysterical.

"Of the Nestor Makhno school, actually," says Pullman.

"Some anarchist! What're you doing *here*?"

"Are you *serious*?" Windows are rattling. "They *give away money* here!"

Charge enjoys a grunt of contempt. "What kind of anarchist takes money from the state?"

"*A smart one!*" Pullman struts in a tight circle of impatience, arms out. "Did you think anarchy was mental illness?"

"That's not funny." The guy's mouth is tight.

"What are you so worried about?" Pappas sets a calm tone.

"These days," Charge admits, "I'm worried about tomorrow."

"Fuck it," says Boyle. "Worry about that tomorrow."

"Maybe you can laugh it off, but I'm getting payment-due notices in the mail like Christmas cards."

"Relax," says Holland. "You're not in trouble till you start eating instant breakfasts for dinner."

"Who said I was in trouble?" The guy comes after all of us with his eyes. "*I'm* not in trouble." He shook his head. Anybody believed him shouldn't play poker. "I've got some calls out, making contacts in a whole new ball park, screw the market. *Versatility*, babes; land on your feet." He points his finger like a .45, clicks his tongue, winks, is nuts. He laughs, dismisses us with a wave. "Include me out, friends. If a little item I have in the oven starts to rise, I'll be off this soup line in a week and really headed somewhere."

"Yeah, you're headed for the cemetery, like everybody else," said Corbin, who we think has some inheritance action on the side, though she don't miss many appointments. "Don't fight it. Work is an idea whose time has gone. Tear the I FIGHT POVERTY I WORK sticker off your Ford and pin that WIN button on your fly. Join the mainstream. We are the future." She gave him the eye. "We do nothing. We've kicked work."

"You better start using a new shampoo, lady," he grins. "Whatever you're rubbing in there now is shorting out your brain."

"Jobbie humor," Pappas points out to us.

"This fantasy that you can live on unemployment forever, that there's no final accounting to the world outside—it's preposterous idiocy."

"Well," says Pappas, "just the *expression* of some preposterous idiocy these days gives it an excellent start in life. Today's flight of fancy is tomorrow's scheduled airline."

"It's not just ridiculous; it's a dangerous, insane idea."

"A lot of great innovations started out as dangerous, insane ideas," says Holland.

"So did a lot of dangerous, insane innovations!" You would not lend the guy a gun right now. "You can't base the labor concept on people being paid not to work!"

"Why not?" Miz Frazier wanted an answer right now. "They pay farmers not to grow crops, they pay dairymen to pour milk in the sewer, why not pay people not to work when there's more workers than jobs? It's the same principle."

"Principle my ass!" He's outraged. "You people are bloodsuckers! Parasites! Taking money from honest working people."

"Who *isn't*?" asks Pyken. He's usually quiet, as you might expect from an ex-accountant, but he's fun when he gets going. "We're doing nothing *illegal*. We've just learned to use certain technicalities to have our lives underwritten by the Government. We're not doing anything the power-money types don't do. Wealth is now migrating from the vast poor to the few rich at the rate of five billion dollars a year, so who's robbing whom? You could support every jobless adult in the country with that and buy Idaho with the change."

"To hear opportunity knocking," says Boyle, "you gotta own a door."

"Five *billion*?" Charge croaks. Pyken nods. "That's amazing. Christ." Charge laughs through his nose at himself. "You learn something new every day."

"You do if you start out stupid enough," Pyken agrees.

Charge draws into himself, pulls the Holy Stoic Shroud of helpless integrity around his mind's shoulders. "Maybe I *am* stupid," he says with clipped dignity. "I should probably be furious about inequity, deceit, exploitation. But I'm not a political animal. I'm not even external; I live in my head. But I know that I need a purpose, some point to my life. I can't just sit around waiting for the biweekly meeting of the Odd Thursday F-ten-fifteen Club."

"Core," corrected Miz Frazier.

"Core, shmore," he said. "Don't you people ever miss the good old days? When you performed some significant function?"

"Significant function!" Pullman's voice turned every head on the block. "Holland, come here," he said. Holland came over with a big smile. "What'd you used to do, Holland?"

"Puffy thumper," said Holland.

"What?" said Charge.

Holland tells him. He'd been a puffy thumper at the Veterans Hospital in Elk Lawn. See, when the nurses made their morning rounds, they had to wake up the patients, and a lot of the patients in the Veterans Hospital wake up with erections, which is pretty awkward for nurses *and* veterans. So Holland had the job of going just ahead of the nurse and giving each patient a little snap on the tip of the pecker with his fingernail. The erection would go down like you was lowering the flag, every time. The theory was if you hit anything on the head hard enough, it would collapse. It was developed by the Army. His official job title was Detumescence Engineer Fourth Class.

Charge just looked at Holland like a guy seeing his first kangaroo. Finally, slow and mechanical, he asks: "How could you lose a job like that?"

"They started making us use little rubber hammers to bap the patients. I objected, because the hammers removed the personal touch. They said I had a problem. 'But how would *you* like to wake up to a hammer on the dong?' I asked them. They fired me."

For some reason, Charge looks at me. "Is this the truth?" he asks. He's got eyes on him like gearshift knobs.

I said yeah, it was. "Shit," I said, "tell him, Corbin."

"I used to sew the DO NOT REMOVE UNDER PENALTY OF LAW tags on mattresses for the Beautyrest people," she said.

"I always wondered who did that," said Charge. He was pretty glassy-eyed now. "What happened?"

"I accidentally sewed one on upside down and they caught me tearing it off to resew it."

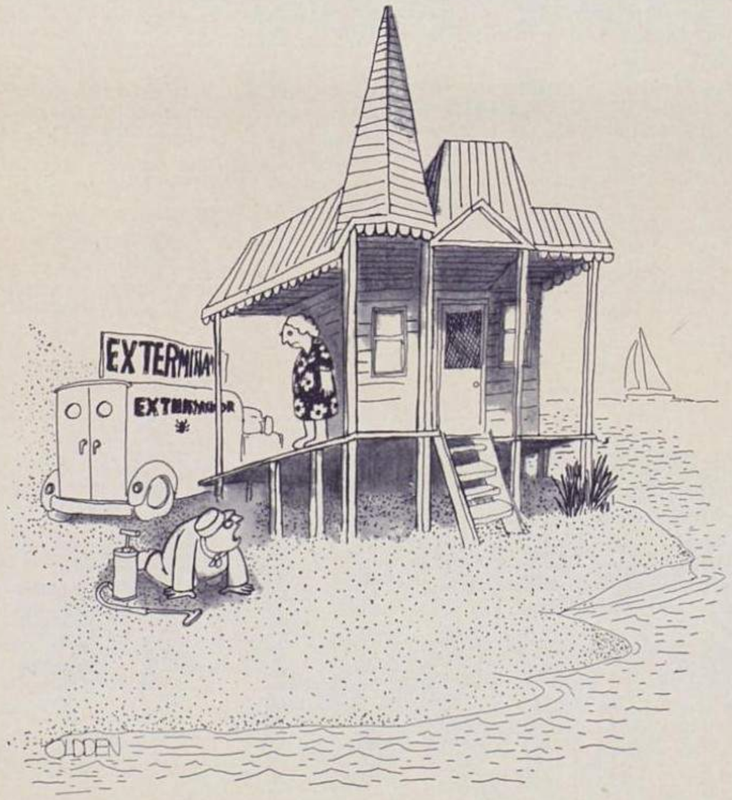
He shook his head. "You're probably lucky they didn't give you a week in jail," he laughed emptily.

"Ten days," she informed him. "At the City Women's Wing."

We all told him.

Pyken was the guy who rejected credit applications solicited by Penney's, until the volume demanded machinery faster than human. Frazier was a purchasing agent for 26 years but kept going to night college, and when they found out she'd acquired a master's in history, they sacked her, said she was overeducated and wouldn't be likely to make the job a permanent one. Pullman had been a teacher, but they wouldn't let him teach kids what he called "the *genuine skills* of guile, stealth, greed, scorn and indifference," and fired him for trying, and so he says the only school worth a shit is the street. Pappas was a lawyer. He calls law school the last avenue for intellect without skill. Boyle had been on the line at the Ford plant. He says the parking lot was 80 percent VWs, Datsuns and road bikes. His job was to drive finished Mustangs off the end of the line and into the holding lot.

"If the motherfuckers would start," he told Charge, "which they not always did. They caught me putting joints of super



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As for me, I used to watch dogs screw. I was a handler for a basset-hound breeder. You know, basset hounds are so unnaturally short you got to give them a literal hand up or they can't make more basset hounds.

"Is that your idea of performing a 'significant function'?" Pullman asks the guy, who was at the window by this time. Madge was working F today.

"You're going to have to reinterview," she told him.

"Huh?" says Charge, his mind still a lap behind.

"The computers at the state capital found an inconsistency in your base period and suspended your claim," she said. "Hi, Al," she smiles at me over his shoulder.

"Madge," I nodded. "How'd that flea spray work on Yummers?"

Charge whirled around and waved his arms in my face, eyes open and red. "*What's she talking about?*" he roared.

"They screwed up something in your file. Probably just a miscopied Social Security number. You gotta start over again. They'll run it through until it works itself out, don't worry. When bureaucrats become crucial, they ignore rules."

"What do you mean don't worry? What do I tell Master Charge, to go break the computers' fingers? Start over again! Because the system stepped in its own shit? In a pig's ass I will! Where's my money?"

"*Your* money!" Pullman haws. "It's honest working people's money!"

Charge staggered back a few paces at this and then kind of jerked his body around to help himself talk, like his speech was bouncing around inside him on its way up and out his head. "That's what's wrong with this sick fiction of hustling the system, this borrowed-time Stepin Fetchit 'Core' of yours: currying the favor of drooling imbeciles just to maintain a grip on the public tit. Well, I don't eat state shit." He went to the door. "I'll take my chances with reality! Out there!" He pointed.

"Oh," asks Pappas, "the shit taste better out there?"

•

Next time we saw him was six weeks later. He looked like hell. His face was the color of whey and every line he had slumped. He rattled around in his clothes.

"*Nada?*" said Pappas, giving him a light.

"It's all falling apart," the guy confessed. His voice was glass breaking. "I go out there and they might as well all be speaking Portuguese. I'm not geared for desperation psychology, dealing from need. I can't make anything happen. It's like the dream where you can't get your legs to move. Jesus!" He shook his head, could make no sense of it. He looked at us, he was grasping, the money wasn't even mainly why he'd come in. You could see. It was us.

Boyle put an arm on his shoulder. "Everybody's had them days when you decide to go to the dentist and have him leave the teeth and pull the head."

"It could be a hell of a lot worse," adds Holland. "In fact, it *is*."

"*Yeah*, it could get worse," Charge agreed ominously. His hand came out of his coat pocket holding a bottle of sleeping pills like he'd been thinking about taking them. He made a delirious little face that said, "See?"

"Hey"—Pullman was using his bear-like burl to manifest calm—"a lot of suicides are college grads who buckle under the first blast of the outside world. It's birth trauma, man, and not everybody can handle it. Same with you, blown out of the womb of work. Maybe it's a curse you can't make it out there, and maybe it's a blessing. Who knows what'll keep you alive longest?"

"Well, I can't just drop out. I'd go nuts."

"The only dropouts I know are people who give themselves totally to work, security and the pursuit of status," Pappas informs him.

Charge looks right at him and is very important and serious about it. "I'm not just talking philosophy. This is the big squeeze, and if everybody doesn't grab the ropes, the whole thing's going to come down. And if the structure out there goes, so does Moneyland, here."

"Screw the structure out there," says Corbin. "It doesn't need your concern and it obviously doesn't need *you*."

"Despair has always been pretty stylish," Pappas announces. "Our generation's merely added good marketing and promotion."

"Where's your faith in America?" Pullman humphs. "Our basic social psychology is 'Don't look back'; salvation through momentum. The bottom line of manifest destiny: If you crash around in the dark long enough, you're bound to find the lights."

"Look, I can't run from failure." He was beat but digging in. "I need the satisfaction of having *cut it*. This is just a clever version of surrender."

"Bullshit," says Holland. "Life should be more than just keeping your part of the gear lubricated. 'He that earneth wages earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes.'—Bible, *Haggai*, one:six."

"The main cause of not doing what would make you happy is not *knowing* what would make you happy," Pappas reminds him.

"Oh, no." He starts backing off like he's just come across a tarantula in the sink. "I know *this*—choosing death doesn't make it life. You believe that, you people *are* nuts."

"*We're* nuts?" says Holland. "*You're* the one with the pills!"

"I may be confused and scared shitless," he rasps. "But working people aren't junkies; they're just unimaginative and routinized. That's *your* delusion, and so are Cores and Booth's Law and this building and its function. They can't last and staking your future on them is a surer suicide than anything from Upjohn."

Pappas goes right up to his face and says with that voice that only somebody with courtroom or con-game experience has mastered: "Delusions your ass. This is our occupation. Half the civil servants in the country exist only to pick up their pay checks already. You think me frivolous, but as long as there are persons with no jobs, an entire Government industry is maintained and thousands are given work within it. We agree to live meagerly so that others are enabled to work and live well. When *we* finally weary of the taste of the state's ass, *then* the house will fall. Seriously, pal—this Line *is* reality as long as people show up on both sides of the counter. Supply plus demand equals economic survival."

The blood had gone down in the guy like he was a thermometer in a daiquiri. His whole body seemed to clench itself like a great fist, and he was thinking harder than dried cat shit, and I figured, oh, good, here's where the son of a bitch goes round the bend, but suddenly he relaxes and this beatific attitude descends over him and he smiles to himself and kind of meanders out the door.

That's it, says Corbin; you couldn't find the guy's mind now with a telescope. Another one snapped by the tugging.

•

It was eight weeks later and we'd just about forgot the guy altogether. Boyle was back in the Line, talking to Pullman, and so I was first in the Core to see, clerking the window, neither Doris, Madge nor anybody else.

It was Charge.

He had the blank, impassive eyes of Government employ, but there was a shard of triumph in them, of being in the last free space in the game. The eyes directed me down to the counter, to where his palm half-concealed one of our *Spatium Obsidemus* cards. He winked and took my stuff and started signing it. "How y' been doing, Al?" he says, and then pauses. "Hey," he looks up, "y' know, I've been thinking of buying a dog. . . ."

"Don't make too much noise, darling—we don't want to wake up Granny."

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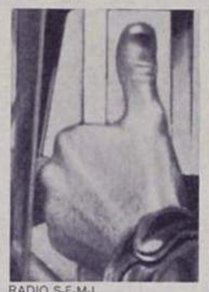
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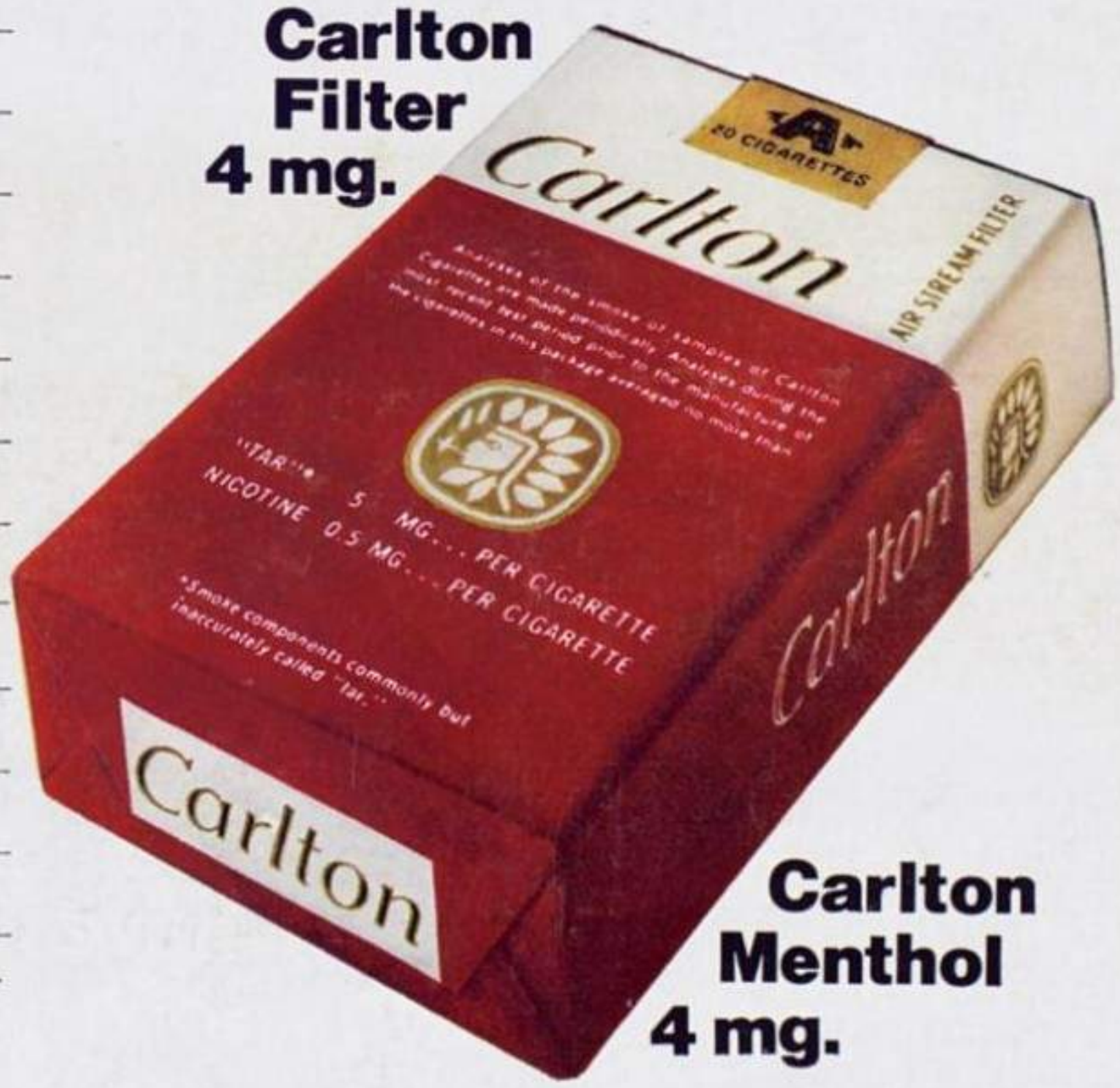

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